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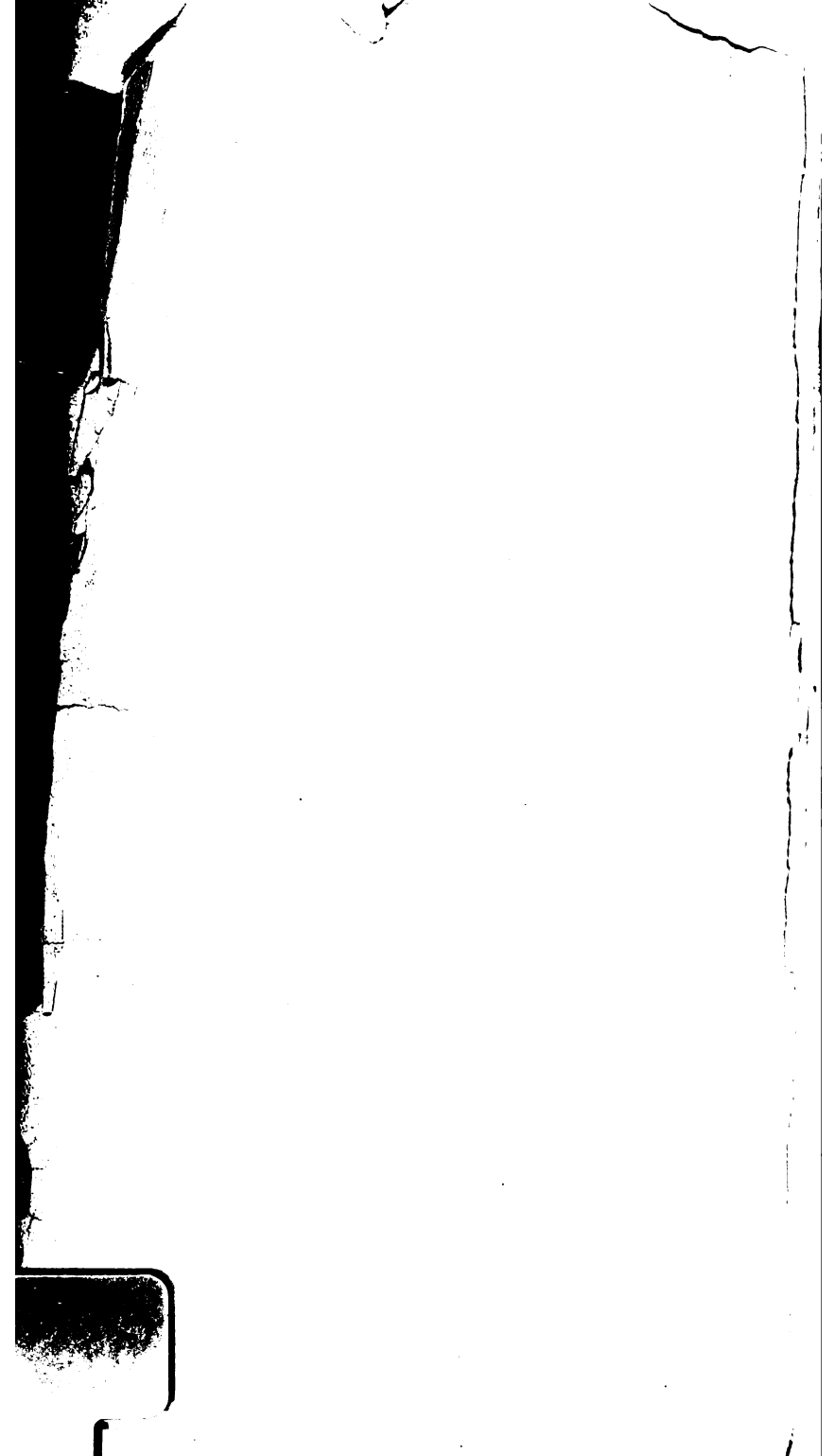

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CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON

CHARACTER,	POLICE,
CUSTOMS,	COMMERCE,
RELIGION,	ARTS, AND
GOVERNMENT,	ANTIQUITIES.

With a particular DESCRIPTION of the

TOWN, TERRITORY, and CLIMATE of NICE:

To which is added,

A Regiſter of the Weather, kept during a Reſidence of Eighteen Months in that City.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

Ut Homo qui erranti comiter monſtrat viam,
Quaſi lumen de ſuo lumine accendat, facit:
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit. ENNIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON,
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LETTER I.

Boulogne ſur mer, June 23, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

YOU laid your commands upon me at parting, to communicate from time to time the obſervations I ſhould make in the courſe of my travels, and it was an injunction I received with pleaſure. In gratifying your curioſity, I ſhall find ſome amuſement to beguile the tedious hours, which, without ſome ſuch employment, would be rendered inſupportable by diſtemper and diſquiet.

You knew, and pitied my ſituation, traduced by malice, perſecuted by faction, abandoned by falſe patrons, and overwhelmed by the

ſenſe of a domeſtic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.

You know with what eagerneſs I fled from my country as a ſcene of illiberal diſpute, and incredible infatuation, where a few worthleſs incendiaries had, by dint of perfidious calumnies and atrocious abuſe, kindled up a flame which threatened all the horrors of civil diſſenſion.

I packed up my little family in a hired coach, and attended by my truſty ſervant, who had lived with me a dozen of years, and now refuſed to leave me, took the road to Dover, in my way to the South of France, where I hoped the mildneſs of the climate would prove favourable to the weak ſtate of my lungs.

You adviſed me to have recourſe again to the Bath waters, from the uſe of which I had received great benefit the preceding winter: but I had many inducements to leave England. My wife earneſtly begged I would convey her from a country where every object ſerved to nouriſh her grief: I was in hopes that a ſucceſſion of new ſcenes would engage her attention, and gradually call off her mind from a ſeries of painful reflections; and I imagined

the

the change of air, and a journey of near a thouſand miles, would have a happy effect upon my own conſtitution. But, as the ſummer was already advanced, and the heat too exceſſive for travelling in warm climates, I propoſed ſtaying at Boulogne till the beginning of autumn, and in the mean time to bathe in the ſea, with a view to ſtrengthen and prepare my body for the fatigues of ſuch a long journey.

A man who travels with a family of five perſons, muſt lay his account with a number of mortifications; and ſome of theſe I have already happily overcome. Though I was well acquainted with the road to Dover, and made allowances accordingly, I could not help being chagrined at the bad accommodation and impudent impoſition to which I was expoſed. Theſe I found the more diſagreeable, as we were detained a day extraordinary on the road, in conſequence of my wife's being indiſpoſed.

I need not tell you this is the worſt road in England, with reſpect to the conveniencies of travelling, and muſt certainly impreſs foreigners with an unfavourable opinion of the nation

in general. The chambers are in general cold and comfortleſs, the beds paultry, the cookery execrable, the wine poiſon, the attendance bad, the publicans inſolent, and the bills extortion; there is not a drop of tolerable malt liquor to be had from London to Dover.

Every landlord and every waiter harangued upon the knavery of a publican in Canterbury, who had charged the French ambaſſador forty pounds for a ſupper that was not worth forty ſhillings. They talked much of honeſty and conſcience; but when they produced their own bills, they appeared to be all of the ſame family and complexion. If it was a reproach upon the Engliſh nation, that an innkeeper ſhould pillage ſtrangers at that rate; it is a greater ſcandal, that the ſame fellow ſhould be able to keep his houſe ſtill open. I own, I think it would be for the honour of the kingdom to reform the abuſes of this road; and in particular to improve the avenue to London by the way of Kent-Street, which is a moſt diſgraceful entrance to ſuch an opulent city. A foreigner, in paſſing through this beggarly and ruinous ſuburb, conceives ſuch an idea of miſery and meanneſs,

neſs, as all the wealth and magnificence of London and Weſtminſter are afterwards unable to deſtroy. A friend of mine, who brought a Pariſian from Dover in his own poſt-chaiſe, contrived to enter Southwark after it was dark, that his friend might not perceive the nakedneſs of this quarter. The ſtranger was much pleaſed with the great number of ſhops full of merchandize, lighted up to the beſt advantage. He was aſtoniſhed at the diſplay of riches in Lombard-Street and Cheapſide. The badneſs of the pavement made him find the ſtreets twice as long as they were. They alighted in Upper Brook-Street by Groſvenor-Square; and when his conductor told him they were then about the middle of London, the Frenchman declared, with marks of infinite ſurprize, that London was very near as long as Paris.

On my arrival at Dover I payed off my coachman, who went away with a heavy heart. He wanted much to croſs the ſea, and endeavoured to perſuade me to carry the coach and horſes to the other ſide. If I had been reſolved to ſet out immediately for the South, perhaps I ſhould have taken his advice. If I had retained him at the rate of twenty

guineas per month, which was the price he demanded, and begun my journey without hesitation, I should travel more agreeably than I can expect to do in the carriages of this country; and the difference of the expence would be a meer trifle. I would advise every man who travels through France to bring his own vehicle along with him, or at least to purchase one at Calais or Boulogne, where second-hand berlins and chaises may be generally had at reasonable rates. I have been offered a very good berlin for thirty guineas: but before I make the purchase, I must be better informed touching the different methods of travelling in this country.

Dover is commonly termed a den of thieves; and I am afraid it is not altogether without reason, it has acquired this appellation. The people are said to live by piracy in time of war; and by smuggling and fleecing strangers in time of peace: but I will do them the justice to say, they make no distinction between foreigners and natives. Without all doubt a man cannot be much worse lodged and worse treated in any part of Europe; nor will he in any other place meet with more flagrant

flagrant inſtances of fraud, impoſition, and brutality. One would imagine they had formed a general conſpiracy againſt all thoſe who either go to, or return from the continent. About five years ago, in my paſſage from Fluſhing to Dover, the maſter of the packet-boat brought to all of a ſudden off the South Foreland, although the wind was as favourable as it could blow. He was immediately boarded by a cuſtom-houſe boat, the officer of which appeared to be his friend. He then gave the paſſengers to underſtand, that as it was low water, the ſhip could not go into the harbour; but that the boat would carry them aſhore with their baggage.

The cuſtom-houſe officer demanded a guinea for this ſervice, and the bargain was made. Before we quitted the ſhip, we were obliged to gratify the cabin-boy for his attendance, and to give drink-money to the ſailors. The boat was run aground on the open beach; but we could not get aſhore without the aſſiſtance of three or four fellows, who inſiſted upon being paid for their trouble. Every parcel and bundle, as it was landed, was ſnatched up by a ſeparate porter: one ran

away with a hat-box, another with a wig-box, a third with a couple of ſhirts tied up in a handkerchief, and two were employed in carrying a ſmall portmanteau that did not weigh forty pounds. All our things were hurried to the cuſtom-houſe to be ſearched, and the ſearcher was paid for diſordering our cloaths: from thence they were removed to the inn, where the porters demanded half a crown each for their labour. It was in vain to expoſtulate; they ſurrounded the houſe like a pack of hungry hounds, and raiſed ſuch a clamour, that we were fain to comply. After we had undergone all this impoſition, we were viſited by the maſter of the packet, who, having taken our fares, and wiſhed us joy of our happy arrival in England, expreſſed his hope that we would remember the poor maſter, whoſe wages were very ſmall, and who chiefly depended upon the generoſity of the paſſengers. I own I was ſhocked at his meanneſs, and could not help telling him ſo. I told him, I could not conceive what title he had to any ſuch gratification: he had ſixteen paſſengers, who paid a guinea each, on the ſuppoſition that every perſon ſhould have a bed;

bed; but there were no more than eight beds in the cabin, and each of theſe was occupied before I came on board; ſo that if we had been detained at ſea a whole week by contrary winds and bad weather, one half of the paſſengers muſt have ſlept upon the boards, howſoever their health might have ſuffered from this want of accommodation. Notwithſtanding this check, he was ſo very abject and importunate, that we gave him a crown a piece, and he retired.

The firſt thing I did when I arrived at Dover this laſt time, was to ſend for the maſter of a packet-boat, and agree with him to carry us to Boulogne at once, by which means I ſaved the expence of travelling by land from Calais to this laſt place, a journey of four-and-twenty miles. The hire of a veſſel from Dover to Boulogne is preciſely the ſame as from Dover to Calais, five guineas; but this ſkipper demanded eight, and, as I did not know the fare, I agreed to give him ſix. We embarked between ſix and ſeven in the evening, and found ourſelves in a moſt wretched hovel, on board what is called a Folkſtone cutter. The cabin was ſo ſmall

that

that a dog could hardly turn in it, and the beds put me in mind of the holes deſcribed in ſome catacombs, in which the bodies of the dead were depoſited, being thruſt in with the feet foremoſt; there was no getting into them but end-ways, and indeed they ſeemed ſo dirty, that nothing but extreme neceſſity could have obliged me to uſe them. We ſat up all night in a moſt uncomfortable ſituation, toſſed about by the ſea, cold, and cramped and weary, and languiſhing for want of ſleep. At three in the morning the maſter came down, and told us we were juſt off the harbour of Boulogne; but the wind blowing off ſhore, he could not poſſibly enter, and therefore adviſed us to go aſhore in the boat. I went upon deck to view the coaſt, when he pointed to the place where he ſaid Boulogne ſtood, declaring at the ſame time we were within a ſhort mile of the harbour's mouth. The morning was cold and raw, and I knew myſelf extremely ſubject to catch cold; nevertheleſs we were all ſo impatient to be aſhore, that I reſolved to take his advice. The boat was already hoiſted out, and we went on board of it, after I had paid the

captain and gratified his crew. We had ſcarce parted from the ſhip, when we perceived a boat coming towards us from the ſhore; and the maſter gave us to underſtand, it was coming to carry us into the harbour. When I objected to the trouble of ſhifting from one boat to another in the open ſea, which (by the bye) was a little rough; he ſaid it was a privilege which the watermen of Boulogne had, to carry all paſſengers aſhore, and that this privilege he durſt not venture to infringe. This was no time nor place to remonſtrate. The French boat came alongſide half filled with water, and we were handed from the one to the other. We were then obliged to lie upon our oars, till the captain's boat went on board and returned from the ſhip with a packet of letters. We were afterwards rowed a long league, in a rough ſea, againſt wind and tide, before we reached the harbour, where we landed, benumbed with cold, and the women exceſſively ſick: from our landing-place we were obliged to walk very near a mile to the inn where we purpoſed to lodge, attended by ſix or ſeven men and women, bare-legged, carrying our baggage.

This

This boat coſt me a guinea, beſides paying exorbitantly the people who carried our things; ſo that the inhabitants of Dover and of Boulogne ſeem to be of the ſame kidney, and indeed they underſtand one another perfectly well. It was our honeſt captain who made the ſignal for the ſhore-boat before I went upon deck; by which means he not only gratified his friends, the watermen of Boulogne, but alſo ſaved about fifteen ſhillings portage, which he muſt have paid had he gone into the harbour; and thus he found himſelf at liberty to return to Dover, which he reached in four hours. I mention theſe circumſtances as a warning to other paſſengers. When a man hires a packet-boat from Dover to Calais or Boulogne, let him remember that the ſtated price is five guineas; and let him inſiſt upon being carried into the harbour in the ſhip, without paying the leaſt regard to the repreſentations of the maſter, who is generally a little dirty knave. When he tells you it is low water, or the wind is in your teeth, you may ſay you will ſtay on board till it is high water, or till the wind comes favourable. If he ſees you are reſolute, he will find means

to

to bring his ſhip into the harbour, or at leaſt to convince you, without a poſſibility of your being deceived, that it is not in his power. After all, the fellow himſelf was a loſer by his fineſſe; if he had gone into the harbour, he would have had another fare immediately back to Dover, for there was a Scotch gentleman at the inn waiting for ſuch an opportunity.

Knowing my own weak conſtitution, I took it for granted this morning's adventure would coſt me a fit of illneſs; and what added to my chagrin, when we arrived at the inn, all the beds were occupied; ſo that we were obliged to ſit in a cold kitchen above two hours, until ſome of the lodgers ſhould get up. This was ſuch a bad ſpecimen of French accommodation, that my wife could not help regretting even the inns of Rocheſter, Sittingbourn, and Canterbury: bad as they are, they certainly have the advantage, when compared with the execrable auberges of this country, where one finds nothing but dirt and impoſition. One would imagine the French were ſtill at war with the Engliſh, for they pillage them without mercy.

Among

Among the ſtrangers at this inn where we lodged, there was a gentleman of the faculty, juſt returned from Italy. Underſtanding that I intended to winter in the South of France, on account of a pulmonic diſorder, he ſtrongly recommended the climate of Nice in Provence, which, indeed, I had often heard extolled; and I am almoſt reſolved to go thither, not only for the ſake of the air, but alſo for its ſituation on the Mediterranean, where I can have the benefit of bathing; and from whence there is a ſhort cut by ſea to Italy, ſhould I find it neceſſary to try the air of Naples.

After having been ill accommodated three days at our inn, we have at laſt found commodious lodgings, by means of Mrs. B——, a very agreeable French lady, to whom we were recommended by her huſband, who is my countryman, and at preſent reſident in London. For three guineas a month we have the greateſt part of a houſe tolerably furniſhed; four bed-chambers on the firſt floor, a large parlour below, a kitchen, and the uſe of a cellar.

Theſe,

These, I own, are frivolous incidents, scarce worth committing to paper; but they may serve to introduce observations of more consequence; and in the mean time I know nothing will be indifferent to you, that concerns

Your humble servant.

LETTER II.

Boulogne sur mer, July 15, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

THE custom-house officers at Boulogne, though as alert, are rather more civil than those on your side of the water. I brought no plate along with me, but a dozen and a half of spoons, and a dozen teaspoons: the first being found in one of our portmanteaus, when they were examined at the bureau, cost me seventeen livres *entrée*: the others being luckily in my servant's pocket, escaped duty free. All wrought silver imported into France, pays at the rate of so much per mark: therefore those who have any quantity of plate, will do well to leave it behind them, unless they can

can confide in the dexterity of the ſhip-maſters; ſome of whom will undertake to land it without the ceremony of examination. The ordonnances of France are ſo unfavourable to ſtrangers, that they oblige them to pay at the rate of five per cent. for all the bed and table linen which they bring into the kingdom, even though it has been uſed. When my trunks arrived in a ſhip from the river Thames, I underwent this ordeal: but what gives me more vexation, my books have been ſtopped at the bureau; and will be ſent to Amiens at my expence, to be examined by the *chambre ſyndicale*; leſt they ſhould contain ſomething prejudicial to the ſtate, or to the religion of the country. This is a ſpecies of oppreſſion which one would not expect to meet with in France, which piques itſelf on its politeneſs and hoſpitality: but the truth is, I know no country in which ſtrangers are worſe treated, with reſpect to their eſſential concerns. If a foreigner dies in France, the king ſeizes all his effects, even though his heir ſhould be upon the ſpot; and this tyranny is called the *droit d'aubaine*, founded at firſt upon the ſuppoſition, that

all

all the eſtate of foreigners reſiding in France was acquired in that kingdom, and that, therefore, it would be unjuſt to convey it to another country. If an Engliſh proteſtant goes to France for the benefit of his health, attended by his wife or his ſon, or both, and dies with effects in the houſe to the amount of a thouſand guineas, the king ſeizes the whole, the family is left deſtitute, and the body of the deceaſed is denied chriſtian burial. The Swiſs, by capitulation, are exempted from this deſpotiſm, and ſo are the Scots, in conſequence of an ancient alliance between the two nations. The ſame *droit d'aubaine* is exacted by ſome of the princes in Germany: but it is a great diſcouragement to commerce, and prejudices every country where it is exerciſed, to ten times the value of what it brings into the coffers of the ſovereign.

I am exceedingly mortified at the detention of my books, which not only deprives me of an amuſement which I can very ill diſpenſe with; but, in all probability, will expoſe me to ſundry other inconveniencies. I muſt be at the expence of ſending them ſixty miles to be examined, and run the riſque of their

being condemned; and, in the mean time, I may loſe the opportunity of ſending them with my heavy baggage by ſea to Bourdeaux, to be ſent up the Garonne to Tholouſe, and from thence tranſmitted through the canal of Languedoc to Cette, which is a ſea-port on the Mediterranean, about three or four leagues from Montpelier.

For the recovery of my books, I had recourſe to the advice of my landlord, Monſ. B——. He is a handſome young fellow, about twenty-five years of age, and keeps houſe with two maiden ſiſters, who are profeſſed devotees. The brother is a little libertine, good natured and obliging; but a true Frenchman in vanity, which is undoubtedly the ruling paſſion of this volatile people. He has an inconſiderable place under the government, in conſequence of which he is permitted to wear a ſword, a privilege which he does not fail to uſe. He is likewiſe receiver of the tythes of the clergy in this diſtrict, an office that gives him a command of money, and he, moreover, deals in the wine trade. When I came to his houſe, he made a parade of all theſe advantages: he diſplayed his bags of money,

money, and ſome old gold which his father had left him. He deſcribed his chateau in the country; dropped hints of the fortunes that were ſettled upon mademoiſelles his ſiſters; boaſted of his connexions at court; and aſſured me it was not for my money that he let his lodgings, but altogether with a view to enjoy the pleaſure of my company. The truth, when ſtript of all embelliſhments, is this: the ſieur B—— is the ſon of an honeſt bourgeois lately dead, who left him the houſe, with ſome ſtock in trade, a little money, and a paltry farm: his ſiſters have about three thouſand livres (not quite 140 l.) a-piece; the brother's places are worth about fifty pounds a year, and his connexions at court are confined to a commis or clerk in the ſecretary's office, with whom he correſponds by virtue of his employment. My landlord piques himſelf upon his gallantry and ſucceſs with the fair-ſex: he keeps a *fille de joye*, and makes no ſecret of his amours. He told miſs C—— the other day, in broken Engliſh, that, in the courſe of the laſt year, he had made ſix baſtards. He owned, at the ſame time, he had ſent them all to the hoſpital;

but, now his father is dead, he would himſelf take care of his future productions. This, however, was no better than a gaſconade.—Yeſterday the houſe was in a hot alarm, on account of a new windfall of this kind: the ſiſters were in tears; the brother was viſited by the *curé* of the pariſh; the lady in the ſtraw (a ſempſtreſs) ſent him the bantling in a baſket, and he tranſmitted it by the carriers to the *Enfans trouvés* at Paris.

But to return from this digreſſion: Mr. B—— adviſed me to ſend a *requête* or petition to the chancellor of France, that I might obtain an order to have my books examined on the ſpot, by the preſident of Boulogne, or the *procureur du roy*, or the ſubdelegate of the intendance. He recommended an *avocat* of his acquaintance to draw up the *memoire*, and introduced him accordingly; telling me at the ſame time, in private, that if he was not a drunkard, he would be at the head of his profeſſion. He had indeed all the outward ſigns of a ſot; a ſleepy eye, a rubicund face, and carbuncled noſe. He ſeemed to be a little out at elbows, had marvellous foul linen, and his breeches were

not

not very ſound: but he aſſumed an air of importance, was very courteous, and very ſolemn. I aſked him if he did not ſometimes divert himſelf with the muſe: he ſmiled, and promiſed, in a whiſper, to ſhew me ſome *chanſonettes de ſa façon*. Meanwhile he compoſed the *requete* in my name, which was very pompous, very tedious, and very abject. Such a ſtile might perhaps be neceſſary in a native of France; but I did not think it was at all ſuitable to a ſubject of Great-Britain. I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, as he would receive no other gratification; but when my landlord propoſed to ſend the *memoire* to his correſpondent at Paris, to be delivered to the chancellor, I told him I had changed my mind, and would apply to the Engliſh ambaſſador. I have accordingly taken the liberty to addreſs myſelf to the earl of H——; and at the ſame time I have preſumed to write to the ducheſs of D——, who is now at Paris, to entreat her grace's advice and interpoſition. What effect theſe applications may have, I know not: but the ſieur B— ſhakes his head, and has told my ſervant, in confidence, that I am miſtaken if I

think the Engliſh ambaſſador is as great a man at Paris as the chancellor of France.

I ought to make an apology for troubling you with ſuch an unentertaining detail, and conſider that the detention of my books muſt be a matter of very little conſequence to any body, but to

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER III.

Boulogne, Auguſt 15, 1763.

SIR,

I Am much obliged to you for your kind enquiries after my health, which has been lately in a very declining condition. In conſequence of a cold, caught a few days after my arrival in France, I was ſeized with a violent cough, attended with a fever, and ſtitches in my breaſt, which tormented me all night long without ceaſing. At the ſame time I had a great diſcharge by expectoration, and ſuch a dejection of ſpirits as I never felt before. In this ſituation I took a ſtep which

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may appear to have been deſperate. I knew there was no impoſthume in my lungs, and I ſuppoſed the ſtitches were ſpaſmodical. I was ſenſible that all my complaints were originally derived from relaxation. I therefore hired a chaiſe, and going to the beach, about a league from the town, plunged into the ſea without heſitation. By this deſperate remedy, I got a freſh cold in my head: but my ſtitches and fever vaniſhed the very firſt day; and by a daily repetition of the bath, I have diminiſhed my cough, ſtrengthened my body, and recovered my ſpirits. I believe I ſhould have tried the ſame experiment, even if there had been an abſceſs in my lungs, though ſuch practice would have been contrary to all the rules of medicine: but I am not one of thoſe who implicitly believe in all the dogmata of phyſic. I ſaw one of the guides at Bath, the ſtouteſt fellow among them, who recovered from the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, by going into the king's bath, contrary to the expreſs injunction of his doctor. He ſaid, if he muſt die, the ſooner the better, as he had nothing left for his ſubſiſtence. Inſtead of immediate death, he found inſtant

eaſe, and continued mending every day, till his health was entirely re-eſtabliſhed. I myſelf drank the waters at Bath, and bathed, in diametrical oppoſition to the opinion of ſome phyſicians there ſettled, and found myſelf better every day, notwithſtanding their unfavourable prognoſtic. If I had been of the rigid fibre, full of blood, ſubject to inflammation, I ſhould have followed a different courſe. Our acquaintance, doctor C——, while he actually ſpit up matter, and rode out every day for his life, led his horſe to water, at the pond in Hyde-Park, one cold froſty morning, and the beaſt, which happened to be of a hot conſtitution, plunged himſelf and his maſter over head and ears in the water. The poor doctor haſtened home, half dead with fear, and was put to bed in the apprehenſion of a new impoſthume; inſtead of which, he found himſelf exceedingly recruited in his ſpirits, and his appetite much mended. I adviſed him to take the hint, and go into the cold bath every morning; but he did not chuſe to run any riſque. How cold water comes to be ſuch a bugbear, I know not; if I am not miſtaken, Hippocrates recommends

commends immerſion in cold water for the gout; and Celſus expreſsly ſays, *in omni tuſſi utilis eſt natatio.*

I have converſed with a phyſician of this place, a ſenſible man, who aſſured me he was reduced to meer ſkin and bone by a cough and hectic fever, when he ordered a bath to be made in his own houſe, and dipped himſelf in cold water every morning. He at the ſame time left off drinking and ſwallowing any liquid that was warm. He is now ſtrong and luſty, and even in winter has no other cover than a ſingle ſheet. His notions about the warm drink were a little whimſical: he imagined it relaxed the tone of the ſtomach; and this would undoubtedly be the caſe if it was drank in large quantities, warmer than the natural temperature of the blood. He alledged the example of the inhabitants of the Ladrone iſlands, who never taſte any thing that is not cold, and are remarkably healthy. But to balance this argument I mentioned the Chineſe, who ſcarce drink any thing but warm tea; and the Laplanders, who drink nothing but warm water; yet the people of both theſe nations

are remarkably ſtrong, healthy, and long-lived.

You deſire to know the fate of my books. My lord H——d is not yet come to France; but my letter was tranſmitted to him from Paris; and his lordſhip, with that generous humanity which is peculiar to his character; has done me the honour to aſſure me, under his own hand, that he has directed Mr. N——lle, our reſident at Paris, to apply for an order that my books may be reſtored.

I have met with another piece of good fortune, in being introduced to general Paterſon and his lady, in their way to England from Nice, where the general has been many years commandant for the king of Sardinia. You muſt have heard of this gentleman, who has not only eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf, by his courage and conduct as an officer; but alſo by his probity and humanity in the exerciſe of his office, and by his remarkable hoſpitality to all ſtrangers, eſpecially the ſubjects of Great-Britain, whoſe occaſions called them to the place where he commanded. Being pretty far advanced in years, he begged leave to reſign, that he might

might ſpend the evening of his days in his own country; and his Sardinian majeſty granted his requeſt with regret, after having honoured him with very particular marks of approbation and eſteem. The general talks ſo favourably of the climate of Nice, with reſpect to diſorders of the breaſt, that I am now determined to go thither. It would have been happy for me had he continued in his government. I think myſelf ſtill very fortunate, in having obtained of him a letter of recommendation to the Engliſh conſul at Nice, together with directions how to travel through the South of France. I propoſe to begin my journey ſome time next month, when the weather will be temperate to the ſouthward; and in the wine countries I ſhall have the pleaſure of ſeeing the vintage, which is always a ſeaſon of feſtivity among all ranks of people.

You have been very much miſ-informed, by the perſon who compared Boulogne to Wapping: he did a manifeſt injuſtice to this place, which is a large agreeable town, with broad open ſtreets, excellently paved; and the houſes are of ſtone, well built and commodious.

modious. The number of inhabitants may amount to fifteen thousand. You know this was generally supposed to be the *portus Itius*, and *Gesoriacum* of the antients: though it is now believed that the *portus Itius*, from whence Cæsar sailed to Britain, is a place called *Whitsand*, about half way between this place and Calais. Boulogne is the capital of the Boulonnois, a district extending about twelve leagues, ruled by a governor independent of the governor of Picardy; of which province, however, this country forms a part. The present governor is the duc d'Aumont. The town of Boulogne is the see of a bishop suffragan of Rheims, whose revenue amounts to about four-and-twenty thousand livres, or one thousand pounds sterling. It is also the seat of a seneschal's court, from whence an appeal lies to the parliament of Paris; and thither all condemned criminals are sent, to have their sentence confirmed or reversed. Here is likewise a bailiwick, and a court of admiralty. The military jurisdiction of the city belongs to a commandant appointed by the king, a sort of sinecure bestowed upon some old officer. His appointments are very incon-

inconſiderable: he reſides in the Upper Town, and his garriſon at preſent conſiſts of a few hundreds of invalids.

Boulogne is divided into the Upper and Lower Towns. The former is a kind of citadel, about a ſhort mile in circumference, ſituated on a riſing ground, ſurrounded by a high wall and rampart, planted with rows of trees, which form a delightful walk. It commands a fine view of the country and Lower Town; and in clear weather the coaſt of England, from Dover to Folkſtone, appears ſo plain, that one would imagine it was within four or five leagues of the French ſhore. The Upper Town was formerly fortified with outworks, which are now in ruins. Here is a ſquare, a town-houſe, the cathedral, and two or three convents of nuns; in one of which there are ſeveral Engliſh girls, ſent hither for their education. The ſmallneſs of the expence encourages parents to ſend their children abroad to theſe ſeminaries, where they learn ſcarce any thing that is uſeful, but the French language; but they never fail to imbibe prejudices againſt the proteſtant religion, and generally return enthuſiaſtic

thuſiaſtic converts to the religion of Rome. This converſion always generates a contempt for, and often an averſion to, their own country. Indeed it cannot reaſonably be expected, that people of weak minds, addicted to ſuperſtition, ſhould either love or eſteem thoſe whom they are taught to conſider as reprobated heretics. Ten pounds a year is the uſual penſion in theſe convents; but I have been informed by a French lady, who had her education in one of them, that nothing can be more wretched than their entertainment.

The civil magiſtracy of Boulogne conſiſts of a mayor and echevins; and this is the caſe in almoſt all the towns of France.

The Lower Town is continued from the gate of the Upper Town, down the ſlope of a hill, as far as the harbour, ſtretching on both ſides to a large extent, and is much more conſiderable than the Upper, with reſpect to the beauty of the ſtreets, the convenience of the houſes, and the number and wealth of the inhabitants. Theſe, however, are all merchants, or bourgeois; for the nobleſſe or gentry live all together in the Upper Town,

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and never mix with the others. The harbour of Boulogne is at the mouth of the ſmall river, or rather rivulet Liane, which is ſo ſhallow, that the children wade through it at low water. As the tide makes, the ſea flows in, and forms a pretty extenſive harbour, which, however, admits nothing but ſmall veſſels. It is contracted at the mouth by two ſtone *jetties* or piers, which ſeem to have been conſtructed by ſome engineer, very little acquainted with this branch of his profeſſion; for they are carried out in ſuch a manner, as to collect a bank of ſand juſt at the entrance of the harbour. The road is very open and unſafe, and the ſurf very high when the wind blows from the ſea. There is no fortification near the harbour, except a paltry fort mounting about twenty guns, built in the laſt war by the prince de Cruy, upon a rock about a league to the eaſtward of Boulogne. It appears to be ſituated in ſuch a manner, that it can neither offend, nor be offended. If the depth of water would admit a forty or fifty gun ſhip to lie within cannon-ſhot of it, I apprehend it might be ſilenced in half an hour; but, in all probability, there will

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be no veſtiges of it at the next rupture between the two crowns. It is ſurrounded every day by the ſea, at high water; and when it blows a freſh gale towards the ſhore, the waves break over the top of it, to the terror and aſtoniſhment of the garriſon, who have been often heard crying piteouſly for aſſiſtance. I am perſuaded, that it will one day diſappear in the twinkling of an eye. The neighbourhood of this fort, which is a ſmooth ſandy beach, I have choſen for my bathing place. The road to it is agreeable and romantic, lying through pleaſant corn-fields, ſkirted by open downs, where there is a rabbit warren, and great plenty of the birds ſo much admired at Tunbridge under the name of *wheat-ears*. By the bye, this is a pleaſant corruption of *white-a—ſe*, the tranſlation of their French name *cul-blanc*, taken from their colour; for they are actually white towards the tail.

Upon the top of a high rock, which overlooks the harbour, are the remains of an old fortification, which is indiſcriminately called, *Tour d'ordre*, and *Julius Cæſar's fort*. The original tower was a light-houſe built by *Claudius*

Claudius Cæſar, denominated *Turris ardens*, from the fire burned in it; and this the French have corrupted into *Tour d'ordre:* but no veſtiges of this Roman work remain; what we now ſee, are the ruins of a caſtle built by Charlemagne. I know of no other antiquity at Boulogne, except an old vault in the Upper Town, now uſed as a magazine, which is ſaid to be part of an antient temple dedicated to Iſis.

On the other ſide of the harbour, oppoſite to the Lower Town, there is a houſe built, at a conſiderable expence, by a general officer, who loſt his life in the late war. Never was ſituation more inconvenient, unpleaſant, and unhealthy. It ſtands on the edge of an ugly moraſs formed by the ſtagnant water left by the tide in its retreat: the very walks of the garden are ſo moiſt, that, in the drieſt weather, no perſon can make a tour of it, without danger of the rheumatiſm. Beſides, the houſe is altogether inacceſſible, except at low water, and even then the carriage muſt croſs the harbour, the wheels up to the axle-tree in mud: nay, the tide ruſhes in ſo faſt, that unleſs you ſeize the time to a minute,

you will be in danger of periſhing. The apartments of this houſe are elegantly fitted up, but very ſmall; and the garden, notwithſtanding its unfavourable ſituation, affords a great quantity of good fruit. The ooze, impregnated with ſea ſalt, produces, on this ſide of the harbour, an incredible quantity of the fineſt *ſamphire* I ever ſaw. The French call it *paſſe-pierre*; and I ſuſpect its Engliſh name is a corruption of *ſang-pierre*. It is generally found on the faces of bare rocks that overhang the ſea, by the ſpray of which it is nouriſhed. As it grew upon a naked rock, without any appearance of ſoil, it might be naturally enough called *ſang du pierre*, or *ſang-pierre*, blood of the rock; and hence the name *ſamphire*. On the ſame ſide of the harbour there is another new houſe, neatly built, belonging to a gentleman who has obtained a grant from the king of ſome ground which was always overflowed at high water. He has raiſed dykes at a conſiderable expence, to exclude the tide, and if he can bring his project to bear, he will not only gain a good eſtate for himſelf, but alſo improve the harbour, by increaſing the depth at high-water. In

In the Lower Town of Boulogne there are ſeveral religious houſes, particularly a ſeminary, a convent of Cordeliers, and another of Capuchins. This laſt, having fallen to decay, was ſome years ago repaired, chiefly by the charity of Britiſh travellers, collected by father Graeme, a native of North-Britain, who had been an officer in the army of king James II. and is ſaid to have turned monk of this mendicant order, by way of voluntary penance, for having killed his friend in a duel. Be that as it may, he was a well-bred, ſenſible man, of a very exemplary life and converſation; and his memory is much revered in this place. Being ſuperior of the convent, he cauſed the Britiſh arms to be put up in the church, as a mark of gratitude for the benefactions received from our nation. I often walk in the garden of the convent, the walls of which are waſhed by the ſea at high-water. At the bottom of the garden is a little private grove, ſeparated from it by a high wall, with a door of communication; and hither the Capuchins retire, when they are diſpoſed for contemplation. About two years ago, this place was ſaid to be con-

verted to a very different uſe. There was among the monks one *pere Charles*, a luſty friar, of whom the people tell ſtrange ſtories. Some young women of the town were ſeen mounting over the wall, by a ladder of ropes, in the duſk of the evening; and there was an unuſual crop of baſtards that ſeaſon. In ſhort, *pere Charles* and his companions gave ſuch ſcandal, that the whole fraternity was changed; and now the neſt is occupied by another flight of theſe birds of paſſage. If one of our privateers had kidnapped a Capuchin during the war, and exhibited him, in his habit, as a ſhew in London, he would have proved a good prize to the captors; for I know not a more uncouth and groteſque animal, than an old Capuchin in the habit of his order. A friend of mine (a Swiſs officer) told me, that a peaſant in his country uſed to weep bitterly, whenever a certain Capuchin mounted the pulpit to hold forth to the people. The good father took notice of this man, and believed he was touched by the finger of the Lord. He exhorted him to encourage theſe acceſſions of grace, and at the ſame time to be of good comfort, as having

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received ſuch marks of the divine favour. The man ſtill continued to weep, as before, every time the monk preached; and at laſt the Capuchin inſiſted upon knowing what it was, in his diſcourſe or appearance, that made ſuch an impreſſion upon his heart.—"Ah, father! (cried the peaſant) I never ſee you but I think of a venerable goat, which I loſt at Eaſter. We were bred up together in the ſame family. He was the very picture of your reverence—one would ſwear you were brothers. Poor *Baudouin!* he died of a fall—reſt his ſoul! I would willingly pay for a couple of maſſes to pray him out of purgatory."

Among other public edifices at Boulogne, there is an hoſpital, or workhouſe, which ſeems to be eſtabliſhed upon a very good foundation. It maintains ſeveral hundreds of poor people, who are kept conſtantly at work, according to their age and abilities, in making thread, all ſorts of lace, a kind of catgut, and in knitting ſtockings. It is under the direction of the biſhop; and the ſee is at preſent filled by a prelate of great piety and benevolence, though a little inclining to bi-

gotry and fanaticiſm. The churches in this town are but indifferently built, and poorly ornamented. There is not one picture in the place worth looking at, nor indeed does there ſeem to be the leaſt taſte for the liberal arts.

In my next, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy you in the other articles you deſire to know. Mean-while, I am ever

Yours.

LETTER IV.

Boulogne, September 1, 1763.

SIR,

I Am infinitely obliged to D. H— for the favourable manner in which he has mentioned me to the earl of H—. I have at laſt recovered my books, by virtue of a particular order to the director of the douane, procured by the application of the Engliſh reſident to the French miniſtry. I am now preparing for

for my long journey; but, before I leave this place, I ſhall ſend you the packet I mentioned, by Meriton. Mean-while I muſt fulfil my promiſe in communicating the obſervations I have had occaſion to make upon this town and country.

The air of Boulogne is cold and moiſt, and, I believe, of conſequence unhealthy. Laſt winter the froſt, which continued ſix weeks in London, laſted here eight weeks without intermiſſion; and the cold was ſo intenſe, that, in the garden of the Capuchins, it ſplit the bark of ſeveral elms from top to bottom. On our arrival here we found all kinds of fruit more backward than in England. The froſt, in its progreſs to Britain, is much weakened in croſſing the ſea. The atmoſphere, impregnated with ſaline particles, reſiſts the operation of freezing. Hence, in ſevere winters, all places near the ſea-ſide are leſs cold than more inland diſtricts. This is the reaſon why the winter is often more mild at Edinburgh than at London. A very great degree of cold is required to freeze ſalt water. Indeed it will not freeze at all, until it has depoſited all its ſalt. It is now generally al-

lowed among philoſophers, that water is no more than ice thawed by heat, either ſolar, or ſubterranean, or both; and that this heat being expelled, it would return to its natural conſiſtence. This being the caſe, nothing elſe is required for the freezing of water, than a certain degree of cold, which may be generated by the help of ſalt, or ſpirit of nitre, even under the line. I would propoſe, therefore, that an apparatus of this ſort ſhould be provided in every ſhip that goes to ſea; and in caſe there ſhould be a deficiency of freſh water on board, the ſea-water may be rendered potable, by being firſt converted into ice.

The air of Boulogne is not only loaded with a great evaporation from the ſea, increaſed by ſtrong gales of wind from the Weſt and South-Weſt, which blow almoſt continually during the greateſt part of the year; but it is alſo ſubject to putrid vapours, ariſing from the low marſhy ground in the neighbourhood of the harbour, which is every tide overflowed with ſea-water. This may be one cauſe of the ſcrofula and rickets, which are two prevailing diſorders among the children in

Boulogne.

Boulogne. But I believe the former is more owing to the water uſed in the Lower Town, which is very hard and unwholſome. It curdles with ſoap, gives a red colour to the meat that is boiled in it, and, when drank by ſtrangers, never fails to occaſion pains in the ſtomach and bowels; nay, ſometimes produces dyſenteries. In all appearance it is impregnated with nitre, if not with ſomething more miſchievous: we know that mundic, or pyrites, very often contains a proportion of arſenic, mixed with ſulphur, vitriol, and mercury. Perhaps it partakes of the acid of ſome coal mine; for there are coal works in this diſtrict. There is a well of purging water within a quarter of a mile of the Upper Town, to which the inhabitants reſort in the morning, as the people of London go to the Dog-and-duck, in St. George's fields. There is likewiſe a fountain of excellent water, hard by the cathedral, in the Upper Town, from whence I am daily ſupplied at a ſmall expence. Some modern chemiſts affirm, that no ſaline chalybeate waters can exiſt, except in the neighbourhood of coal damps; and that nothing can be more

mild,

mild, and gentle, and friendly to the conſtitution, than the ſaid damps: but I know that the place where I was bred ſtands upon a zonic of coal; that the water which the inhabitants generally uſe is hard and brackiſh; and that the people are remarkably ſubject to the king's evil and conſumption. Theſe I would impute to the bad water, impregnated with the vitriol and brine of coal, as there is nothing in the conſtitution of the air that ſhould render ſuch diſtempers endemial. That the air of Boulogne encourages putrefaction, appears from the effect it has upon butcher's meat, which, though the ſeaſon is remarkably cold, we can hardly keep four-and-twenty hours in the cooleſt part of the houſe.

Living here is pretty reaſonable; and the markets are tolerably ſupplied. The beef is neither fat nor firm; but very good for ſoup, which is the only uſe the French make of it. The veal is not ſo white, nor ſo well fed, as the Engliſh veal; but it is more juicy, and better taſted. The mutton and pork are very good. We buy our poultry alive, and fatten them at home. Here are excellent turkies,

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and no want of game: the hares, in particular, are very large, juicy, and high-flavoured. The beſt part of the fiſh caught on this coaſt is ſent poſt to Paris, in chaſſe-marines, by a company of contractors, like thoſe of Haſtings in Suſſex. Nevertheleſs, we have excellent ſoles, ſkaite, flounders and whitings, and ſometimes mackarel. The oyſters are very large, coarſe, and rank. There is very little fiſh caught on the French coaſt, becauſe the ſhallows run a great way from the ſhore; and the fiſh live chiefly in deep water; for this reaſon the fiſhermen go a great way out to ſea, ſometimes even as far as the coaſt of England. Notwithſtanding all the haſte the contractors can make, their fiſh in the ſummer is very often ſpoiled before it arrives at Paris; and this is not to be wondered at, conſidering the length of the way, which is near one hundred and fifty miles. At beſt it muſt be in ſuch a mortified condition, that no other people, except the negroes on the coaſt of Guinea, would feed upon it.

The wine commonly drank at Boulogne comes from Auxerre, is very ſmall and meagre, and may be had from five to eight ſols a

bottle; that is, from two-pence halfpenny to four-pence. The French inhabitants drink no good wine; nor is there any to be had, unleſs you have recourſe to the Britiſh wine-merchants here eſtabliſhed, who deal in Bourdeaux wines, brought hither by ſea for the London market. I have very good claret from a friend, at the rate of fifteen-pence ſterling a bottle; and excellent ſmall beer as reaſonable as in England. I don't believe there is a drop of generous Burgundy in the place; and the aubergiſtes impoſe upon us ſhamefully, when they charge it at two livres a bottle. There is a ſmall white wine, called *preniac*, which is very agreeable and very cheap. All the brandy which I have ſeen in Boulogne is new, fiery, and ſtill-burnt. This is the traſh which the ſmugglers import into England: they have it for about ten-pence a gallon. Butchers meat is ſold for five ſols, or two-pence halfpenny a pound, and the pound here conſiſts of eighteen ounces. I have a young turkey for thirty ſols; a hare for four-and-twenty; a couple of chickens for twenty ſols, and a couple of good ſoles for the ſame price. Before we left England, we were told that there

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was no fruit in Boulogne; but we have found ourſelves agreeably diſappointed in this particular. The place is well ſupplied with ſtrawberries, cherries, gooſeberries, corinths, peaches, apricots, and excellent pears. I have eaten more fruit this ſeaſon, than I have done for ſeveral years. There are many well-cultivated gardens in the ſkirts of the town; particularly one belonging to our friend Mrs. B——, where we often drink tea in a charming ſummer-houſe built on a riſing ground, which commands a delightful proſpect of the ſea. We have many obligations to this good lady, who is a kind neighbour, an obliging friend, and a moſt agreeable companion: ſhe ſpeaks Engliſh prettily, and is greatly attached to the people and the cuſtoms of our nation. They uſe wood for their common fewel, though, if I were to live at Boulogne, I would mix it with coal, which this country affords. Both the wood and the coal are reaſonable enough. I am certain that a man may keep houſe in Boulogne for about one half of what it will coſt him in London; and this is ſaid to be one of the deareſt places in France.

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The adjacent country is very agreeable, diverſified with hill and dale, corn-fields, woods, and meadows. There is a foreſt of a conſiderable extent, that begins about a ſhort league from the Upper Town: it belongs to the king, and the wood is farmed to different individuals.

In point of agriculture, the people in this neighbourhood ſeem to have profited by the example of the Engliſh. Since I was laſt in France, fifteen years ago, a good number of incloſures and plantations have been made in the Engliſh faſhion. There is a good many tolerable country-houſes, within a few miles of Boulogne; but moſtly empty. I was offered a compleat houſe, with a garden of four acres well laid out, and two fields for graſs or hay, about a mile from the town, for four hundred livres, about ſeventeen pounds a-year: it is partly furniſhed, ſtands in an agreeable ſituation, with a fine proſpect of the ſea, and was lately occupied by a Scotch nobleman, who is in the ſervice of France.

To judge from appearance, the people of Boulogne are deſcended from the Flemings, who formerly poſſeſſed this country; for, a great

great many of the preſent inhabitants have fine ſkins, fair hair, and florid complexions; very different from the natives of France in general, who are diſtinguiſhed by black hair, brown ſkins, and ſwarthy faces. The people of the Boulonnois enjoy ſome extraordinary privileges, and, in particular, are exempted from the gabelle or duties upon ſalt: how they deſerved this mark of favour, I do not know; but they ſeem to have a ſpirit of independence among them, are very ferocious, and much addicted to revenge. Many barbarous murders are committed, both in the town and country; and the peaſants, from motives of envy and reſentment, frequently ſet their neighbours houſes on fire. Several inſtances of this kind have happened in the courſe of the laſt year. The interruption which is given, in arbitrary governments, to the adminiſtration of juſtice, by the interpoſition of the great, has always a bad effect upon the morals of the common people. The peaſants too are often rendered deſperate and ſavage, by the miſery they ſuffer from the oppreſſion and tyranny of their landlords. In this neighbourhood the labouring people

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are ill lodged and wretchedly fed; and they have no idea of cleanlineſs. There is a ſubſtantial burgher in the High Town, who was, ſome years ago convicted of a moſt barbarous murder. He received ſentence to be broke alive upon the wheel; but was pardoned by the interpoſition of the governor of the county, and carries on his buſineſs as uſual in the face of the whole community. A furious *abbé*, being refuſed orders by the biſhop, on account of his irregular life, took an opportunity to ſtab the prelate with a knife, one Sunday, as he walked out of the cathedral. The good biſhop deſired he might be permitted to eſcape; but it was thought proper to puniſh, with the utmoſt ſeverity, ſuch an atrocious attempt. He was accordingly apprehended, and, though the wound was not mortal, condemned to be broke. When this dreadful ſentence was executed, he cried out, that it was hard he ſhould undergo ſuch torments, for having wounded a worthleſs prieſt, by whom he had been injured, while ſuch-a-one (naming the burgher mentioned above) lived in eaſe and ſecurity, after having brutally murdered a poor man,

man, and a helpleſs woman big with child, who had not given him the leaſt provocation.

The inhabitants of Boulogne may be divided into three claſſes; the nobleſſe or gentry, the burghers, and the canaille. I don't mention the clergy, and the people belonging to the law, becauſe I ſhall occaſionally trouble you with my thoughts upon the religion and eccleſiaſtics of this country; and as for the lawyers, excluſive of their profeſſion, they may be conſidered as belonging to one or other of theſe diviſions. The nobleſſe are vain, proud, poor, and ſlothful. Very few of them have above ſix thouſand livres a year, which may amount to about two hundred and fifty pounds ſterling; and many of them have not half this revenue. I think there is one heireſs, ſaid to be worth one hundred thouſand livres, about four thouſand two hundred pounds; but then her jewels, her cloaths, and even her linen, are reckoned part of this fortune. The nobleſſe have not the common ſenſe to reſide at their houſes in the country, where, by farming their own grounds, they might live at a ſmall expence, and im-

prove their eſtates at the ſame time. They allow their country-houſes to go to decay, and their gardens and fields to waſte; and reſide in dark holes in the Upper Town of Boulogne, without light, air, or convenience. There they ſtarve within doors, that they may have wherewithal to purchaſe fine cloaths, and appear dreſſed once a day in the church, or on the rampart. They have no education, no taſte for reading, no houſewifery, nor indeed any earthly occupation, but that of dreſſing their hair, and adorning their bodies. They hate walking, and would never go abroad, if they were not ſtimulated by the vanity of being ſeen. I ought to except indeed thoſe who turn devotees, and ſpend the greateſt part of their time with the prieſt, either at church, or in their own houſes. Other amuſements they have none in this place, except private parties of card-playing, which are far from being expenſive. Nothing can be more parſimonious than the œconomy of theſe people: they live upon ſoupe and bouillê, fiſh and ſallad: they never think of giving dinners, or entertaining their friends; they even ſave the expence of coffee and tea, though

though both are very cheap at Boulogne. They presume that every person drinks coffee at home, immediately after dinner, which is always over by one o'clock; and, in lieu of tea in the afternoon, they treat with a glass of sherbet, or capillaire. In a word, I know not a more insignificant set of mortals than the noblesse of Boulogne; helpless in themselves, and useless to the community; without dignity, sense, or sentiment; contemptible from pride, and ridiculous from vanity. They pretend to be jealous of their rank, and will entertain no correspondence with the merchants, whom they term plebeians. They likewise keep at a great distance from strangers, on pretence of a delicacy in the article of punctilio: but, as I am informed, this stateliness is in a great measure affected, in order to conceal their poverty, which would appear to greater disadvantage, if they admitted of a more familiar communication. Considering the vivacity of the French people, one would imagine they could not possibly lead such an insipid life, altogether unanimated by society, or diversion. True it is, the only profane diversions of this place

be the ſame with St. Hæmorrhoiſſa, the patroneſs of thoſe who are afflicted with the piles, who make their joint invocations to her and St. Fiacre, the ſon of a Scotch king, who lived and died a hermit in France. The troops of Henry V. of England are ſaid to have pillaged the chapel of this Highland ſaint; who, in revenge, aſſiſted his countrymen, in the French ſervice, to defeat the Engliſh at Baugé, and afterwards afflicted Henry with the piles, of which he died. This prince complained, that he was not only plagued by the living Scots, but even perſecuted by thoſe who were dead.

I know not whether I may be allowed to compare the Romiſh religion to comedy, and Calviniſm to tragedy. The firſt amuſes the ſenſes, and excites ideas of mirth and good-humour; the other, like tragedy, deals in the paſſions of terror and pity. Step into a conventicle of diſſenters, you will, ten to one, hear the miniſter holding forth upon the ſufferings of Chriſt, or the torments of hell, and ſee many marks of religious horror in the faces of the hearers. This is perhaps one reaſon why the reformation did not ſucceed in France, among a volatile, giddy, unthinking

unthinking people, ſhocked at the mortified appearances of the Calviniſts; and accounts for its rapid progreſs among nations of a more melancholy turn of character and complexion: for, in the converſion of the multitude, reaſon is generally out of the queſtion. Even the penance impoſed upon the catholics is little more than mock mortification: a murderer is often quit with his confeſſor for ſaying three prayers extraordinary; and theſe eaſy terms, on which abſolution is obtained, certainly encourage the repetition of the moſt enormous crimes. The pomp and ceremonies of this religion, together with the great number of holidays they obſerve, howſoever they may keep up the ſpirits of the commonalty, and help to diminiſh the ſenſe of their own miſery, muſt certainly, at the ſame time, produce a frivolous taſte for frippery and ſhew, and encourage a habit of idleneſs, to which I, in a great meaſure, aſcribe the extreme poverty of the lower people. Very near half of their time, which might be profitably employed in the exerciſe of induſtry, is loſt to themſelves and the community, in attendance upon

the different exhibitions of religious mummery.

But as this letter has already run to an unconſcionable length, I ſhall defer, till another occaſion, what I have further to ſay on the people of this place, and in the mean time aſſure you, that I am always

Yours affectionately.

LETTER V.

Boulogne, September 12, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

MY ſtay in this place now draws towards a period. 'Till within theſe few days I have continued bathing, with ſome advantage to my health, though the ſeaſon has been cold and wet, and diſagreeable. There was a fine proſpect of a plentiful harveſt in this neighbourhood. I uſed to have great pleaſure in driving between the fields of wheat, oats, and barley; but the crop has been entirely ruined by the rain, and nothing is now to be ſeen on the ground but the tarniſhed

tarnished straw, and the rotten spoils of the husbandman's labour. The ground scarce affords subsistence to a few flocks of meagre sheep, that crop the stubble, and the intervening grass; each flock under the protection of its shepherd, with his crook and dogs, who lies every night in the midst of the fold, in a little thatched travelling lodge, mounted on a wheel-carriage. Here he passes the night, in order to defend his flock from the wolves, which are sometimes, especially in winter, very bold and desperate.

Two days ago we made an excursion with Mrs. B— and Capt. L— to the village of Samers, on the Paris road, about three leagues from Boulogne. Here is a venerable abbey of Benedictines, well endowed, with large agreeable gardens prettily laid out. The monks are well lodged, and well entertained. Tho' restricted from flesh meals by the rules of their order, they are allowed to eat wild duck and teal, as a species of fish; and when they long for a good *bouillon*, or a partridge, or pullet, they have nothing to do but to say they are out of order. In that case the appetite

tite of, the patient is indulged in his own apartment. Their church is elegantly contrived, but kept in a very dirty condition. The greateſt curioſity I ſaw in this place was an Engliſh boy, about eight or nine years old, from Dover, whom his father had ſent hither to learn the French language. In leſs than eight weeks, he was become captain of the boys of the place, ſpoke French perfectly well, and had almoſt forgot his mother tongue. But to return to the people of Boulogne.

The burghers here, as in other places, conſiſt of merchants, ſhop-keepers, and artiſans. Some of the merchants have got fortunes, by fitting out privateers during the war. A great many ſingle ſhips were taken from the Engliſh, notwithſtanding the good look-out of our cruiſers, who were ſo alert, that the privateers from this coaſt were often taken in four hours after they ſailed from the French harbour; and there is hardly a captain of an *armateur* in Boulogne, who has not been priſoner in England five or ſix times in the courſe of the war. They were fitted out at a very ſmall expence, and uſed to run over in

in the night to the coaſt of England, where they hovered as Engliſh fiſhing ſmacks, until they kidnapped ſome coaſter, with which they made the beſt of their way acroſs the Channel. If they fell in with a Britiſh cruizer, they ſurrendered without reſiſtance: the captain was ſoon exchanged, and the loſs of the proprietor was not great: if they brought their prize ſafe into harbour, the advantage was conſiderable. In time of peace the merchants of Boulogne deal in wine, brandies, and oil, imported from the South, and export fiſh, with the manufactures of France, to Portugal, and other countries; but the trade is not great. Here are two or three conſiderable houſes of wine merchants from Britain, who deal in Bourdeaux wine, with which they ſupply London and other parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The fiſhery of mackarel and herring is ſo conſiderable on this coaſt, that it is ſaid to yield annually eight or nine hundred thouſand livres, about thirty-five thouſand pounds ſterling.

The ſhop-keepers here drive a conſiderable traffic with the Engliſh ſmugglers, whoſe cutters are almoſt the only veſſels one ſees in the harbour

bour of Boulogne, if we except about a dozen of thoſe flat-bottomed boats, which raiſed ſuch alarms in England, in the courſe of the war. Indeed they ſeem to be good for nothing elſe, and perhaps they were built for this purpoſe only. The ſmugglers from the coaſt of Kent and Suſſex pay Engliſh gold for great quantities of French brandy, tea, coffee, and ſmall wine, which they run from this country. They likewiſe buy glaſs trinkets, toys, and coloured prints, which ſell in England, for no other reaſon, but that they come from France, as they may be had as cheap, and much better finiſhed, of our own manufacture. They likewiſe take off ribbons, laces, linen, and cambrics; though this branch of trade is chiefly in the hands of traders that come from London, and make their purchaſes at Dunkirk, where they pay no duties. It is certainly worth while for any traveller to lay in a ſtock of linen either at Dunkirk or Boulogne; the difference of the price at theſe two places is not great. Even here I have made a proviſion of ſhirts for one half of the money they would have coſt in London. Undoubtedly the practice of ſmuggling is very detri-

detrimental to the fair trader, and carries conſiderable ſums of money out of the kingdom, to enrich our rivals and enemies. The cuſtom-houſe officers are very watchful, and make a great number of ſeizures: nevertheleſs, the ſmugglers find their account in continuing this contraband commerce; and are ſaid to indemnify themſelves, if they ſave one cargo out of three. After all, the beſt way to prevent ſmuggling, is to lower the duties upon the commodities which are thus introduced. I have been told, that the revenue upon tea has encreaſed ever ſince the duty upon it was diminiſhed. By the bye, the tea ſmuggled on the coaſt of Suſſex is moſt execrable ſtuff. While I ſtayed at Haſtings, for the conveniency of bathing, I muſt have changed my breakfaſt, if I had not luckily brought tea with me from London: yet we have as good tea at Boulogne for nine livres a pound, as that which ſells at fourteen ſhillings at London.

The bourgeois of this place ſeem to live at their eaſe, probably in conſequence of their trade with the Engliſh. Their houſes conſiſt of the ground-floor, one ſtory above, and garrets.

garrets. In thoſe which are well furniſhed, you ſee pier-glaſſes and marble ſlabs; but the chairs are either paultry things, made with ſtraw bottoms, which coſt about a ſhilling a-piece, or old-faſhioned, high-backed ſeats of needle-work, ſtuffed, very clumſy and incommodious. The tables are ſquare fir boards, that ſtand on edge in a corner, except when they are uſed, and then they are ſet upon croſs legs that open and ſhut occaſionally. The king of France dines off a board of this kind. Here is plenty of table-linen however. The pooreſt tradeſman in Boulogne has a napkin on every cover, and ſilver forks with four prongs, which are uſed with the right hand, there being very little occaſion for knives; for the meat is boiled or roaſted to rags. The French beds are ſo high, that ſometimes one is obliged to mount them by the help of ſteps; and this is alſo the caſe in Flanders. They very ſeldom uſe feather-beds; but they lie upon a *paillaſſe*, or bag of ſtraw, over which are laid two, and ſometimes three mattraſſes. Their teſters are high and old-faſhioned, and their curtains generally of thin bays, red, or green, laced with

taudry

taudry yellow, in imitation of gold. In ſome houſes, however, one meets with furniture of ſtamped linen; but there is no ſuch thing as a carpet to be ſeen, and the floors are in a very dirty condition. They have not even the implements of cleanlineſs in this country. Every chamber is furniſhed with an *armoire*, or clothes-preſs, and a cheſt of drawers, of very clumſy workmanſhip. Every thing ſhews a deficiency in the mechanic arts. There is not a door, nor a window, that ſhuts cloſe. The hinges, locks, and latches, are of iron, coarſely made, and ill contrived. The very chimnies are built ſo open, that they admit both rain and ſun, and all of them ſmoke intolerably. If there is no cleanlineſs among theſe people, much leſs ſhall we find delicacy, which is the cleanlineſs of the mind. Indeed they are utter ſtrangers to what we call common decency; and I could give you ſome high-flavoured inſtances, at which even a native of Edinburgh would ſtop his noſe. There are certain mortifying views of human nature, which undoubtedly ought to be concealed as much as poſſible, in order to prevent giving offence: and nothing can be more abſurd,

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than to plead the difference of cuſtom in different countries, in defence of thoſe uſages which cannot fail giving diſguſt to the organs and ſenſes of all mankind. Will cuſtom exempt from the imputation of groſs indecency a French lady, who ſhifts her frowſy ſmock in preſence of a male viſitant, and talks to him of her *lavement*, her *medicine*, and her *bidet!* An Italian *ſignora* makes no ſcruple of telling you, ſhe is ſuch a day to begin a courſe of phyſic for the *pox*. The celebrated reformer of the Italian comedy introduces a child befouling itſelf on the ſtage, OE, NO TI SENTI? BISOGNA DESFASSARLO, *(fa cenno che ſenteſi mal odore)*. I have known a lady handed to the houſe of office by her admirer, who ſtood at the door, and entertained her with *bons mots* all the time ſhe was within. But I ſhould be glad to know, whether it is poſſible for a fine lady to ſpeak and act in this manner, without exciting ideas to her own diſadvantage in the mind of every man who has any imagination left, and enjoys the intire uſe of his ſenſes, howſoever ſhe may be authoriſed by the cuſtoms of her country? There is nothing ſo vile or repugnant to nature,

ture, but you may plead preſcription for it, in the cuſtoms of ſome nation or other. A Pariſian likes mortified fleſh: a native of Legiboli will not taſte his fiſh till it is quite putrefied: the civilized inhabitants of Kamſchatka get drunk with the urine of their gueſts, whom they have already intoxicated: the Nova Zemblans make merry on train-oil: the Groenlanders eat in the ſame diſh with their dogs: the Caffres, at the Cape of Good Hope, piſs upon thoſe whom they delight to honour, and feaſt upon a ſheep's inteſtines with their contents, as the greateſt dainty that can be preſented. A true-bred Frenchman dips his fingers, imbrowned with ſnuff, into his plate filled with ragout: between every three mouthfuls, he produces his ſnuff-box, and takes a freſh pinch, with the moſt graceful geſticulations; then he diſplays his handkerchief, which may be termed the *flag of abomination*, and, in the uſe of both, ſcatters his favours among thoſe who have the happineſs to ſit near him. It muſt be owned, however, that a Frenchman will not drink out of a tankard, in which, perhaps, a dozen of filthy mouths have ſlab-

bered, as is the cuſtom in England. Here every individual has his own gobelet, which ſtands before him, and he helps himſelf occaſionally with wine, or water, or both, which likewiſe ſtand upon the table. But I know no cuſtom more beaſtly than that of uſing water-glaſſes, in which polite company ſpirt, and ſquirt, and ſpue the filthy ſcourings of their gums, under the eyes of each other. I knew a lover cured of his paſſion, by ſeeing this naſty caſcade diſcharged from the mouth of his miſtreſs. I don't doubt but I ſhall live to ſee the day, when the hoſpitable cuſtom of the antient Ægyptians will be revived; then a conveniency will be placed behind every chair in company, with a proper proviſion of waſte paper, that individuals may make themſelves eaſy without parting company. I inſiſt upon it, that this practice would not be more indelicate than that which is now in uſe. What then, you will ſay, muſt a man ſit with his chops and fingers up to the ears and knuckles in greaſe? No; let thoſe who cannot eat without defiling themſelves, ſtep into another room, provided with baſons and towels: but

I think it be would better to inſtitute ſchools, where youth may learn to eat their victuals, without daubing themſelves, or giving offence to the eyes of one another.

The bourgeois of Boulogne have commonly ſoup and bouillé at noon, and a roaſt, with a ſallad, for ſupper; and at all their meals there is a deſert of fruit. This indeed is the practice all over France. On meagre days they eat fiſh, omelettes, fried beans, fricaſſees of eggs and onions, and burnt cream. The tea which they drink in the afternoon is rather boiled than infuſed; it is ſweetened all together with coarſe ſugar, and drank with an equal quantity of boiled milk.

We had the honour to be entertained the other day by our landlord, Mr. B——, who ſpared no coſt on this banquet, exhibited for the glory of France. He had invited a new-married couple, together with the huſband's mother, and the lady's father, who was one of the nobleſſe of Montreuil, his name Monſ. L——y. There were likewiſe ſome merchants of the town, and Monſ. B——'s uncle, a facetious little man, who had ſerved in the Engliſh navy, and was as big and as round as a

hogſhead; we were likewiſe favoured with the company of father K—, a native of Ireland, who is *vicaire*, or curate of the pariſh; and among the gueſts was Monſ. L—y's ſon, a pretty boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age. The *repas* ſerved up in three ſervices, or courſes, with *entreés* and *hors d'œuvres*, excluſive of the fruit, conſiſted of above twenty diſhes, extremely well dreſſed by the *rotiſſeur*, who is the beſt cook I ever knew, in France, or elſewhere; but the *plats* were not preſented with much order. Our young ladies did not ſeem to be much uſed to do the honours of the table. The moſt extraordinary circumſtance that I obſerved on this occaſion was, that all the French who were preſent ate of every diſh that appeared; and I am told, that if there had been an hundred articles more, they would have had a trial of each. This is what they call doing juſtice to the founder. Monſ. L—y was placed at the head of the table; and indeed he was the oracle and orator of the company; tall, thin, and weather-beaten, not unlike the picture of Don Quixote after he had loſt his teeth. He had been *garde du corps*,

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or life-guardman at Verſailles; and by virtue of this office he was perfectly well acquainted with the perſons of the king and the dauphin, with the characters of the miniſters and grandees, and, in a word, with all the ſecrets of ſtate, on which he held forth with equal ſolemnity and elocution. He exclaimed againſt the jeſuits, and the farmers of the revenue, who, he ſaid, had ruined France. Then, addreſſing himſelf to me, aſked, if the Engliſh did not every day drink to the health of *madame la marquiſe?* I did not at firſt comprehend his meaning; but anſwered in general, that the Engliſh were not deficient in complaiſance for the ladies. "Ah! (cried he) ſhe is the beſt friend they have in the world. If it had not been for her, they would not have ſuch reaſon to boaſt of the advantages of the war." I told him the only conqueſt which the French had made in the war, was atchieved by one of her generals: I meant the taking of Mahon. But I did not chooſe to proſecute the diſcourſe, remembering that in the year 1749, I had like to have had an affair with a Frenchman at Ghent, who affirmed, that all the battles

gained by the great duke of Marlborough were purpoſely loſt by the French generals, in order to bring the ſchemes of madame de Maintenon into diſgrace. This is no bad reſource for the national vanity of theſe people: though, in general, they are really perſuaded, that theirs is the richeſt, the braveſt, the happieſt, and the moſt powerful nation under the ſun; and therefore, without ſome ſuch cauſe, they muſt be invincible. By the bye, the common people here ſtill frighten their wayward children with the name of *Marlborough*. Mr. B—'s ſon, who was nurſed at a peaſant's houſe, happening one day, after he was brought home, to be in diſgrace with his father, who threatened to correct him, the child ran for protection to his mother, crying, "*faites ſortir ce vilaine Malbroug.*" It is amazing to hear a ſenſible Frenchman aſſert, that the revenues of France amount to four hundred millions of livres, about twenty millions ſterling, clear of all incumbrances, when in fact their clear revenue is not much above ten. Without all doubt they have reaſon to inveigh againſt the *fermiers generaux*, who oppreſs the people in raiſing

raiſing the taxes, not above two thirds of which are brought into the king's coffers: the reſt enriches themſelves, and enables them to bribe high for the protection of the great, which is the only ſupport they have againſt the remonſtrances of the ſtates and parliaments, and the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe; which will ever demonſtrate this to be, of all others, the moſt pernicious method of ſupplying the neceſſities of government.

Monſ. L——y ſeaſoned the ſeverity of his political apothegms with intermediate ſallies of mirth and gallantry. He ogled the venerable gentlewoman his *commere*, who ſat by him. He looked, ſighed, and languiſhed, ſung tender ſongs, and kiſſed the old lady's hand with all the ardour of a youthful admirer. I unfortunately congratulated him on having ſuch a pretty young gentleman to his ſon. He anſwered, ſighing, that the boy had talents, but did not put them to a proper uſe—" long before I attained his age (ſaid he) I had finiſhed my rhetoric." Captain B——, who had eaten himſelf black in the face, and, with the napkin under his chin, was no bad repreſentation of Sancho

Panza in the ſuds, with the diſhclout about his neck, when the duke's ſcullions inſiſted upon ſhaving him; this ſea-wit, turning to the boy, with a waggiſh leer, "I ſuppoſe (ſaid he) you don't underſtand the figure of *amplification* ſo well as Monſieur your father." At that inſtant, one of the nieces, who knew her uncle to be very tickliſh, touched him under the ſhort ribs, on which the little man attempted to ſpring up, but loſt the centre of gravity. He overturned his own plate in the lap of the perſon that ſat next to him, and falling obliquely upon his own chair, both tumbled down upon the floor together, to the great diſcompoſure of the whole company; for the poor man would have been actually ſtrangled, had not his nephew looſed his ſtock with great expedition. Matters being once more adjuſted, and the captain condoled on his diſaſter, Monſ. L——y took it in his head to read his ſon a lecture upon filial obedience. This was mingled with ſome ſharp reproof, which the boy took ſo ill that he retired. The old lady obſerved that he had been too ſevere: her daughter-in-law, who was very pretty, ſaid her brother

ther had given him too much reaſon; hinting, at the ſame time, that he was addicted to ſome terrible vices; upon which ſeveral individuals repeated the interjection, ah! ah! "Yes (ſaid Monſ. L—y, with a rueful aſpect) the boy has a pernicious turn for gaming: in one afternoon he loſt, at billiards, ſuch a ſum as gives me horror to think of it." "Fifty ſols in one afternoon," (cried the ſiſter). "Fifty ſols! (exclaimed the mother-in-law, with marks of aſtoniſhment) that's too much—that's too much!—he's to blame—he's to blame! but youth, you know Monſ. L—y—ah! vive la jeuneſſe!" "et l'amour!" cried the father, wiping his eyes, ſqueezing her hand, and looking tenderly upon her. Mr. B— took this opportunity to bring in the young gentleman, who was admitted into favour, and received a ſecond exhortation. Thus harmony was reſtored, and the entertainment concluded with fruit, coffee, and *liqueurs*.

When a bourgeois of Boulogne takes the air, he goes in a one horſe-chaiſe, which is here called *cabriolet*, and hires it for half-a-crown a day. There are alſo travelling chaiſes, which hold

hold four perſons, two ſeated with their faces to the horſes, and two behind their backs; but thoſe vehicles are all very ill made, and extremely inconvenient. The way of riding moſt uſed in this place is on aſsback. You will ſee every day, in the ſkirts of the town, a great number of females thus mounted, with the feet on either ſide occaſionally, according as the wind blows, ſo that ſometimes the right and ſometimes the left hand guides the beaſt: but in other parts of France, as well as in Italy, the ladies ſit on horſeback with their legs aſtride, and are provided with drawers for that purpoſe.

When I ſaid the French people were kept in good humour by the fopperies of their religion, I did not mean that there were no gloomy ſpirits among them. There will be fanatics in religion, while there are people of a ſaturnine diſpoſition, and melancholy turn of mind. The character of a *devotee*, which is hardly known in England, is very common here. You ſee them walking to and from church at all hours, in their hoods and long camblet cloaks, with a ſlow pace, demure aſpect, and downcaſt eye. Thoſe who

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are poor become very troubleſome to the monks, with their ſcruples and caſes of conſcience: you may ſee them on their knees, at the confeſſional, every hour in the day. The rich *devotee* has her favourite confeſſor, whom ſhe conſults and regales in private, at her own houſe; and this ſpiritual director generally governs the whole family. For my part, I never knew a fanatic that was not an hypocrite at bottom. Their pretenſions to ſuperior ſanctity, and an abſolute conqueſt over all the paſſions, which human reaſon was never yet able to ſubdue, introduce a habit of diſſimulation, which, like all other habits, is confirmed by uſe, till at length they become adepts in the art and ſcience of hypocriſy. Enthuſiaſm and hypocriſy are by no means incompatible. The wildeſt fanatics I ever knew, were real ſenſualiſts in their way of living, and cunning cheats in their dealings with mankind.

Among the lower claſs of people at Boulogne, thoſe who take the lead, are the ſeafaring men, who live in one quarter, divided into claſſes, and regiſtered for the ſervice of the king. They are hardy and raw-boned, exerciſe

exerciſe the trade of fiſhermen and boatmen, and propagate like rabbits. They have put themſelves under the protection of a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which is kept in one of their churches, and every year carried in proceſſion. According to the legend, this image was carried off, with other pillage, by the Engliſh, when they took Boulogne, in the reign of Henry VIII. The lady, rather than reſide in England, where ſhe found a great many heretics, truſted herſelf alone in an open boat, and croſſed the ſea to the road of Boulogne, where ſhe was ſeen waiting for a pilot. Accordingly a boat put off to her aſſiſtance, and brought her ſafe into the harbour: ſince which time ſhe has continued to patronize the watermen of Boulogne. At preſent ſhe is very black and very ugly, beſides being cruelly mutilated in different parts of her body, which I ſuppoſe have been amputated, and converted into tobacco-ſtoppers; but once a year ſhe is dreſſed in very rich attire, and carried in proceſſion, with a ſilver boat, provided at the expence of the ſailors. That vanity which characteriſes the French extends even to the canaille.

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The loweſt creature among them is ſure to have her ear-rings and golden croſs hanging about her neck. Indeed this laſt is an implement of ſuperſtition as well as of dreſs, without which no female appears. The common people here, as in all countries where they live poorly and dirtily, are hard-featured, and of very brown, or rather tawny complexions. As they ſeldom eat meat, their juices are deſtitute of that animal oil which gives a plumpneſs and ſmoothneſs to the ſkin, and defends thoſe fine capillaries from the injuries of the weather, which would otherwiſe coaleſce, or be ſhrunk up, ſo as to impede the circulation on the external ſurface of the body. As for the dirt, it undoubtedly blocks up the pores of the ſkin, and diſorders the perſpiration; conſequently muſt contribute to the ſcurvy, itch, and other cutaneous diſtempers.

In the quarter of the *matelots* at Boulogne, there is a number of poor Canadians, who were removed from the iſland of St. John, in the gulph of St. Laurence, when it was reduced by the Engliſh. Theſe people are maintained at the expence of the king, who allows

allows them ſoldier's pay, that is five ſols, or two-pence halfpenny a day; or rather three ſols and ammunition bread. How the ſoldiers contrive to ſubſiſt upon this wretched allowance, I cannot comprehend: but, it muſt be owned, that thoſe invalids who do duty at Boulogne betray no marks of want. They are hale and ſtout, neatly and decently cloathed, and on the whole look better than the penſioners of Chelſea.

About three weeks ago I was favoured with a viſit by one Mr. M—, an Engliſh gentleman, who ſeems far gone in a conſumption. He paſſed the laſt winter at Niſmes in Languedoc, and found himſelf much better in the beginning of ſummer, when he embarked at Cette, and returned by ſea to England. He ſoon relapſed, however, and (as he imagines) in conſequence of a cold caught at ſea. He told me, his intention was to try the South again, and even to go as far as Italy. I adviſed him to make trial of the air of Nice, where I myſelf propoſed to reſide. He ſeemed to reliſh my advice, and proceeded towards Paris in his own carriage.

I ſhall

I ſhall to-morrow ſhip my great cheſts on board of a ſhip bound to Bourdeaux; they are directed, and recommended to the care of a merchant of that place, who will forward them by Thoulouſe, and the canal of Languedoc, to his correſpondent at Cette, which is the ſea-port of Montpellier. The charge of their conveyance to Bourdeaux does not exceed one guinea. They conſiſt of two very large cheſts and a trunk, about a thouſand pounds weight; and the expence of tranſporting them from Bourdeaux to Cette, will not exceed thirty livres. They are already ſealed with lead at the cuſtom-houſe, that they may be exempted from further viſitation. This is a precaution which every traveller takes, both by ſea and land: he muſt likewiſe provide himſelf with a *paſſe-avant* at the bureau, otherwiſe he may be ſtopped, and rummaged at every town through which he paſſes. I have hired a berline and four horſes to Paris, for fourteen loui'dores; two of which the *voiturier* is obliged to pay for a permiſſion from the farmers of the poſte; for every thing is farmed in this country; and if you hire a carriage, as I have done,

you

you muſt pay twelve livres, or half a guinea, for every perſon that travels in it. The common coach between Calais and Paris, is ſuch a vehicle as no man would uſe, who has any regard to his own eaſe and convenience; and it travels at the pace of an Engliſh waggon.

In ten days I ſhall ſet out on my journey; and I ſhall leave Boulogne with regret. I have been happy in the acquaintance of Mrs. B——, and a few Britiſh families in the place; and it was my good fortune to meet here with two honeſt gentlemen, whom I had formerly known in Paris, as well as with ſome of my countrymen, officers in the ſervice of France. My next will be from Paris. Remember me to our friends at A——'s. I am a little heavy-hearted at the proſpect of removing to ſuch a diſtance from you. It is a moot point whether I ſhall ever return. My health is very precarious.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

Paris, October 12, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

OF our journey from Boulogne I have little to ſay. The weather was favourable, and the roads were in tolerable order. We found good accommodation at Montreuil and Amiens; but in every other place where we ſtopped, we met with abundance of dirt, and the moſt flagrant impoſition. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the cities of Abbeville and Amiens, which we ſaw only *en paſſant*; nor take up your time with an account of the ſtables and palace of Chantilly, belonging to the prince of Condé, which we viſited the laſt day of our journey; nor ſhall I detain you with a detail of the *Treſors de St. Denis*, which, together with the tombs in the abbey church, afforded us ſome amuſement while our dinner was getting ready. All theſe particulars are mentioned in twenty different books of tours, travels, and directi-

ons, which you have often peruſed. I ſhall only obſerve, that the abbey church is the lighteſt piece of Gothic architecture I have ſeen, and the air within ſeems perfectly free from that damp and moiſture, ſo perceivable in all our old cathedrals. This muſt be owing to the nature of its ſituation. There are ſome fine marble ſtatues that adorn the tombs of certain individuals here interred; but they are moſtly in the French taſte, which is quite contrary to the ſimplicity of the antients. Their attitudes are affected, unnatural, and deſultory; and their draperies fantaſtic; or, as one of our Engliſh artiſts expreſſed himſelf, *they are all of a flutter*. As for the treaſures, which are ſhewn on certain days to the populace gratis, they are contained in a number of preſſes, or armoires, and, if the ſtones are genuine, they muſt be ineſtimable: but this I cannot believe. Indeed I have been told, that what they ſhew as diamonds are no more than compoſition: nevertheleſs, excluſive of theſe, there are ſome rough ſtones of great value, and many curioſities worth ſeeing. The monk that ſhewed them was

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the very image of our friend Hamilton, both in his looks and manner.

I have one thing very extraordinary to obſerve of the French auberges, which ſeems to be a remarkable deviation from the general character of the nation. The landlords, hoſteſſes, and ſervants of the inns upon the road, have not the leaſt daſh of complaiſance in their behaviour to ſtrangers. Inſtead of coming to the door, to receive you as in England, they take no manner of notice of you; but leave you to find or enquire your way into the kitchen, and there you muſt aſk ſeveral times for a chamber, before they ſeem willing to conduct you up ſtairs. In general, you are ſerved with the appearance of the moſt mortifying indifference, at the very time they are laying ſchemes for fleecing you of your money. It is a very odd contraſt between France and England; in the former all the people are complaiſant but the publicans; in the latter there is hardly any complaiſance but among the publicans. When I ſaid all the people in France, I ought alſo to except thoſe vermin who examine the baggage of travellers in different parts of the

kingdom. Although our portmanteaus were ſealed with lead, and we were provided with a paſſe-avant from the douane, our coach was ſearched at the gate of Paris by which we entered; and the women were obliged to get out, and ſtand in the open ſtreet, till this operation was performed.

I had deſired a friend to provide lodgings for me at Paris, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain; and accordingly we found ourſelves accommodated at the Hotel de Montmorency, with a firſt floor, which coſts me ten livres a day. I ſhould have put up with it had it been leſs polite; but as I have only a few days to ſtay in this place, and ſome viſits to receive, I am not ſorry that my friend has exceeded his commiſſion. I have been guilty of another piece of extravagance in hiring a *caroſſe de remiſe*, for which I pay twelve livres a day. Beſides the article of viſiting, I could not leave Paris, without carrying my wife and the girls to ſee the moſt remarkable places in and about this capital, ſuch as the Luxemburg, the Palais-Royal, the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Invalids, the Gobelins, &c. together with Verſailles,

ſailles, Trianon, Marli, Meudon, and Choiſſi; and therefore, I thought the difference in point of expence would not be great, between a caroſſe de remiſe and a hackney coach. The firſt are extremely elegant, if not too much ornamented, the laſt are very ſhabby and diſagreeable. Nothing gives me ſuch chagrin, as the neceſſity I am under to hire a *valet de place*, as my own ſervant does not ſpeak the language. You cannot conceive with what eagerneſs and dexterity thoſe raſcally valets exert themſelves in pillaging ſtrangers. There is always one ready in waiting on your arrival, who begins by aſſiſting your own ſervant to unload your baggage, and intereſts himſelf in your affairs with ſuch artful officiouſneſs, that you will find it difficult to ſhake him off, even though you are determined beforehand againſt hiring any ſuch domeſtic. He produces recommendations from his former maſters, and the people of the houſe vouch for his honeſty. The truth is, thoſe fellows are very handy, uſeful, and obliging; and ſo far honeſt, that they will not ſteal in the uſual way. You

may ſafely truſt one of them to bring you a hundred loui'dores from your banker; but they fleece you without mercy in every other article of expence. They lay all your tradeſmen under contribution; your taylor, barber, mantua-maker, milliner, perfumer, ſhoemaker, mercer, jeweller, hatter, traiteur, and wine-merchant: even the bourgeois who owns your coach pays him twenty ſols per day. His wages amount to twice as much, ſo that I imagine the fellow that ſerves me, makes above ten ſhillings a day, beſides his victuals, which, by the bye, he has no right to demand. Living at Paris, to the beſt of my recollection, is very near twice as dear as it was fifteen years ago; and, indeed, this is the caſe in London; a circumſtance that muſt be undoubtedly owing to an increaſe of taxes; for I don't find that in the articles of eating and drinking, the French people are more luxurious than they were heretofore. I am told the *entrees*, or duties, payed upon proviſion imported into Paris, are very heavy. All manner of butchers meat and poultry are extremely good in this place. The beef is excellent. The wine, which is gene-

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rally drank, is a very thin kind of Burgundy. I can by no means reliſh their cookery; but one breakfaſts deliciouſly upon their *petit pains* and their *patés* of butter, which laſt is exquiſite.

The common people, and even the bourgeois of Paris live, at this ſeaſon, chiefly on bread and grapes, which is undoubtedly very wholſome fare. If the ſame ſimplicity of diet prevailed in England, we ſhould certainly underſel the French at all foreign markets: for they are very ſlothful with all their vivacity; and the great number of their holidays not only encourages this lazy diſpoſition, but actually robs them of one half of what their labour would otherwiſe produce; ſo that, if our common people were not ſo expenſive in their living, that is, in their eating and drinking, labour might be afforded cheaper in England than in France. There are three young luſty huſſies, nieces or daughters of a blackſmith, that lives juſt oppoſite to my windows, who do nothing from morning till night. They eat grapes and bread from ſeven till nine, from nine till twelve they dreſs their hair, and are all the afternoon gaping

at the window to view paſſengers. I don't perceive that they give themſelves the trouble either to make their beds, or clean their apartment. The ſame ſpirit of idleneſs and diſſipation I have obſerved in every part of France, and among every claſs of people.

Every object ſeems to have ſhrunk in its dimenſions ſince I was laſt in Paris. The Louvre, the Palais Royal, the bridges, and the river Seine, by no means anſwer the ideas I had formed of them from my former obſervation. When the memory is not very correct, the imagination always betrays her into ſuch extravagances. When I firſt reviſited my own country, after an abſence of fourteen years, I found every thing diminiſhed in the ſame manner, and I could ſcarce believe my own eyes.

Notwithſtanding the gay diſpoſition of the French, their houſes are all gloomy. In ſpite of all the ornaments that have been laviſhed on Verſailles, it is a diſmal habitation. The apartments are dark, ill-furniſhed, dirty, and unprincely. Take the caſtle, chapel, and garden all together, they make a moſt fantaſtic compoſition of magnificence and littleneſs,

neſs, taſte, and foppery. After all, it is in England only, where we muſt look for cheerful apartments, gay furniture, neatneſs, and convenience. There is a ſtrange incongruity in the French genius. With all their volatility, prattle, and fondneſs for *bons mots*, they delight in a ſpecies of drawling, melancholy, church muſic. Their moſt favourite dramatic pieces are almoſt without incident; and the dialogue of their comedies conſiſts of moral, inſipid apophthegms, intirely deſtitute of wit, or repartee. I know what I hazard by this opinion among the implicit admirers of Lully, Racine, and Moliere.

I don't talk of the buſts, the ſtatues, and pictures which abound at Verſailles, and other places, in and about Paris, particularly the great collection of capital pieces in the Palais-royal, belonging to the duke of Orleans. I have neither capacity, nor inclination, to give a critique on theſe *chef d'oeuvres*, which indeed would take up a whole volume. I have ſeen this great magazine of painting three times, with aſtoniſhment; but I ſhould have been better pleaſed, if there had

had not been half the number: one is bewildered in ſuch a profuſion, as not to know where to begin, and hurried away before there is time to conſider one piece with any ſort of deliberation. Beſides, the rooms are all dark, and a great many of the pictures hang in a bad light. As for Trianon, Marli, and Choiſſi, they are no more than pigeon-houſes, in reſpect to palaces; and, notwithſtanding the extravagant eulogiums which you have heard of the French king's houſes, I will venture to affirm, that the king of England is better, I mean more comfortably, lodged. I ought, however, to except Fontainebleau, which I have not ſeen.

The city of Paris is ſaid to be five leagues, or fifteen miles, in circumference; and if it is really ſo, it muſt be much more populous than London; for the ſtreets are very narrow, and the houſes very high, with a different family on every floor. But I have meaſured the beſt plans of theſe two royal cities, and am certain that Paris does not take up near ſo much ground as London and Weſtminſter occupy; and I ſuſpect the number

of its inhabitants is alſo exaggerated by thoſe who ſay it amounts to eight hundred thouſand, that is two hundred thouſand more than are contained in the bills of mortality. The hotels of the French nobleſſe, at Paris, take up a great deal of room, with their court-yards and gardens; and ſo do their convents and churches. It muſt be owned, indeed, that their ſtreets are wonderfully crouded with people and carriages.

The French begin to imitate the Engliſh, but only in ſuch particulars as render them worthy of imitation. When I was laſt at Paris, no perſon of any condition, male or female, appeared, but in full dreſs, even when obliged to come out early in the morning, and there was not ſuch a thing to be ſeen as a *peruque ronde*; but at preſent I ſee a number of frocks and ſcratches in a morning, in the ſtreets of this metropolis. They have ſet up a *petite poſte*, on the plan of our penny-poſt, with ſome improvements; and I am told there is a ſcheme on foot for ſupplying every houſe with water, by leaden pipes, from the river Seine. They have even adopted our practice of the cold bath, which

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is taken very conveniently, in wooden houſes, erected on the ſide of the river, the water of which is let in and out occaſionally, by cocks fixed in the ſides of the bath. There are different rooms for the different ſexes: the accommodations are good, and the expence is a trifle. The tapeſtry of the Gobelins is brought to an amazing degree of perfection; and I am ſurpriſed that this furniture is not more in faſhion among the great, who alone are able to purchaſe it. It would be a moſt elegant and magnificent ornament, which would always nobly diſtinguiſh their apartments from thoſe of an inferior rank; and in this they would run no riſque of being rivalled by the bourgeois. At the village of Chaillot, in the neighbourhood of Paris, they make beautiful carpets and ſcreen-work; and this is the more extraordinary, as there are hardly any carpets uſed in this kingdom. In almoſt all the lodging-houſes, the floors are of brick, and have no other kind of cleaning, than that of being ſprinkled with water, and ſwept once a day. Theſe brick floors, the ſtone ſtairs, the want of wainſcotting in the rooms, and the thick party-

walls

walls of ſtone, are, however, good preſervatives againſt fire, which ſeldom does any damage in this city. Inſtead of wainſcotting, the walls are covered with tapeſtry or damaſk. The beds in general are very good, and well ornamented, with teſters and curtains.

Fifteen years ago the river Seine, within a mile of Paris, was as ſolitary as if it had run through a deſert. At preſent the banks of it are adorned with a number of elegant houſes and plantations, as far as Marli. I need not mention the machine at this place for raiſing water, becauſe I know you are well acquainted with its conſtruction; nor ſhall I ſay any thing more of the city of Paris, but that there is a new ſquare, built upon an elegant plan, at the end of the garden of the Thuilleries: it is called Place de Louis XV. and, in the middle of it, there is a good equeſtrian ſtatue of the reigning king.

You have often heard that Louis XIV. frequently regretted, that his country did not afford gravel for the walks of his gardens, which are covered with a white, looſe ſand, very diſagreeable both to the eyes and feet of thoſe

thoſe who walk upon it; but this is a vulgar miſtake. There is plenty of gravel on the road between Paris and Verſailles, as well as in many other parts of this kingdom; but the French, who are all for glare and glitter, think the other is more gay and agreeable: one would imagine they did not feel the burning reflexion from the white ſand, which in ſummer is almoſt intolerable.

In the character of the French, conſidered as a people, there are undoubtedly many circumſtances truly ridiculous. You know the faſhionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack boots, bag wigs, ſwords and piſtols: but I ſaw the other day a ſcene ſtill more groteſque. On the road to Choiſſi, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, ſtopped, and out came five or ſix men, armed with muſquets, who took poſt, each behind a ſeparate tree. I aſked our ſervant who they were, imagining they might be *archers*, or footpads of juſtice, in purſuit of ſome malefactor. But gueſs my ſurpriſe, when the fellow told me, they were gentlemen *à la chaſſe*. They were in fact come out from Paris, in this

this equipage, to take the diverſion of hare-hunting; that is, of ſhooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to paſs. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view, but to deſtroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in ſuch plenty in this neighbourhood, that I have ſeen a dozen together, in the ſame field. I think this way of hunting, in a coach or chariot, might be properly adopted at London, in favour of thoſe aldermen of the city, who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds a horſeback.

The French, however, with all their abſurdities, preſerve a certain aſcendancy over us, which is very diſgraceful to our nation; and this appears in nothing more than in the article of dreſs. We are contented to be thought their apes in faſhion; but, in fact, we are ſlaves to their taylors, mantua-makers, barbers, and other tradeſmen. One would be apt to imagine that our own tradeſmen had joined them in a combination againſt us. When the natives of France come to London, they appear in all public places, with cloaths made according to the faſhion of their own country, and this faſhion is generally admired

admired by the Engliſh. Why, therefore, don't we follow it implicitly? No, we pique ourſelves upon a moſt ridiculous deviation from the very modes we admire, and pleaſe ourſelves with thinking this deviation is a mark of our ſpirit and liberty. But, we have not ſpirit enough to perſiſt in this deviation, when we viſit their country: otherwiſe, perhaps, they would come to admire and follow our example: for, certainly, in point of true taſte, the faſhions of both countries are equally abſurd. At preſent, the ſkirts of the Engliſh deſcend from the fifth rib to the calf of the leg, and give the coat the form of a Jewiſh gaberdine; and our hats ſeem to be modelled after that which Piſtol wears upon the ſtage. In France, the haunch buttons and pocket-holes are within half a foot of the coat's extremity: their hats look as if they had been pared round the brims, and the crown is covered with a kind of cordage, which, in my opinion produces a very beggarly effect. In every other circumſtance of dreſs, male and female, the contraſt between the two nations, appears equally glaring. What is the conſequence?

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when an Engliſhman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphoſis. At his firſt arrival he finds it neceſſary to ſend for the taylor, peruquier, hatter, ſhoemaker, and every other tradeſman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He muſt even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the riſque of his life, ſuit his cloaths to the mode of the ſeaſon. For example, though the weather ſhould be never ſo cold, he muſt wear his *habit d'eté*, or *de mi-ſaiſon*, without preſuming to put on a warm dreſs before the day which faſhion has fixed for that purpoſe; and neither old age nor infirmity will excuſe a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. Females are (if poſſible) ſtill more ſubject to the caprices of faſhion; and as the articles of their dreſs are more manifold, it is enough to make a man's heart ake to ſee his wife ſurrounded by a multitude of *cotturieres*, milliners, and tire-women. All her ſacks and negligees muſt be altered and new trimmed. She muſt have new caps, new laces, new ſhoes, and her hair new cut. She muſt have her taffaties for the

ſummer, her flowered ſilks for the ſpring and autumn, her ſattins and damaſks for winter. The good man, who uſed to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tye perriwig, muſt here provide himſelf with a camblet ſuit trimmed with ſilver for ſpring and autumn, with ſilk cloaths for ſummer, and cloth laced with gold, or velvet for winter; and he muſt wear his bag-wig *a la pigeon*. This variety of dreſs is abſolutely indiſpenſible for all thoſe who pretend to any rank above the meer bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is uſeleſs. He cannot appear in London until he has undergone another thorough metamorphoſis; ſo that he will have ſome reaſon to think, that the tradeſmen of Paris and London have combined to lay him under contribution: and they, no doubt, are the directors who regulate the faſhions in both capitals; the Engliſh, however, in a ſubordinate capacity: for the puppets of their making will not paſs at Paris, nor indeed in any other part of Europe; whereas a French petit maitre is reckoned a complete figure every where, London not excepted.

Since

Since it is so much the humour of the English at present to run abroad, I wish they had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat the French modes with the same philosophical contempt, which was shewn by an honest gentleman, distinguished by the name of Wig-Middleton. That unshaken patriot still appears in the same kind of scratch perriwig, skimming-dish hat, and slit sleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably persisted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode. I remember a student in the temple, who, after a long and learned investigation of the το καλον, or *beautiful*, had resolution enough to let his beard grow, and wore it in all public places, until his heir at law applied for a commission of lunacy against him; then he submitted to the razor, rather than run any risque of being found *non compos*.

Before I conclude, I must tell you, that the most reputable shop-keepers and tradesmen of Paris think it no disgrace to practise the most shameful imposition. I myself know an instance of one of the most credi-

table *marchands* in this capital, who demanded ſix francs an ell for ſome luteſtring, laying his hand upon his breaſt at the ſame time, and declaring *en conſcience*, that it had coſt him within three ſols of the money. Yet in, leſs than three minutes, he ſold it for four and a half, and when the buyer upbraided him with his former declaration, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, ſaying, *il faut marchander*. I don't mention this as a particular inſtance. The ſame mean diſingenuity is univerſal all over France, as I have been informed by ſeveral perſons of veracity.

The next letter you have from me will probably be dated at Niſmes, or Montpellier. Mean-while, I am ever

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. M——.

Paris, October 12, 1763.

MADAM,

I Shall be much pleaſed if the remarks I have made on the characters of the French people, can afford you the ſatisfaction you require. With reſpect to the ladies, I can only judge from their exteriors: but, indeed, theſe are ſo characteriſtic, that one can hardly judge amiſs; unleſs we ſuppoſe that a woman of taſte and ſentiment may be ſo overruled by the abſurdity of what is called faſhion, as to reject reaſon, and diſguiſe nature, in order to become ridiculous or frightful. That this may be the caſe with ſome individuals, is very poſſible. I have known it happen in our own country, where the follies of the French are adopted, and exhibited in the moſt aukward imitation: but the general prevalence of thoſe prepoſterous modes,

is a plain proof that there is a general want of taſte, and a general depravity of nature. I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the particulars of a French lady's dreſs. Theſe you are much better acquainted with than I can pretend to be: but this I will be bold to affirm, that France is the general reſervoir from which all the abſurdities of falſe taſte, luxury, and extravagance have overflowed the different kingdoms and ſtates of Europe. The ſprings that fill this reſervoir, are no other than vanity and ignorance. It would be ſuperfluous to attempt proving from the nature of things, from the firſt principles and uſe of dreſs, as well as from the conſideration of natural beauty, and the practice of the ancients, who certainly underſtood it as well as the connoiſſeurs of theſe days, that nothing can be more monſtrous, inconvenient, and contemptible, than the faſhion of modern drapery. You yourſelf are well aware of all its defects, and have often ridiculed them in my hearing. I ſhall only mention one particular of dreſs eſſential to the faſhion in this country, which ſeems to me to carry human affectation to the very fartheſt verge of

folly and extravagance; that is, the manner in which the faces of the ladies are primed and painted. When the Indian chiefs were in England every body ridiculed their preposterous method of painting their cheeks and eye-lids; but this ridicule was wrong placed. Those critics ought to have considered, that the Indians do not use paint to make themselves agreeable; but in order to be the more terrible to their enemies. It is generally supposed, I think, that your sex make use of *fard* and vermillion for very different purposes; namely, to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the graces, or conceal the defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I shall not enquire at present, whether it is just and honest to impose in this manner on mankind: if it is not honest, it may be allowed to be artful and politic, and shews, at least, a desire of being agreeable. But to lay it on as the fashion in France prescribes to all the ladies of condition, who indeed cannot appear without this badge of distinction, is to disguise themselves in such a manner, as to render them odious and detestable to every spectator, who

has the leaſt reliſh left for nature and propriety. As for the *fard*, or *white*, with which their necks and ſhoulders are plaiſtered, it may be in ſome meaſure excuſable, as their ſkins are naturally brown, or ſallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the leaſt art or dexterity, not only deſtroys all diſtinction of features, but renders the aſpect really frightful, or at beſt conveys nothing but ideas of diſguſt and averſion. You know, that without this horrible maſque no married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite aſſembly; and that it is a mark of diſtinction which no bourgeoiſe dare aſſume. Ladies of faſhion only have the privilege of expoſing themſelves in theſe ungracious colours. As their faces are concealed under a falſe complexion, ſo their heads are covered with a vaſt load of falſe hair, which is frizzled on the forehead, ſo as exactly to reſemble the wooly heads of the Guinea negroes. As to the natural hue of it, this is a matter of no conſequence, for powder makes every head of hair of the ſame colour; and no woman appears in this country, from the moment ſhe riſes till night, without

without being compleatly whitened. Powder or meal was firſt uſed in Europe by the Poles, to conceal their ſcald heads; but the preſent faſhion of uſing it, as well as the modiſh method of dreſſing the hair, muſt have been borrowed from the Hottentots, who greaſe their wooly heads with mutton ſuet, and then paſte it over with the powder called *bucku*. In like manner, the hair of our fine ladies is friazled into the appearance of negroes wool, and ſtiffened with an abominable paſte of hog's greaſe, tallow, and white powder. The preſent faſhion, therefore, of painting the face, and adorning the head, adopted by the beau monde in France, is taken from thoſe two polite nations the Chickeſaws of America and the Hottentots of Afric. On the whole, when I ſee one of thoſe fine creatures ſailing along, in her taudry robes of ſilk and gauze, frilled, and flounced, and furbelowed, with her falſe locks, her falſe jewels, her paint, her patches, and perfumes; I cannot help looking upon her as the vileſt piece of ſophiſtication that art ever produced.

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This hideous maſque of painting, though deſtructive of all beauty, is, however favourable to natural homelineſs and deformity. It accuſtoms the eyes of the other ſex, and in time reconciles them to frightful objects; it diſables them from perceiving any diſtinction of features between woman and woman; and, by reducing all faces to a level, gives every female an equal chance for an admirer; being in this particular analagous to the practice of the antient Lacedemonians, who were obliged to chuſe their help-mates in the dark. In what manner the inſides of their heads are furniſhed, I would not preſume to judge from the converſation of a very few to whom I have had acceſs: but from the nature of their education, which I have heard deſcribed, and the natural vivacity of their tempers, I ſhould expect neither ſenſe, ſentiment, nor diſcretion. From the nurſery they are allowed, and even encouraged, to ſay every thing that comes uppermoſt; by which means they acquire a volubility of tongue, and a ſet of phraſes, which conſtitutes what is called polite converſation. At the ſame time they obtain an abſolute conqueſt over all

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ſenſe of ſhame, or rather, they avoid acquiring this troubleſome ſenſation; for it is certainly no innate idea. Thoſe who have not governeſſes at home, are ſent, for a few years, to a convent, where they lay in a fund of ſuperſtition that ſerves them for life: but I never heard they had the leaſt opportunity of cultivating the mind, of exerciſing the powers of reaſon, or of imbibing a taſte for letters, or any rational or uſeful accompliſhment. After being taught to prattle, to dance and play at cards, they are deemed ſufficiently qualified to appear in the *grand monde*, and to perform all the duties of that high rank and ſtation in life. In mentioning cards, I ought to obſerve, that they learn to play not barely for amuſement, but alſo with a view to advantage; and, indeed, you ſeldom meet with a native of France, whether male or female, who is not a compleat gameſter, well verſed in all the ſubtleties and fineſſes of the art. This is likewiſe the caſe all over Italy. A lady of a great houſe in Piedmont, having four ſons, makes no ſcruple to declare, that the firſt ſhall repreſent the family, the ſecond enter into the army, the third

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into the church, and that ſhe will breed the fourth a gameſter. Theſe noble adventurers devote themſelves in a particular manner to the entertainment of travellers from our country, becauſe the Engliſh are ſuppoſed to be full of money, raſh, incautious, and utterly ignorant of play. But ſuch a ſharper is moſt dangerous, when he hunts in couple with a female. I have known a French count and his wife, who found means to lay the moſt wary under contribution. He was ſmooth, ſupple, officious, and attentive: ſhe was young, handſome, unprincipled, and artful. If the Engliſhman marked for prey was found upon his guard againſt the deſigns of the huſband, then madam plied him on the ſide of gallantry. She diſplayed all the attractions of her perſon. She ſung, danced, ogled, ſighed, complimented, and complained. If he was inſenſible to all her charms, ſhe flattered his vanity, and piqued his pride, by extolling the wealth and generoſity of the Engliſh; and if he proved deaf to all theſe inſinuations, ſhe, as her laſt ſtake, endeavoured to intereſt his humanity and compaſſion. She expatiated, with tears

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in her eyes, on the cruelty and indifference of her great relations; repreſented that her huſband was no more than the cadet of a noble family; that his proviſion was by no means ſuitable, either to the dignity of his rank, or the generoſity of his diſpoſition: that he had a law-ſuit of great conſequence depending, which had drained all his finances; and, finally, that they ſhould be both ruined, if they could not find ſome generous friend, who would accommodate them with a ſum of money to bring the cauſe to a determination. Thoſe who are not actuated by ſuch ſcandalous motives, become gameſters from meer habit, and, having nothing more ſolid to engage their thoughts, or employ their time, conſume the beſt part of their lives, in this worſt of all diſſipation. I am not ignorant that there are exceptions from this general rule: I know that France has produced a Maintenon, a Sevigné, a Scuderi, a Dacier, and a Chatelet; but I would no more deduce the general character of the French ladies from theſe examples, than I would call a field of hemp a flower-garden, becauſe there might be in it a few *lillies*

or

or *renunculas* planted by the hand of accident.

Woman has been defined a weaker man; but in this country the men are, in my opinion, more ridiculous and insignificant than the women. They certainly are more disagreeable to a rational enquirer, because they are more troublesome. Of all the coxcombs on the face of the earth, a French *petit maitre* is the most impertinent: and they are all *petit maitres*, from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroidery, to the *garçon barbier* covered with meal, who struts with his hair in a long queue, and his hat under his arm. I have already observed, that vanity is the great and universal mover among all ranks and degrees of people in this nation; and as they take no pains to conceal or controul it, they are hurried by it into the most ridiculous and indeed intolerable extravagance.

When I talk of the French nation, I must again except a great number of individuals, from the general censure. Though I have a hearty contempt for the ignorance, folly, and presumption which characterise the generality, I cannot but respect the talents of many great

great men, who have eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in every art and ſcience: theſe I ſhall always revere and eſteem as creatures of a ſuperior ſpecies, produced, for the wiſe purpoſes of providence, among the refuſe of mankind. It would be abſurd to conclude that the Welch or Highlanders are a gigantic people, becauſe thoſe mountains may have produced a few individuals near ſeven feet high. It would be equally abſurd to ſuppoſe the French are a nation of philoſophers, becauſe France has given birth to a Des Cartes, a Maupertuis, a Reaumur, and a Buffon.

I ſhall not even deny, that the French are by no means deficient in natural capacity; but they are at the ſame time remarkable for a natural levity, which hinders their youth from cultivating that capacity. This is reinforced by the moſt prepoſterous education, and the example of a giddy people, engaged in the moſt frivolous purſuits. A Frenchman is by ſome Jeſuit, or other monk, taught to read his mother tongue, and to ſay his prayers in a language he does not underſtand. He learns to dance and to fence, by

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the maſters of thoſe noble ſciences. He becomes a compleat connoiſſeur in dreſſing hair, and in adorning his own perſon, under the hands and inſtructions of his barber and valet de chambre. If he learns to play upon the flute or the fiddle, he is altogether irreſiſtible. But he piques himſelf upon being poliſhed above the natives of any other country by his converſation with the fair ſex. In the courſe of this communication, with which he is indulged from his tender years, he learns like a parrot, by rote, the whole circle of French compliments, which you know are a ſet of phraſes, ridiculous even to a proverb; and theſe he throws out indiſcriminately to all women, without diſtinction, in the exerciſe of that kind of addreſs, which is here diſtinguiſhed by the name of gallantry: it is no more than his making love to every woman who will give him the hearing. It is an exerciſe, by the repetition of which he becomes very pert, very familiar, and very impertinent. Modeſty, or diffidence, I have already ſaid, is utterly unknown among them, and therefore I wonder there ſhould be a term to expreſs it in their language.

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If I was obliged to define politeneſs, I ſhould call it, the art of making one's ſelf agreeable. I think it an art that neceſſarily implies a ſenſe of decorum, and a delicacy of ſentiment. Theſe are qualities, of which (as far as I have been able to obſerve) a Frenchman has no idea; therefore he never can be deemed polite, except by thoſe perſons among whom they are as little underſtood. His firſt aim is to adorn his own perſon with what he calls fine cloaths, that is the frippery of the faſhion. It is no wonder that the heart of a female, unimproved by reaſon, and untinctured with natural good ſenſe, ſhould flutter at the ſight of ſuch a gaudy thing, among the number of her admirers: this impreſſion is enforced by fuſtian compliments, which her own vanity interprets in a literal ſenſe, and ſtill more confirmed by the aſſiduous attention of the gallant, who, indeed, has nothing elſe to mind. A Frenchman in conſequence of his mingling with the females from his infancy, not only becomes acquainted with all their cuſtoms and humours; but grows wonderfully alert in performing a thouſand little offices, which

are overlooked by other men, whoſe time hath been ſpent in making more valuable acquiſitions. He enters, without ceremony, a lady's bed-chamber, while ſhe is in bed, reaches her whatever ſhe wants, airs her ſhift, and helps to put it on. He attends at her toilette, regulates the diſtribution of her patches, and adviſes where to lay on the paint. If he viſits her, when ſhe is dreſſed, and perceives the leaſt impropriety in her *coeffure*, he inſiſts upon adjuſting it with his own hands: if he ſees a curl, or even a ſingle hair amiſs, he produces his comb, his ſciſſars, and pomatum, and ſets it to rights with the dexterity of a profeſſed *friſeur*. He 'ſquires her to every place ſhe viſits, either on buſineſs, or pleaſure; and, by dedicating his whole time to her, renders himſelf neceſſary to her occaſions. This I take to be the moſt agreeable ſide of his character: let us view him on the quarter of impertinence. A Frenchman pries into all your ſecrets with the moſt impudent and importunate curioſity, and then diſcloſes them without remorſe. If you are indiſpoſed, he queſtions you about the ſymptoms of your diſorder, with more freedom than

than your phyſician would preſume to uſe; very often in the groſſeſt terms. He then propoſes his remedy (for they are all quacks) he prepares it without your knowledge, and worries you with ſolicitation to take it, without paying the leaſt regard to the opinion of thoſe whom you have choſen to take care of your health. Let you be ever ſo ill, or averſe to company, he forces himſelf at all times into your bed-chamber, and if it is neceſſary to give him a peremptory refuſal, he is affronted. I have known one of thoſe petit maitres inſiſt upon paying regular viſits twice a day to a poor gentleman who was delirious; and he converſed with him on different ſubjects, till he was in his laſt agonies. This attendance is not the effect of attachment, or regard, but of ſheer vanity, that he may afterwards boaſt of his charity and humane diſpoſition: though, of all the people I have ever known, I think the French are the leaſt capable of feeling for the diſtreſſes of their fellow creatures. Their hearts are not ſuſceptible of deep impreſſions; and, ſuch is their levity, that the imagination has not time to brood long over any diſagree-

able idea, or ſenſation. As a Frenchman piques himſelf on his gallantry, he no ſooner makes a conqueſt of a female's heart, than he expoſes her character, for the gratification of his vanity. Nay, if he ſhould miſcarry in his ſchemes, he will forge letters and ſtories, to the ruin of the lady's reputation. This is a ſpecies of perfidy which one would think ſhould render them odious and deteſtable to the whole ſex; but the caſe is otherwiſe. I beg your pardon, Madam; but women are never better pleaſed, than when they ſee one another expoſed; and every individual has ſuch confidence in her own ſuperior charms and diſcretion, that ſhe thinks ſhe can fix the moſt volatile, and reform the moſt treacherous lover.

If a Frenchman is admitted into your family, and diſtinguiſhed by repeated marks of your friendſhip and regard, the firſt return he makes for your civilities is to make love to your wife, if ſhe is handſome; if not, to your ſiſter, or daughter, or niece. If he ſuffers a repulſe from your wife, or attempts in vain to debauch your ſiſter, or your daughter, or your niece, he will, rather than not

play

play the traitor with his gallantry, make his addreſſes to your grandmother; and ten to one, but in one ſhape or another, he will find means to ruin the peace of a family, in which he has been ſo kindly entertained. What he cannot accompliſh by dint of compliment, and perſonal attendance, he will endeavour to effect, by reinforcing theſe with billets-doux, ſongs, and verſes, of which he always makes a proviſion for ſuch purpoſes. If he is detected in theſe efforts of treachery, and reproached with his ingratitude, he impudently declares, that what he had done was no more than ſimple gallantry, conſidered in France as an indiſpenſible duty on every man who pretended to good breeding. Nay, he will even affirm, that his endeavours to corrupt your wife, or deflower your daughter, were the moſt genuine proofs he could give of his particular regard for your family.

If a Frenchman is capable of real friendſhip, it muſt certainly be the moſt diſagreeable preſent he can poſſibly make to a man of a true Engliſh character. You know, Madam, we are naturally taciturn, ſoon tired of impertinence, and much ſubject to fits of

diſguſt. Your French friend intrudes upon you at all hours: he ſtuns you with his loquacity: he teaſes you with impertinent queſtions about your domeſtic and private affairs: he attempts to meddle in all your concerns; and forces his advice upon you with the moſt unwearied importunity: he aſks the price of every thing you wear, and, ſo ſure as you tell him, undervalues it, without heſitation: he affirms it is in a bad taſte, ill-contrived, ill-made; that you have been impoſed upon both with reſpect to the faſhion and the price; that the marquiſe of this, or the counteſs of that, has one that is perfectly elegant, quite in the *bon ton*, and yet it coſt her little more than you gave for a thing that nobody would wear.

If there were five hundred diſhes at table, a Frenchman will eat of all of them, and then complain he has no appetite. This I have ſeveral times remarked. A friend of mine gained a conſiderable wager upon an experiment of this kind: the petit maitre ate of fourteen different *plats*, beſides the deſert; then diſparaged the cook, declaring he was

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he was no better than a *marmiton*, or turn-ſpit.

The French have a moſt ridiculous fondneſs for their hair, and this I believe they inherit from their remote anceſtors. The firſt race of French kings were diſtinguiſhed by their long hair, and certainly the people of this country conſider it as an indiſpenſible ornament. A Frenchman will ſooner part with his religion than with his hair, which, indeed, no conſideration will induce him to forego. I know a gentleman afflicted with a continual head-ach, and a defluxion on his eyes, who was told by his phyſician that the beſt chance he had for being cured, would be to have his head cloſe ſhaved, and bathed every day in cold water. "How (cried he) cut my hair? Mr. Doctor, your moſt humble ſervant!" He diſmiſſed his phyſician, loſt his eye-ſight, and almoſt his ſenſes, and is now led about with his hair in a bag, and a piece of green ſilk hanging like a ſcreen before his face. Count Saxe, and other military writers, have demonſtrated the abſurdity of a ſoldier's wearing a long head of hair; nevertheleſs, every ſoldier in this country wears

a long queue, which makes a delicate mark on his white cloathing; and this ridiculous foppery has deſcended even to the loweſt claſs of people. The *decrotteur*, who cleans your ſhoes at the corner of the Pont Neuf, has a tail of this kind hanging down to his rump, and even the peaſant who drives an aſs loaded with dung, wears his hair *en queue*, though, perhaps, he has neither ſhirt nor breeches. This is the ornament upon which he beſtows much time and pains, and in the exhibition of which he finds full gratification for his vanity. Conſidering the harſh features of the common people in this country, their diminutive ſtature, their grimaces, and that long appendage, they have no ſmall reſemblance to large baboons walking upright; and perhaps this ſimilitude has helped to entail upon them the ridicule of their neighbours.

A French friend tires out your patience with long viſits; and, far from taking the moſt palpable hints to withdraw, when he perceives you uneaſy, he obſerves you are low-ſpirited, and therefore declares he will keep you company. This perſeverance ſhews that he muſt either be void of all penetration, or

that his diſpoſition muſt be truly diabolical. Rather than be tormented with ſuch a fiend, a man had better turn him out of doors, even though at the hazard of being run thro' the body.

The French are generally counted inſincere, and taxed with want of generoſity. But I think theſe reproaches are not well founded. High-flown profeſſions of friendſhip and attachment conſtitute the language of common compliment in this country, and are never ſuppoſed to be underſtood in the literal acceptation of the words; and, if their acts of generoſity are but very rare, we ought to aſcribe that rarity, not ſo much to a deficiency of generous ſentiments, as to their vanity and oſtentation, which engroſſing all their funds, utterly diſable them from exerting the virtues of beneficence. Vanity, indeed, predominates among all ranks, to ſuch a degree, that they are the greateſt *egotiſts* in the world; and the moſt inſignificant individual talks in company with the ſame conceit and arrogance, as a perſon of the greateſt importance. Neither conſcious poverty nor diſgrace will reſtrain him in the

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leaſt either from aſſuming his full ſhare of the converſation, or making his addreſſes to the fineſt lady, whom he has the ſmalleſt opportunity to approach: nor is he reſtrained by any other conſideration whatſoever. It is all one to him whether he himſelf has a wife of his own, or the lady a huſband; whether ſhe is deſigned for the cloiſter, or pre-ingaged to his beſt friend and benefactor. He takes it for granted that his addreſſes cannot but be acceptable; and, if he meets with a repulſe, he condemns her taſte; but never doubts his own qualifications.

I have a great many things to ſay of their military character, and their punctilios of honour, which laſt are equally abſurd and pernicious; but as this letter has run to an unconſcionable length, I ſhall defer them till another opportunity. Mean-while, I have the honour to be, with very particular eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. M——.

Lyons, October 19, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

I Was favoured with yours at Paris, and look upon your reproaches as the proof of your friendſhip. The truth is, I conſidered all the letters I have hitherto written on the ſubject of my travels, as written to your ſociety in general, though they have been addreſſed to one individual of it; and if they contain any thing that can either amuſe or inform, I deſire that henceforth all I ſend may be freely peruſed by all the members.

With reſpect to my health, about which you ſo kindly enquire, I have nothing new to communicate. I had reaſon to think that my bathing in the ſea at Boulogne produced a good effect, in ſtrengthening my relaxed fibres. You know how ſubject I was to colds

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in England; that I could not ſtir abroad after ſun-ſet, nor expoſe myſelf to the ſmalleſt damp, nor walk till the leaſt moiſture appeared on my ſkin, without being laid up for ten days or a fortnight. At Paris, however, I went out every day, with my hat under my arm, though the weather was wet and cold: I walked in the garden at Verſailles even after it was dark, with my head uncovered, on a cold evening, when the ground was far from being dry: nay, at Marli, I ſauntered above a mile through damp alleys, and wet graſs: and from none of theſe riſques did I feel the leaſt inconvenience.

In one of our excurſions we viſited the manufacture for porcelain, which the king of France has eſtabliſhed at the village of St. Cloud, on the road to Verſailles, and which is, indeed, a noble monument of his munificence. It is a very large building, both commodious and magnificent, where a great number of artiſts are employed, and where this elegant ſuperfluity is carried to as great perfection as it ever was at Dreſden. Yet, after all, I know not whether the porcelain made at Chelſea may not vie with the productions

ductions either of Dreſden, or St. Cloud. If it falls ſhort of either, it is not in the deſign, painting, enamel, or other ornaments, but only in the compoſition of the metal, and the method of managing it in the furnace. Our porcelain ſeems to be a partial vitrification of levigated flint and fine pipe clay, mixed together in a certain proportion; and if the pieces are not removed from the fire in the very critical moment, they will be either too little, or too much vitrified. In the firſt caſe, I apprehend they will not acquire a proper degree of coheſion; they will be apt to be corroded, diſcoloured, and to crumble, like the firſt eſſays that were made at Chelſea; in the ſecond caſe, they will be little better than imperfect glaſs.

There are three methods of travelling from Paris to Lyons, which, by the ſhorteſt road is a journey of about three hundred and ſixty miles. One is by the *diligence*, or ſtage-coach, which performs it in five days; and every paſſenger pays one hundred livres, in conſideration of which, he not only has a ſeat in the carriage, but is maintained on the road. The inconveniences attending this way

way of travelling are theſe. You are crouded into the carriage, to the number of eight perſons, ſo as to ſit very uneaſy, and ſometimes run the riſque of being ſtifled among very indifferent company. You are hurried out of bed, at four, three, nay often at two o'clock in the morning. You are obliged to eat in the French way, which is very diſagreeable to an Engliſh palate; and, at Chalons, you muſt embark upon the Soane in a boat, which conveys you to Lyons, ſo that the two laſt days of your journey are by water. All theſe were inſurmountable objections to me, who am in ſuch a bad ſtate of health, troubled with an aſthmatic cough, ſpitting, ſlow fever, and reſtleſſneſs, which demands a continual change of place, as well as free air, and room for motion. I was this day viſited by two young gentlemen, ſons of Mr. Guaſtaldi, late miniſter from Genoa at London. I had ſeen them at Paris, at the houſe of the dutcheſs of Douglas. They came hither, with their conductor, in the *diligence*, and aſſured me, that nothing could be more diſagreeable than their ſituation in that carriage.

Another

Another way of travelling in this country is to hire a coach and four horſes; and this method I was inclined to take: but when I went to the bureau, where alone theſe voitures are to be had, I was given to underſtand, that it would coſt me ſix-and-twenty guineas, and travel ſo ſlow that I ſhould be ten days upon the road. Theſe carriages are let by the ſame perſons who farm the diligence; and for this they have an excluſive privilege, which makes them very ſaucy and inſolent. When I mentioned my ſervant, they gave me to underſtand, that I muſt pay two louidores more for his ſeat upon the coach box. As I could not reliſh theſe terms, nor brook the thoughts of being ſo long upon the road, I had recourſe to the third method, which is going poſt.

In England you know I ſhould have had nothing to do, but to hire a couple of poſt-chaiſes from ſtage to ſtage, with two horſes in each; but here the caſe is quite otherwiſe. The poſt is farmed from the king, who lays travellers under contribution for his own benefit, and has publiſhed a ſet of oppreſſive ordonnances, which no ſtranger nor native

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dares tranſgreſs. The poſtmaſter finds nothing but horſes and guides: the carriage you yourſelf muſt provide. If there are four perſons within the carriage, you are obliged to have ſix horſes, and two poſtillions; and if your ſervant ſits on the outſide, either before or behind, you muſt pay for a ſeventh. You pay double for the firſt ſtage from Paris, and twice double for paſſing through Fontainbleau when the court is there, as well as at coming to Lyons, and at leaving this city. Theſe are called royal poſts, and are undoubtedly a ſcandalous impoſition.

There are two poſt roads from Paris to Lyons, one of ſixty-five poſts, by the way of Moulins; the other of fifty-nine, by the way of Dijon in Burgundy. This laſt I choſe, partly to ſave ſixty livres, and partly to ſee the wine harveſt of Burgundy, which, I was told, was a ſeaſon of mirth and jollity among all ranks of people. I hired a very good coach for ten loui'dores to Lyons, and ſet out from Paris on the thirteenth inſtant, with ſix horſes, two poſtillions, and my own ſervant on horſeback. We made no ſtop at Fontainbleau

bleau, though the court was there; but lay at Moret, which is one ſtage further, a very paltry little town; where, however, we found good accommodation.

I ſhall not pretend to deſcribe the caſtle or palace of Fountainbleau, of which I had only a glimpſe in paſſing; but the foreſt, in the middle of which it ſtands, is a noble chace of great extent, beautifully wild and romantic, well ſtored with game of all ſorts, and abounding with excellent timber. It put me in mind of the New Foreſt in Hampſhire; but the hills, rocks, and mountains, with which it is diverſified, render it more agreeable.

The people of this country dine at noon, and travellers always find an ordinary prepared at every *auberge*, or public-houſe, on the road. Here they ſit down promiſcuouſly, and dine at ſo much a head. The uſual price is thirty ſols for dinner, and forty for ſupper, including lodging; for this moderate expence they have two courſes and a deſert. If you eat in your own apartment, you pay, inſtead of forty ſols, three, and in ſome places, four livres a head. I and my family

could not well diſpenſe with our tea and toaſt in the morning, and had no ſtomach to eat at noon. For my own part, I hate the French cookery, and abominate garlick, with which all their ragouts, in this part of the country, are highly ſeaſoned: we therefore formed a different plan of living upon the road. Before we left Paris, we laid in a ſtock of tea, chocolate, cured neats tongues, and *ſauciſſons*, or Bologna ſauſages, both of which we found in great perfection in that capital, where, indeed, there are excellent proviſions of all ſorts. About ten in the morning we ſtopped to breakfaſt at ſome auberge, where we always found bread, butter, and milk. In the mean time, we ordered a *poulard* or two to be roaſted, and theſe, wrapped in a napkin, were put into the boot of the coach, together with bread, wine, and water. About two or three in the afternoon, while the horſes were changing, we laid a cloth upon our knees, and producing our ſtore, with a few earthen plates, diſcuſſed our ſhort meal without further ceremony. This was followed by a deſert of grapes and other fruit, which we had alſo provided. I muſt own I found

theſe

theſe tranſient refreſhments much more agreeable than any regular meal I ate upon the road. The wine commonly uſed in Burgundy is ſo weak and thin, that you would not drink it in England. The very beſt which they ſell at Dijon, the capital of the province, for three livres a bottle, is in ſtrength, and even in flavour, greatly inferior to what I have drank in London. I believe all the firſt growth is either conſumed in the houſes of the nobleſſe, or ſent abroad to foreign markets. I have drank excellent Burgundy at Bruſſels for a florin a bottle; that is, little more than twenty pence ſterling.

The country from the foreſt of Fountainbleau to the Lyonnois, through which we paſſed, is rather agreeable than fertile, being part of Champagne and the dutchy of Burgundy, watered by three pleaſant paſtoral rivers, the Seine, the Yonne, and the Soane. The flat country is laid out chiefly for corn; but produces more rye than wheat. Almoſt all the ground ſeems to be ploughed up, ſo that there is little or nothing lying fallow. There are very few incloſures, ſcarce any meadow ground, and, ſo far as I could obſerve,

ſerve, a great ſcarcity of cattle. We ſometimes found it very difficult to procure half a pint of milk for our tea. In Burgundy I ſaw a peaſant ploughing the ground with a jack-aſs, a lean cow, and a he-goat, yoked together. It is generally obſerved, that a great number of black cattle are bred and fed on the mountains of Burgundy, which are the higheſt lands in France; but I ſaw very few. The peaſants in France are ſo wretchedly poor, and ſo much oppreſſed by their landlords, that they cannot afford to incloſe their grounds, or give a proper reſpite to their lands; or to ſtock their farms with a ſufficient number of black cattle to produce the neceſſary manure, without which agriculture can never be carried to any degree of perfection. Indeed, whatever efforts a few individuals may make for the benefit of their own eſtates, huſbandry in France will never be generally improved, until the farmer is free and independent.

From the frequency of towns and villages, I ſhould imagine this country is very populous; yet it muſt be owned, that the towns are in general thinly inhabited. I ſaw a good

number

number of country ſeats and plantations near the banks of the rivers, on each ſide; and a great many convents, ſweetly ſituated, on riſing grounds, where the air is moſt pure, and the proſpect moſt agreeable. It is ſurpriſing to ſee how happy the founders of thoſe religious houſes have been in their choice of ſituations, all the world over.

In paſſing through this country, I was very much ſtruck with the ſight of large ripe cluſters of grapes, entwined with the briars and thorns of common hedges on the way-ſide. The mountains of Burgundy are covered with vines from the bottom to the top, and ſeem to be raiſed by nature on purpoſe to extend the ſurface, and to expoſe it the more advantageouſly to the rays of the ſun. The *vandange* was but juſt begun, and the people were employed in gathering the grapes; but I ſaw no ſigns of feſtivity among them. Perhaps their joy was a little damped by the bad proſpect of their harveſt; for they complained that the weather had been ſo unfavourable as to hinder the grapes from ripening. I thought, indeed, there was ſomething uncomfortable in ſeeing the vintage

thus retarded till the beginning of winter; for, in ſome parts, I found the weather extremely cold; particularly at a place called Maiſon-neuve, where we lay, there was a hard froſt, and in the morning the pools were covered with a thick cruſt of ice. My perſonal adventures on the road were ſuch as will not bear a recital. They conſiſted of petty diſputes with landladies, poſt-maſters, and poſtilions. The highways ſeem to be perfectly ſafe. We did not find that any robberies were ever committed, although we did not ſee one of the *marechauſſe* from Paris to Lyons. You know the *marechauſſe* are a body of troopers well mounted, maintained in France as ſafe-guards to the public roads. It is a reproach upon England that ſome ſuch patrol is not appointed for the protection of travellers.

At Sens in Champagne, my ſervant, who had rode on before to beſpeak freſh horſes, told me, that the domeſtic of another company had been provided before him, altho' it was not his turn, as he had arrived later at the poſt. Provoked at this partiality, I reſolved to chide the poſt-maſter, and accordingly

ingly addreſſed myſelf to a perſon who ſtood at the door of the auberge. He was a jolly figure, fat and fair, dreſſed in an odd kind of garb, with a gold laced cap on his head, and a cambric handkerchief pinned to his middle. The ſight of ſuch a fantaſtic petit maitre, in the character of a poſt-maſter, increaſed my ſpleen. I called to him with an air of authority, mixed with indignation, and when he came up to the coach, aſked in a peremptory tone, if he did not underſtand the king's ordonnance concerning the regulation of the poſts? He laid his hand upon his breaſt; but before he could make any anſwer, I pulled out the poſt-book, and began to read, with great vociferation, the article which orders, that the traveller who comes firſt ſhall be firſt ſerved. By this time the freſh horſes being put to the carriage, and the poſtilions mounted, the coach ſet off all of a ſudden, with uncommon ſpeed. I imagined the poſt-maſter had given the fellows a ſignal to be gone, and, in this perſuaſion, thruſting my head out at the window, I beſtowed ſome epithets upon him, which muſt have ſounded very harſh in the ears of

a Frenchman. We ſtopped for a refreſhment at a little town called Joigne-ville, where (by the bye) I was ſcandalouſly impoſed upon, and even abuſed by a virago of a landlady; then proceeding to the next ſtage, I was given to underſtand we could not be ſupplied with freſh horſes. Here I perceived at the door of the inn, the ſame perſon whom I had reproached at Sens. He came up to the coach, and told me, that notwithſtanding what the guides had ſaid, I ſhould have freſh horſes in a few minutes. I imagined he was maſter both of this houſe and the auberge at Sens, between which he paſſed and repaſſed occaſionally; and that he was now deſirous of making me amends for the affront he had put upon me at the other place. Obſerving that one of the trunks behind was a little diſplaced, he aſſiſted my ſervant in adjuſting it: then he entered into converſation with me, and gave me to underſtand, that in a poſt-chaiſe, which we had paſſed, was an Engliſh gentleman on his return from Italy. I wanted to know who he was, and when he ſaid he could not tell, I aſked him, in a very abrupt manner, why he had

had not enquired of his ſervant. He ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and retired to the inn door. Having waited about half an hour, I beckoned to him, and when he approached, upbraided him with having told me that I ſhould be ſupplied with freſh horſes in a few minutes: he ſeemed ſhocked, and anſwered, that he thought he had reaſon for what he ſaid, obſerving, that it was as diſagreeable to him as to me to wait for a relay. As it began to rain, I pulled up the glaſs in his face, and he withdrew again to the door, ſeemingly ruffled at my deportment. In a little time the horſes arrived, and three of them were immediately put to a very handſome poſt-chaiſe, into which he ſtepped, and ſet out, accompanied by a man in a rich livery on horſeback. Aſtoniſhed at this circumſtance, I aſked the hoſtler who he was, and he replied, that he was a man of faſhion (un ſeigneur) who lived in the neighbourhood of Auxerre. I was much mortified to find that I had treated a nobleman ſo ſcurvily, and ſcolded my own people for not having more penetration than myſelf. I dare ſay he did not fail to deſcant upon the

brutal behaviour of the Engliſhman; and that my miſtake ſerved with him to confirm the national reproach of bluntneſs, and ill breeding, under which we lie in this country. The truth is, I was that day more than uſually peeviſh, from the bad weather, as well as from the dread of a fit of the aſthma, with which I was threatened: and I dare ſay my appearance ſeemed as uncouth to him, as his travelling dreſs appeared to me. I had a grey mourning frock under a wide great coat, a bob wig without powder, a very large laced hat, and a meagre, wrinkled, diſcontented countenance.

The fourth night of our journey we lay at Macon, and the next day paſſed through the Lyonnois, which is a fine country, full of towns, villages, and gentlemen's houſes. In paſſing through the Maconnois, we ſaw a great many fields of Indian corn, which grows to the height of ſix or ſeven feet: it is made into flour for the uſe of the common people, and goes by the name of *Turkey wheat*. Here likewiſe, as well as in Dauphiné, they raiſe a vaſt quantity of very large pompions,

pompions, with the contents of which they thicken their ſoup and ragouts.

As we travelled only while the ſun was up, on account of my ill health, and the poſt horſes in France are in bad order, we ſeldom exceeded twenty leagues a day.

I was directed to a lodging-houſe at Lyons, which being full they ſhewed us to a tavern, where I was led up three pair of ſtairs, to an apartment conſiſting of three paltry chambers, for which the people demanded twelve livres a day: for dinner and ſupper they aſked thirty-two, beſides three livres for my ſervant; ſo that my daily expence would have amounted to about forty-ſeven livres, excluſive of breakfaſt and coffee in the afternoon. I was ſo provoked at this extortion, that, without anſwering one word, I drove to another auberge, where I now am, and pay at the rate of two-and-thirty livres a day, for which I am very badly lodged, and but very indifferently entertained. I mention theſe circumſtances to give you an idea of the impoſition to which ſtrangers are ſubject in this country. It muſt be owned, however, that in the article of eating, I might

might save half the money by going to the public ordinary; but this is a scheme of economy, which (exclusive of other disagreeable circumstances) neither my own health, nor that of my wife, permits me to embrace. My journey from Paris to Lyons, including the hire of the coach, and all expences on the road, has cost me, within a few shillings, forty loui'dors. From Paris our baggage (though not plombé) was not once examined till we arrived in this city, at the gate of which we were questioned by one of the searchers, who, being tipt with half a crown, allowed us to proceed without further enquiry.

I purposed to stay in Lyons until I should receive some letters I expected from London, to be forwarded by my banker at Paris: but the enormous expence of living in this manner has determined me to set out in a day or two for Montpellier, although that place is a good way out of the road to Nice. My reasons for taking that route I shall communicate in my next. Mean-while, I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate and obliged humble servant.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Montpellier, November 5, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

THE city of Lyons has been ſo often and ſo circumſtantially deſcribed, that I cannot pretend to ſay any thing new on the ſubject. Indeed, I know very little of it, but what I have read in books; as I had but one day to make a tour of the ſtreets, ſquares, and other remarkable places. The bridge over the Rhone ſeems to be ſo ſlightly built, that I ſhould imagine it would be one day carried away by that rapid river; eſpecially as the arches are ſo ſmall, that, after great rains they are ſometimes *bouchées*, or ſtopped up; that is, they do not admit a ſufficient paſſage for the encreaſed body of the water. In order to remedy this dangerous defect, in ſome meaſure, they found an artiſt ſome years ago, who has removed a middle pier, and thrown two arches into one. This alteration they looked upon as a maſter-piece

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in architecture, though there is many a common maſon in England, who would have undertaken and performed the work, without valuing himſelf much upon the enterprize. This bridge, no more than that of St. Eſprit, is built, not in a ſtrait line acroſs the river, but with a curve, which forms a convexity to oppoſe the current. Such a bend is certainly calculated for the better reſiſting the general impetuoſity of the ſtream, and has no bad effect to the eye.

Lyons is a great, populous, and flouriſhing city; but I am ſurpriſed to find it is counted a healthy place, and that the air of it is eſteemed favourable to pulmonic diſorders. It is ſituated on the confluence of two large rivers, from which there muſt be a great epavoration, as well as from the low marſhy grounds, which theſe rivers often overflow. This muſt render the air moiſt, frouzy, and even putrid, if it was not well ventilated by winds from the mountains of Swiſſerland; and in the latter end of autumn, it muſt be ſubject to fogs. The morning we ſet out from thence, the whole city and adjacent plains were covered with ſo thick a fog, that we could not

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diſtinguiſh from the coach the head of the foremoſt mule that drew it. Lyons is ſaid to be very hot in ſummer, and very cold in winter; therefore I imagine muſt abound with inflammatory and intermittent diſorders in the ſpring and fall of the year.

My reaſons for going to Montpellier, which is out of the ſtrait road to Nice, were theſe. Having no acquaintance nor correſpondents in the South of France, I had deſired my credit might be ſent to the ſame houſe to which my heavy baggage was conſigned. I expected to find my baggage at Cette, which is the ſea-port of Montpellier; and there I alſo hoped to find a veſſel, in which I might be tranſported by ſea to Nice, without further trouble. I longed to try what effect the boaſted air of Montpellier would have upon my conſtitution; and I had a great deſire to ſee the famous monuments of antiquity in and about the ancient city of Niſmes, which is about eight leagues ſhort of Montpellier.

At the inn where we lodged, I found a return berline, belonging to Avignon, with three mules, which are the animals commonly

monly uſed for carriages in this country. This I hired for five loui'dores. The coach was large, commodious, and well-fitted; the mules were ſtrong and in good order; and the driver, whoſe name was Joſeph, appeared to be a ſober, ſagacious, intelligent fellow, perfectly well acquainted with every place in the South of France. He told me he was owner of the coach: but I afterwards learned, he was no other than a hired ſervant. I likewiſe detected him in ſome knavery, in the courſe of our journey; and plainly perceived he had a fellow-feeling with the innkeepers on the road; but, in other reſpects, he was very obliging, ſerviceable, and even entertaining. There are ſome knaviſh practices of this kind, at which a traveller will do well to ſhut his eyes, for his own eaſe and convenience. He will be lucky if he has to do with a ſenſible knave, like Joſeph, who underſtood his intereſt too well to be guilty of very flagrant pieces of impoſition.

A man impatient to be at his journey's end, will find this a moſt diſagreeable way of travelling. In ſummer it muſt be quite intolerable.

intolerable. The mules are very ſure, but very ſlow. The journey ſeldom exceeds eight leagues, about four and twenty miles a day: and as thoſe people have certain fixed ſtages, you are ſometimes obliged to riſe in a morning before day; a circumſtance very grievous to perſons in ill health. Theſe inconveniences, however, were over-balanced by other *agreemens*. We no ſooner quitted Lyons, than we got into ſummer weather, and travelling through a moſt romantic country, along the banks of the Rhone, had opportunities (from the ſlowneſs of our pace) to contemplate its beauties at leiſure.

The rapidity of the Rhone is, in a great meaſure, owing to its being confined within ſteep banks on each ſide. Theſe are formed almoſt through its whole courſe, by a double chain of mountains, which riſe with an abrupt aſcent from both banks of the river. The mountains are covered with vineyards, interſperſed with ſmall ſummer-houſes, and in many places they are crowned with churches, chapels, and convents, which add greatly to the romantic beauty of the proſpect. The high-road, as far as Avignon, lies along the ſide of the river, which runs almoſt in a ſtraight line,

and affords great convenience for inland commerce. Travellers, bound to the ſouthern parts of France, generally embark in the *coche d'eau* at Lyons, and glide down this river with great velocity, paſſing a great number of towns and villages on each ſide, where they find ordinaries every day at dinner and ſupper. In good weather, there is no danger in this method of travelling, 'till you come to the Pont St. Eſprit, where the ſtream runs through the arches with ſuch rapidity, that the boat is ſometimes overſet. But thoſe paſſengers who are under any apprehenſion are landed above-bridge, and taken in again, after the boat has paſſed, juſt in the ſame manner as at London Bridge. The boats that go up the river are drawn againſt the ſtream by oxen, which ſwim through one of the arches of this bridge, the driver ſitting between the horns of the foremoſt beaſt. We ſet out from Lyons early on Monday morning, and as a robbery had been a few days before committed in that neighbourhood, I ordered my ſervant to load my muſquetoon with a charge of eight balls. By the bye, this piece did not fail to attract the curioſity

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and admiration of the people in every place through which we paſſed. The carriage no ſooner halted, than a crowd immediately ſurrounded the man to view the blunderbuſs, which they dignified with the title of *petit canon*. At Nuys in Burgundy, he fired it in the air, and the whole mob diſperſed, and ſcampered off like a flock of ſheep. In our journey hither, we generally ſet out in a morning at eight o'clock, and travelled 'till noon, when the mules were put up and reſted a couple of hours. During this halt, Joſeph went to dinner, and we went to breakfaſt, after which we ordered proviſion for our refreſhment in the coach, which we took about three or four in the afternoon, halting for that purpoſe, by the ſide of ſome tranſparent brook, which afforded excellent water to mix with our wine. In this country I was almoſt poiſoned with garlic, which they mix in their ragouts, and all their ſauces; nay, the ſmell of it perfumes the very chambers, as well as every perſon you approach. I was alſo very ſick of *beca ficas*, *grieves*, and other little birds, which are ſerved up twice a day at all ordinaries on the road. They make

their appearance in vine-leaves, and are always half raw, in which condition the French chooſe to eat them, rather than run the riſque of loſing the juice by over-roaſting.

The peaſants on the South of France are poorly clad, and look as if they were half ſtarved, diminutive, ſwarthy, and meagre; and yet the common people who travel, live luxurioufly on the road. Every carrier and mule-driver has two meals a day, conſiſting each of a couple of courſes and a deſert, with tolerable ſmall wine.—That which is called *hermitage*, and grows in this province of Dauphiné, is ſold on the ſpot for three livres a bottle. The common draught, which you have at meals in this country, is remarkably ſtrong, though in flavour much inferior to that of Burgundy. The accommodation is tolerable, though they demand (even in this cheap country) the exorbitant price of four livres a head for every meal, of thoſe who chooſe to eat in their own apartments. I inſiſted, however, upon paying them with three, which they received, though not without murmuring and ſeeming diſcontented. In this journey, we found plenty of

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good mutton, pork, poultry, and game, including the red partridge, which is near twice as big as the partridge of England. Their hares are likewiſe ſurpriſingly large and juicy. We ſaw great flocks of black turkeys feeding in the fields, but no black cattle; and milk was ſo ſcarce, that ſometimes we were obliged to drink our tea without it.

One day perceiving a meadow on the ſide of the road, full of a flower which I took to be the crocus, I deſired my ſervant to alight and pull ſome of them. He delivered the muſquetoon to Joſeph, who began to tamper with it, and off it went with a prodigious report, augmented by an eccho from the mountains that ſkirted the road. The mules were ſo frightened, that they went off at the gallop; and Joſeph, for ſome minutes, could neither manage the reins, nor open his mouth. At length he recollected himſelf, and the cattle were ſtopt, by the aſſiſtance of the ſervant, to whom he delivered the muſquetoon, with a ſignificant ſhake of the head. Then alighting from the box, he examined the heads of his three mules, and kiſſed each of them in his turn. Finding they had received no da-

with fifty of the *marechauſſee*, who were in queſt of him, he told them very calmly, he had occaſion for their horſes and acoutrements, and deſired them to diſmount. At that inſtant his gang appeared, and the troopers complied with his requeſt, without making the leaſt oppoſition. Joſeph ſaid he was as generous as he was brave, and never moleſted travellers, nor did the leaſt injury to the poor; but, on the contrary, relieved them very often. He uſed to oblige the gentlemen in the country to take his merchandize, his tobacco, brandy, and muſlins, at his own price; and, in the ſame manner, he laid the open towns under contribution. When he had no merchandize, he borrowed money of them upon the credit of what he ſhould bring when he was better provided. He was at laſt betrayed, by his wench, to the colonel of a French regiment, who went with a detachment in the night to the place where he lay in Savoy, and ſurprized him in a wood-houſe, while his people were abſent in different parts of the country. For this intruſion, the court of France made an apology to the king of Sardinia, in whoſe territories

ritories he was taken. Mandrin being conveyed to Valencia, his native place, was for ſome time permitted to go abroad, under a ſtrong guard, with chains upon his legs; and here he converſed freely with all ſorts of people, flattering himſelf with the hopes of a pardon, in which, however, he was diſappointed. An order came from court to bring him to his trial, when he was found guilty, and condemned to be broke on the wheel. Joſeph ſaid he drank a bottle of wine with him the night before his execution. He bore his fate with great reſolution, obſerving that if the letter which he had written to the King, had been delivered, he certainly ſhould have obtained his Majeſty's pardon. His executioner was one of his own gang, who was pardoned on condition of performing this office. You know, that criminals broke upon the wheel are firſt ſtrangled, unleſs the ſentence imports, that they ſhall be broke alive. As Mandrin had not been guilty of cruelty in the courſe of his delinquency, he was indulged with this favour. Speaking to the executioner, whom he had formerly commanded, "Joſeph (dit il) je ne veux

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pas que tu me touche, juſqu'à ce que je ſois roid mort." Joſeph, ſaid he, thou ſhalt not touch me till I am quite dead.—Our driver had no ſooner pronounced theſe words, than I was ſtruck with a ſuſpicion, that he himſelf was the executioner of his friend Mandrin. On that ſuſpicion, I exclaimed, "ah! ah! Joſeph!" The fellow bluſhed up to the eyes, and ſaid, *oui, ſon nom etoit Joſeph auſſi bien que le mien.* I did not think proper to proſecute the inquiry; but did not much reliſh the nature of Joſeph's connexions. The truth is, he had very much the looks of a ruffian; though, I muſt own, his behaviour was very obliging and ſubmiſſive.

On the fifth day of our journey, in the morning, we paſſed the famous bridge at St. Eſprit, which to be ſure is a great curioſity, from its length, and the number of its arches: but theſe arches are too ſmall: the paſſage above is too narrow; and the whole appears to be too ſlight, conſidering the force and impetuoſity of the river. It is not comparable to the bridge at Weſtminſter, either for beauty or ſolidity. Here we entered Languedoc, and were ſtopped to have our baggage examined:

examined: but the ſearcher being tipped with a three-livre piece, allowed it to paſs.——Before we leave Dauphiné, I muſt obſerve, that I was not a little ſurprized to ſee figs and cheſnuts growing in the open fields, at the diſcretion of every paſſenger. It was this day I ſaw the famous Pont du Garde; but as I cannot poſſibly include, in this letter, a deſcription of that beautiful bridge, and of the other antiquities belonging to Niſmes, I will defer it till the next opportunity, being, in the mean time, with equal truth and affection,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant.

LETTER X.

Montpellier, November 10, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

BY the Pont St. Eſprit we entered the province of Languedoc, and breakfaſted at Bagnole, which is a little paltry town; from whence, however, there is an excellent road

road through a mountain, made at a great expence, and extending about four leagues. About five in the afternoon, I had the firſt glimpſe of the famous Pont du Garde, which ſtands on the right hand, about the diſtance of a league from the poſt road to Niſmes, and about three leagues from that city. I would not willingly paſs for a falſe enthuſiaſt in taſte; but I cannot help obſerving, that from the firſt diſtant view of this noble monument, till we came near enough to ſee it perfectly, I felt the ſtrongeſt emotions of impatience that I had ever known; and obliged our driver to put his mules to the full gallop, in the apprehenſion that it would be dark before we reached the place. I expected to find the building, in ſome meaſure, ruinous; but was agreeably diſappointed, to ſee it look as freſh as the bridge at Weſtminſter. The climate is either ſo pure and dry, or the free-ſtone, with which it is built, ſo hard, that the very angles of them remain as acute as if they had been cut laſt year. Indeed, ſome large ſtones have dropped out of the arches; but the whole is admirably preſerved, and preſents the eye with a piece of archi-

architecture, ſo unaffectedly elegant, ſo ſimple, and majeſtic, that I will defy the moſt phlegmatic and ſtupid ſpectator to behold it without admiration. It was raiſed in the Auguſtan age, by the Roman colony of Niſmes, to convey a ſtream of water between two mountains, for the uſe of that city. It ſtands over the river Gardon, which is a beautiful paſtoral ſtream, brawling among rocks, which form a number of pretty natural caſcades, and overſhadowed on each ſide with trees and ſhrubs, which greatly add to the rural beauties of the ſcene. It riſes in the Cevennes, and the ſand of it produces gold, as we learn from Mr. Reaumur, in his eſſay on this ſubject, inſerted in the French Memoirs, for the year 1718.—If I lived at Niſmes, or Avignon (which laſt city is within four ſhort leagues of it) I ſhould take pleaſure in forming parties to come hither, in ſummer, to dine under one of the arches of the Pont du Garde, on a cold collation.

This work conſiſts of three bridges, or tire of arches, one above another; the firſt of ſix, the ſecond of eleven, and the third of thirty-ſix. The height, comprehending the aqueduct

aqueduct on the top, amounts to 174 feet three inches: the length between the two mountains, which it unites, extends to 723. The order of architecture is the Tuscan: but the symmetry of it, is inconceivable. By stooping the bases of the pilasters, of the second tire of arches, they had made a passage for foot-travellers: but though the antients far excelled us in beauty, they certainly fell short of the moderns in point of conveniency. The citizens of Avignon have, in this particular, improved the Roman work with a new bridge by apposition, constructed on the same plan with that of the lower tire of arches, of which indeed it seems to be a part, affording a broad and commodious passage over the river, to horses and carriages of all kinds. The aqueduct, for the continuance of which this superb work was raised, conveyed a stream of sweet water from the fountain of Eure, near the city of Uzés, and extended near six leagues in length.

In approaching Nismes, you see the ruins of a Roman tower, built on the summit of a hill, which over-looks the city. It seems to have been intended, at first, as a watch,

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or ſignal-tower, though, in the ſequel, it was uſed as a fortreſs: what remains of it, is about ninety feet high; the architecture of the Doric order. I no ſooner alighted at the inn, than I was preſented with a pamphlet, containing an account of Niſmes and its antiquities, which every ſtranger buys. There are perſons too who attend in order to ſhew the town, and you will always be accoſted by ſome ſhabby antiquarian, who preſents you with medals for ſale, aſſuring you they are genuine antiques, and were dug out of the ruins of the Roman temple and baths. All thoſe fellows are cheats; and they have often laid under contribution raw Engliſh travellers, who had more money than diſcretion. To ſuch they ſell the vileſt and moſt common trash: but when they meet with a connoiſſeur, they produce ſome medals which are really valuable and curious.

Niſmes, antiently called Nemauſis, was originally a colony of Romans, ſettled by Auguſtus Cæſar, after the battle of Actium. It is ſtill of conſiderable extent, and ſaid to contain twelve thouſand families; but the number ſeems, by this account, to be greatly exag-

eighteen hundred feet long, eighteen feet deep, and forty-eight feet broad. When I ſaw it, there was in it about eight or nine feet of water, tranſparent as cryſtal. It muſt be obſerved, however, for the honour of French cleanlineſs, that in the Roman baſin, through which this noble ſtream of water paſſes, I perceived two waſhermen at work upon children's clouts and dirty linnen. Surprized, and much diſguſted at this filthy phænomenon, I aſked by what means, and by whoſe permiſſion, thoſe dirty hags had got down into the baſin, in order to contaminate the water at its fountain-head; and underſtood they belonged to the commandant of the place, who had the keys of the ſubterranean paſſage.

Fronting the Roman baths are the ruins of an antient temple, which, according to tradition, was dedicated to Diana: but it has been obſerved by connoiſſeurs, that all the antient temples of this goddeſs were of the Ionic order; whereas, this is partly Corinthian, and partly compoſite. It is about ſeventy foot long, and ſix and thirty in breadth, arched above, and built of large

blocks of ſtone, exactly joined together without any cement. The walls are ſtill ſtanding, with three great tabernacles at the further end, fronting the entrance. On each ſide, there are niches in the intercolumniation of the walls, together with pedeſtals and ſhafts of pillars, cornices, and an entablature, which indicate the former magnificence of the building. It was deſtroyed during the civil war that raged in the reign of Henry III. of France.

It is amazing, that the ſucceſſive irruptions of barbarous nations, of Goths, Vandals, and Moors; of fanatic croiſards, ſtill more ſanguinary and illiberal than thoſe Barbarians, ſhould have ſpared this temple, as well as two other ſtill more noble monuments of architecture, that to this day adorn the city of Niſmes: I mean the amphitheatre and the edifice, called *Maiſon Carrée*.—The former of theſe is counted the fineſt monument of the kind, now extant; and was built in the reign of Antoninus Pius, who contributed a large ſum of money towards its erection. It is of an oval figure, one thouſand and eighty feet in circumference,

capacious enough to hold twenty thouſand ſpectators. The architecture is of the Tuſcan order, ſixty feet high, compoſed of two open galleries, built one over another, conſiſting each of threeſcore arcades. The entrance into the arena was by four great gates, with porticos; and the ſeats, of which there were thirty, riſing one above another, conſiſted of great blocks of ſtone, many of which ſtill remain. Over the north gate, appear two bulls, in *alto relievo*, extremely well executed, emblems which, according to the cuſtom of the Romans, ſignified that the amphitheatre was erected at the expence of the people. There are in other parts of it ſome work in *bas releif*, and heads or buſts but indifferently carved. It ſtands in the lower part of the town, and ſtrikes the ſpectator with awe and veneration. The external architecture is almoſt intire in its whole circuit; but the arena is filled up with houſes.—This amphitheatre was fortified as a citadel by the Viſigoths, in the beginning of the ſixth century. They raiſed within it a caſtle, two towers of which are ſtill extant; and they ſurrounded it with a broad and deep foſſée, which was filled up

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in the thirteenth century. In all the ſubſequent wars to which this city was expoſed, it ſerved as the laſt reſort of the citizens, and ſuſtained a great number of ſucceſſive attacks; ſo that its preſervation is almoſt miraculous. It is likely, however, to ſuffer much more from the Gothic avarice of its own citizens, ſome of whom are mutilating it every day, for the ſake of the ſtones, which they employ in their own private buildings. It is ſurprizing, that the King's authority has not been exerted to put an end to ſuch ſacrilegious violation.

If the amphitheatre ſtrikes you with an idea of greatneſs, the *Maiſon Carrée* enchants you with the moſt exquiſite beauties of architecture and ſculpture. This is an edifice, ſuppoſed formerly to have been erected by Adrian, who actually built a baſilica in this city, though no veſtiges of it remain: but the following inſcription, which was diſcovered on the front of it, plainly proves, that it was built by the inhabitants of Niſmes, in honour of Caius and Lucius Cæſar, the grand-children of Auguſtus, by his daughter Julia, the wife of Agrippa.

C. CAESARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS.
L. CAESARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS.
DESIGNATO.
PRINCIPIBVS IVVENTVTIS.

This beautiful edifice, which ſtands upon a pediment ſix feet high, is eighty-two feet long, thirty-five broad, and thirty-ſeven high, without reckoning the pediment. The body of it is adorned with twenty columns engaged in the wall, and the periſtyle, which is open, with ten detached pillars that ſupport the entablature. They are all of the Corinthian order, fluted and embelliſhed with capitals of the moſt exquiſite ſculpture; the frize and cornice are much admired, and the foliage is eſteemed inimitable. The proportions of the building are ſo happily united, as to give it an air of majeſty and grandeur, which the moſt indifferent ſpectator cannot behold without emotion. A man needs not be a connoiſſeur in architecture, to enjoy theſe beauties. They are indeed ſo exquiſite that you may return to them every day with a freſh appetite for ſeven years together. What

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renders them the more curious, they are ſtill entire, and very little affected, either by the ravages of time, or the havoc of war. Cardinal Alberoni declared, that it was a jewel that deſerved a cover of gold to preſerve it from external injuries. An Italian painter, perceiving a ſmall part of the roof repaired by modern French maſonry, tore his hair, and exclaimed in a rage, "'Zounds! what do I ſee? harlequin's hat on the head of Auguſtus!"

Without all doubt it is raviſhingly beautiful. The whole world cannot parallel it; and I am aſtoniſhed to ſee it ſtanding entire, like the effects of inchantment, after ſuch a ſucceſſion of ages, every one more barbarous than another. The hiſtory of the antiquities of Niſmes takes notice of a groteſque ſtatue, repreſenting two female bodies and legs, united under the head of an old man; but, as it does not inform us where it is kept, I did not ſee it.

The whole country of Languedoc is ſhaded with olive trees, the fruit of which begins to ripen, and appears as black as ſloes; thoſe they pickle are pulled green, and ſteeped

for ſome time in a lye made of quick lime or wood aſhes, which extracts the bitter taſte, and makes the fruit tender. Without this preparation it is not eatable. Under the olive and fig trees, they plant corn and vines, ſo that there is not an inch of ground unlaboured: but here are no open fields, meadows, or cattle to be ſeen. The ground is overloaded; and the produce of it crowded to ſuch a degree, as to have a bad effect upon the eye, impreſſing the traveller with the ideas of indigence and rapacity. The heat in ſummer is ſo exceſſive, that cattle would find no green forage, every blade of graſs being parched up and deſtroyed. The weather was extremely hot when we entered Montpellier, and put up at the *Cheval Blanc*, counted the beſt *auberge* in the place, tho' in fact it is a moſt wretched hovel, the habitation of darkneſs, dirt, and impoſition. Here I was obliged to pay four livres a meal for every perſon in my family, and two livres at night for every bed, though all in the ſame room: one would imagine that the further we advance to the ſouthward the living is the dearer, though in fact every article of houſekeeping is cheaper in Languedoc than

than many other provinces of France. This impoſition is owing to the concourſe of Engliſh who come hither, and, like ſimple birds of paſſage, allow themſelves to be plucked by the people of the country, who know their weak ſide, and make their attacks accordingly. They affect to believe, that all the travellers of our country are grand ſeigneurs, immenſely rich and incredibly generous; and we are ſilly enough to encourage this opinion, by ſubmitting quietly to the moſt ridiculous extortion, as well as by committing acts of the moſt abſurd extravagance. This folly of the Engliſh, together with a concourſe of people from different quarters, who come hither for the re-eſtabliſhment of their health, has rendered Montpellier one of the deareſt places in the South of France. The city, which is but ſmall, ſtands upon a riſing ground fronting the Mediterranean, which is about three leagues to the ſouthward: on the other ſide is an agreeable plain, extending about the ſame diſtance towards the mountains of the Cevennes. The town is reckoned well built, and what the French call *bien percée*; yet the ſtreets are in general narrow, and the houſes

dark,

dark. The air is counted ſalutary in catarrhous conſumptions, from its dryneſs and elaſticity: but too ſharp in caſes of pulmonary impoſthumes.

It was at Montpellier that we ſaw for the firſt time any ſigns of that gaiety and mirth for which the people of this country are celebrated. In all other places through which we paſſed ſince our departure from Lyons, we ſaw nothing but marks of poverty and chagrin. We entered Montpellier on a Sunday, when the people were all dreſſed in their beſt apparel. The ſtreets were crowded; and a great number of the better ſort of both ſexes ſat upon ſtone ſeats at their doors, converſing with great mirth and familiarity. Theſe converſations laſted the greateſt part of the night; and many of them were improved with muſick both vocal and inſtrumental: next day we were viſited by the Engliſh reſiding in the place, who always pay this mark of reſpect to new comers. They conſiſt of four or five families, among whom I could paſs the winter very agreeably, if the ſtate of my health and other reaſons did not call me away.

Mr.

Mr. L— had arrived two days before me, troubled with the ſame aſthmatic diſorder, under which I have laboured ſo long. He told me he had been in queſt of me ever ſince he left England. Upon comparing notes, I found he had ſtopped at the door of a country inn in Picardy, and drank a glaſs of wine and water, while I was at dinner up ſtairs; nay, he had even ſpoke to my ſervant, and aſked who was his maſter, and the man, not knowing him, replied, he was a gentleman from Chelſea. He had walked by the door of the houſe where I lodged at Paris, twenty times, while I was in that city; and the very day before he arrived at Montpellier, he had paſſed our coach on the road.

The garriſon of this city conſiſts of two battalions, one of which is the Iriſh regiment of Berwick, commanded by lieutenant colonel Tents, a gentleman with whom we contracted an acquaintance at Boulogne. He treats us with great politeneſs, and indeed does every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to us. The duke of Fitz-James, the governor, is expected here in a little time. We have already a tolerable con-

cert

cert twice a week; there will be a comedy in the winter; and the ſtates of Provence aſſemble in January, ſo that Montpellier will be extremely gay and brilliant. Theſe very circumſtances would determine me to leave it. I have not health to enjoy theſe pleaſures: I cannot bear a croud of company, ſuch as pours in upon us unexpectedly at all hours; and I foreſee, that in ſtaying at Montpellier, I ſhould be led into an expence, which I can ill afford. I have therefore forwarded the letter I received from general P—n, to Mr. B—d, our conſul at Nice, ſignifying my intention of going thither, and explaining the kind of accommodation I would chuſe to have at that place.

The day after our arrival, I procured tolerable lodgings in the High Street, for which I pay fifty ſols, ſomething more than two ſhillings per day; and I am furniſhed with two meals a day by a *traiteur* for ten livres: but he finds neither the wine nor the deſert; and indeed we are but indifferently ſerved. Thoſe families who reſide here find their account in keeping houſe. Every traveller who comes to this, or any other, town in

France

France with a deſign to ſtay longer than a day or two, ought to write beforehand to his correſpondent to procure furniſhed lodgings, to which he may be driven immediately, without being under the neceſſity of lying in an execrable inn; for all the inns of this country are execrable.

My baggage is not yet arrived by the canal of Languedoc; but that gives me no diſturbance, as it is conſigned to the care of Mr. Ray, an Engliſh merchant and banker of this place; a gentleman of great probity and worth, from whom I have received repeated marks of uncommon friendſhip and hoſpitality.

The next time you hear of me will be from Nice: mean-while, I remain always,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Montpellier, November 12.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Flattered myſelf with the hope of much amuſement during my ſhort ſtay at Montpellier. —— TheUniverſity, the Botanical Garden, the State of Phyſic in this part of the world, and the information I received of a curious collection of manuſcripts, among which I hoped to find ſomething for our friend Dr. H——r; all theſe particulars promiſed a rich fund of entertainment, which, however, I cannot enjoy.

A few days after my arrival, it began to rain with a ſoutherly wind, and continued without ceaſing the beſt part of a week, leaving the air ſo loaded with vapours, that there was no walking after ſun-ſet; without being wetted by the dew almoſt to the ſkin. I have always found a cold and damp atmoſphere the moſt unfavourable of any to my conſtitution. My aſthmatical diſorder, which had

not

not given me much disturbance since I left Boulogne, became now very troublesome, attended with fever, cough, spitting, and lowness of spirits; and I wasted visibly every day. I was favoured with the advice of Dr. Fitz-maurice, a very worthy sensible physician settled in this place: but I had the curiosity to know the opinion of the celebrated professor F——, who is the Boerhaave of Montpellier. The account I had of his private character, and personal deportment, from some English people to whom he was well known, left me no desire to converse with him: but I resolved to consult with him on paper. This great lanthorn of medicine is become very rich and very insolent; and in proportion as his wealth increases, he is said to grow the more rapacious. He piques himself upon being very slovenly, very blunt, and very unmannerly; and perhaps to these qualifications he owes his reputation rather than to any superior skill in medicine. I have known them succeed in our own country; and seen a doctor's parts estimated by his brutality and presumption.

F—,

F— is in his perſon and addreſs not unlike our old acquaintance Dr. Sm—ie; he ſtoops much, dodges along, and affects to ſpeak the *Patois*, which is a corruption of the old *Provencial* tongue, ſpoken by the vulgar in Languedoc and Provence. Notwithſtanding his great age and great wealth, he will ſtill ſcramble up two pair of ſtairs for a fee of ſix livres; and without a fee he will give his advice to no perſon whatſoever. He is ſaid to have great practice in the venereal branch, and to be frequented by perſons of both ſexes infected with this diſtemper, not only from every part of France, but alſo from Spain, Italy, Germany, and England. I need ſay nothing of the Montpellier method of cure, which is well known at London; but I have ſome reaſon to think the great profeſſor F—, has, like the famous Mrs. Mapp, the bone-ſetter, cured many patients that were never diſeaſed.

Be that as it may, I ſent my *valet de place*, who was his townſman and acquaintance, to his houſe, with the following caſe, and a loui'dore.

Annum

Annum ætatis, post quadragesimum, tertium. Temperamentum humidum, crassum, pituitâ repletum, catarrhis sæpissime profligatum. Catarrhus, febre, anxietate et dyspnœa, nunquam non comitatus. Irritatio membranæ pituitariæ trachœalis, *tussim initio aridam, siliquosam, deinde vero excreationem copiosam excitat: sputum albumini ovi simillimum.*

Accedente febre, urina pallida, limpida: ad ἀκμὴν flagrante, colorem rubrum, subflavum induit: coctione peractâ, sedimentum lateritium deponit.

Appetitus raro deest: digestio segnior sed secura, non autem sine. Ructu perfecta. Alvus plerumque stipata: excretio intestinalis minima, ratione ingestorum habitâ. Pulsus frequens, vacillans, exilis, quandoquidem etiam intermittens.

Febre una extinctâ, non deficit altera. Aliaque et eadem statim nascitur. Aer paulo frigidior, vel humidior, vestimentum inusitatum indutum; exercitatio paululum nimia; ambulatio, equitatio, in quovis vehiculo jactatio; hæc omnia novos motus suscitant. Systema nervosum maxime irritabile, orgamos patitur. Ostiola in cute hiantia, materiei perspirabili, exitum

 præbentia

præbentia, clauduntur. Materies obſtructa cumulatur; ſanguine aliiſque humoribus circumagitur: fit plethora. Natura opprimi nolens, exceſſus hujus expulſionem conatur. Febris nova accenditur. Pars oneris, in membranam trachæalem laxatam ac debilitatam transfertur. Glandulæ pituitariæ turgentes bronchia comprimunt. Liberum aeri tranſitum negatur: hinc reſpiratio difficilis. Hac vero tranſlatione febris minuitur: interdiu remittitur. Dyſpnœa autem aliaque ſymptomata vere hypochondriaca, recedere nolunt. Veſpere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietudo, anxietas et aſthma, per nodem graſſantur. Ita quotidie res agitur, donec. Vis vitæ paulatim criſim efficit. Seminis jactura, ſive in ſomniis effuſi, ſeu in gremio veneris ejaculati, inter cauſas horum malorum nec non numeretur.

Quibuſdam abhinc annis, exercitationibus juvenilibus ſubito remiſſis, in vitam ſedentariam lapſum. Animo in ſtudia ſeveriora converſo, fibræ gradatim laxabantur. Inter legendum et ſcribendum inclinato corpore in pectus malum ruebat. Morbo ingruenti affectio ſcorbutica auxilium tulit. Invaſio prima nimium aſpernata. Venientibus hoſtibus non occurſum. Cunctando

tando res non reſtituta. Remedia convenientia ſtomachus perhorreſcebat. Graveſcente dyſpnœa phlebotomia fruſtra tentata. Sanguinis miſſione vis vitæ diminuta: fiebat pulſus debilior, reſpiratio difficilior. In pejus ruunt omnia. Febris anomala in febriculam continuam mutata. Dyſpnœa confirmata. Fibrarum compages ſoluta. Valetudo penitus everſa.

His agitatus furiis, æger ad mare provolat: in fluctus ſe precipitem dat: periculum factum ſpem non fefellit: decies iteratum, felix fauſtumque evaſit. Elater novus fibris conciliatur. Febricula fugatur. Acris dyſpnœa ſolvitur. Beneficium dextrâ ripa partum, ſiniſtrâ perditum. Superficie corporis, aquæ marinæ frigore et pondere, compreſſâ et contractâ, interſtitia fibrarum occluduntur: particulis incrementi novis partes abraſas reficientibus, locus non datur. Nutritio corporis, via priſtina clauſâ, qua data porta ruit: in membranam pulmonum minus firmatam facile fertur, et glandulis per ſputum rejicitur.

Hieme pluvioſâ regnante dolores renovantur; tametſi tempore ſereno equitatio profuit. Æſtate morbus vix ullum progrediebatur. Autumno, valetudine plus declinatâ, thermis Bathonienſi-

bus ſolatium haud fruſtra quæſitum. Aqua iſta mirè medicata, extèrne æque ac interne adhibita, malis levamen attulit. Hiems altera, frigida, horrida, diuturna, innocua tamen ſucceſſit. Vère novo caſus atrox diras procellas animo immiſit: toto corpore, totâ mente tumultuatur. Patriâ relictâ, triſtitia, ſollecitudo, indignatio, et ſæviſſima recordatio ſequuntur. Inimici priores furore inveterato revertuntur. Rediit febris hectica: rediit aſthma cum anxietate, tuſſe et dolore lateris lancinanti.

Deſperatis denique rebus, iterum ad mare, veluti ad anceps remedium recurritur. Balneum hoc ſemper benignum. Dolor ſtatim avolat. Tertio die febris retroceſſit. Immerſio quotidiana antemeridiana, ad vices quinquaginta repetita, ſymptomata graviora ſubjugavit.—Manet vero tabes pituitaria: manet temperamentum in catarrhos proclive. Corpus macreſcit. Vires delabantur.

The profeſſor's eyes ſparkled at ſight of the fee; and he deſired the ſervant to call next morning for his opinion of the caſe, which accordingly I received in theſe words:

" On voit par cette relation que monſieur le conſultant dont on n'a pas jugé a propos de

dire

dire l'age, mais qui nous paroit etre adulte et d'un age paſſablement avancé, a été ſujet cy devant à des rhumes frequens accompagnés de fievre ; on ne detaille point (aucune epoque), on parle dans la relation d'aſthme auquel il a ete ſujet, de ſcorbut ou affection ſcorbutique dont on ne dit pas les ſymptomes. On nous fait ſçavoir qu'il s'eſt bien trouvé de l'immerſion dans l'eau de la mer, et des eaux de Bath.

" On dit a preſent qu'il a une *fievre pituitaire* ſans dire depuis combien de temps. Qu'il lui reſte toujours ſon temperament enclin aux catharres. Que le corps maigrit, et que les forces ſe perdent. On ne dit point ſ'il y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ou non, ſi le malade a appetit ou non, s'il touſſe ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un mot on n'entre dans aucun detail ſur ces objets, ſur quoi le conſeil ſouſſigné eſtime que monſieur le conſultant eſt en fievre lente, et que vraiſemblable le poumon ſouffre de quelque tubercules qui peut-etre ſont en fonte, ce que nous aurions determiné ſi dans la relation on avoit marqué les qualités de crachats.

" La cauſe fonchere de cette maladie doit etre imputée a une lymphe epaiſſe et acrimonieuſe, qui donne occaſion a des tubercules au pomon, qui etant mis en fonte fourniſſent au ſang des particules acres et le rendent tout acrimonieux.

" Les vües que l'on doit avoir dans ce cas ſont de procurer des bonnes digeſtions (quoique dans la relation on ne dit pas un mot ſur les digeſtions) de jetter un douce detrempe dans la maſſe du ſang, d'en chaſſer l'acrimonie et de l'adoucir, de diviſer fort doucement la lymphe, et de deterger le poumon, lui procurant meme du calme ſuppoſé que la toux l'inquiete, quoique cependant on ne dit pas un mot ſur la toux dans la relation. C'eſt pourquoi on le purgera avec 3 onces de manne, diſſoutes dans un verre de decoction de 3 dragmes de polypode de cheſne, on paſſera enſuite a des bouillons qui ſeront faits avec un petit poulet, la chair, le ſang, le cœur et le foye d'une tortue de grandeur mediocre c'eſt adire du poid de 8 a 12 onces avec ſa coquille, une poignée de chicorée amere de jardin, et une pincée de feuilles de lierre terreſtre vertes ou ſeches. Ayant pris ces bouillons

illons 15 matins on ſe purgera comme auparavant, pour en venir à des bouillons qui ſeront faits avec la moitié d'un moü de veau, une poignée de pimprenelle de jardin, et une dragme de racine d'angelique concaſſée.

Ayant pris ces bouillons 15 matins, on ſe purgera comme auparavant pour en venir au lait d'aneſſe que l'on prendra le matin a jeun, à la doſe de 12 a 16 onces y ajoutant un cuillerée de ſucre rapé, on prendra ce lait le matin a jeun obſervant de prendre pendant ſon uſage de deux jours l'un un moment avant le lait un bolus fait avec 15 grains de craye de Brainçon en poudre fine, 20 grains de corail preparé, 8 grains d'antihectique de poterius, et ce qu'il faut de ſyrop de lierre terreſtre, mais les jour ou on ne prendra pas le bolus on prendra un moment avant le lait 3 ou 4 gouttes de bon baume de Canada detrempées dans un demi cuillerié de ſyrop de lierre terreſtre. Si le corps maigrit de plus en plus, je ſuis d'avis que pendant l'uſage du lait d'aneſſe on ſoupe tous les ſoirs avec une ſoupe au lait de vache.

" On continuera l'uſage du lait d'aneſſe tant, que le malade pourra le ſupporter, ne

le purgeant que par neceſſité et toujours après la medicine ordonneé.

" Au reſte, ſi monſieur le conſultant ne paſſe pas les nuits bien calmes, il prendra chaque ſoir a l'heure de ſommeil ſix grains des pilules de cynogloſſe, dont il augmentera la doſe d'un grain de plus toutes les fois que la doſe du jour precedent, n'aura pas eté ſuffiſuffiſante pour lui faire paſſer la nuit bien calme.

" Si les malade touſſe il uſera ſoit de jour ſoit de nuit par petites cuilleriés a caffé d'un looch, qui ſera fait avec un once de ſyrop de violat et une dragme de blanc de baleine.

" Si les crachats ſont epais et qu'il crache difficilement, en ce cas il prendra une ou deux fois le jour, demi dragme de blanc de baleine reduit en poudre avec un peu de ſucre candit qu'il avalera avec une cuillerie d'eau.

" Enfin il doit obſerver un bon regime de vivre, c'eſt pourquoi il ſera toujours gras et ſeulement en ſoupes, bouilli et roti, il ne mangera pas les herbes des ſoupes, et on ſalera peu ſon pot, il ſe privera du beuf, cochon, chair noir, oiſeaux d'eau, ragouts, fritures, patiſſeries, alimens ſales, epicés, vinagrés, ſalades,

ſalades, fruits, cruds, et autres crudités, alimens groſſiers, ou de difficille digeſtion, la boiſſon ſera de l'eau tant ſoit peu rougée de bon vin au diner ſeulement, et il ne prendra ſouper qu'une ſoupe.

Delibere a Montpellier le 11 Novembre.

F——,
Profeſſeur en l'univerſite honoraire.
Reçeu vint et quatre livres.

I thought it was a little extraordinary that a learned profeſſor ſhould reply in his mother tongue, to a caſe put in Latin: but I was much more ſurpriſed, as you will alſo be, at reading his anſwer, from which I was obliged to conclude, either that he did not underſtand Latin; or that he had not taken the trouble to read my *memoire*. I ſhall not make any remarks upon the ſtile of his preſcription, replete as it is with a diſguſting repetition of low expreſſions: but I could not but, in juſtice to myſelf, point out to him the paſſages in my caſe which he had overlooked. Accordingly, having marked them with letters, I ſent it back, with the following billet.

" Ap-

" Apparement Monſ. F— n'a pas donné beaucoup d'attention au memoire de ma ſanté que j'ai eu l'honneur de lui preſenter— ' Monſieur le conſultant (dit il) dont on ' n'a pas jugé a propos de dire l'age.'—Mais on voit dans le memoire a No. 1. ' *Annum ' ætatis poſt quadrageſimum tertium.*'

" Mr. F—— dit que ' je n'ai pas mar- ' qué aucune epoque.' Mais a No. 2. du memoire il trouvera ces mots. ' *Quibuſdam ' abhinc annis.*' J'ai meme detaillé le progrés de la maladie pour trois ans conſecutifs.

" Monſ. F— obſerve, ' On ne dit point ' s'il y a des exacerbations dans cette fievre ' ou non.' Qu'il regarde la lettre B, il verra, ' *Veſpere febris exacerbatur. Calor, inquietu- ' do, anxietas et aſthma per noctem graſſan- ' tur.*'

" Monſ. F— remarque, ' On ne dit ' point ſi le malade a appetit ou non, s'il ' touſſe ou non, s'il crache ou non, en un ' mot on n'entre dans aucun detail ſur ces ' objets.' Mais on voit toutes ces circonſtances detailleés dans le memoire a lettre A; ' *Irritatio membranæ trachœalis* tuſſim, *initio ' aridam, ſiliquoſam, deinde vero excreationem ' copioſam*

copiosam excitat. Sputum albumini ovi simillimum. Appetitus raro deest. Digestio segnior sed secura.'

" Monf. F— obſerve encore, ' qu'on ne ' dit pas un mot ſur la toux dans la rela- ' tion.' Mais j'ai dit encore a No. 3. de memoire, ' *rediit febris hectica*; *rediit asthma* ' *cum anxietate*, tuſſe *et dolore lateris lanci-* ' *nante.*'

" Au reſte, je ne puis pas me perſuader qu'il y ait des tubercules au poumon, parce que j'ai ne jamais craché de pus, ni autre choſe que de la pituite qui a beaucoup de reſſemblance au blanc des oeufs. *Sputum albumini ovi ſimillimum.* Il me paroit donc que ma maladie doit ſon origine a la ſuſpenſion de l'exercice du corps, au grand attachement d'eſprit, et a une vie ſedentaire qui a relaché le ſiſteme fibreux; et qu'a preſent on peut l'appeller *tabes pituitaria*, non *tabes purulenta.* J'eſpere que Monſ. F—— aura la bonté de faire reviſion du memoire, et de m'en dire encore ſon ſentiment."

Conſidering the nature of the caſe, you ſee I could not treat him more civilly. I deſired the ſervant to aſk when he ſhould re-

turn

turn for an anſwer, and whether he expected another fee. He deſired him to come next morning, and, as the fellow aſſured me, gave him to underſtand, that whatever monſieur might ſend, ſhould be for his (the ſervant's) advantage. In all probability he did not expect another gratification, to which, indeed, he had no title. Monſ. F—— was undoubtedly much mortified to find himſelf detected in ſuch flagrant inſtances of unjuſtifiable negligence, and like all other perſons in the ſame ungracious dilemma, inſtead of juſtifying himſelf by reaſon or argument, had recourſe to recrimination. In the paper which he ſent me next day, he inſiſted in general that he had carefully peruſed the caſe (which you will perceive was a ſelf-evident untruth) he ſaid the theory it contained was idle; that he was ſure it could not be written by a phyſician; that, with reſpect to the diſorder, he was ſtill of the ſame opinion; and adhered to his former preſcription; but if I had any doubts I might come to his houſe, and he would reſolve them.

I wrapt up twelve livres in the following note, and ſent it to his houſe.

4 " C'eſt

"C'eſt ne pas ſans raiſon que monſieur F— jouit d'un ſi grande reputation. Je n'ai plus de doutes, graces à Dieu et a monſieur F—e."

To this I received for anſwer. "Monſieur n'a plus de doutes: j'en ſuis charmé. Receu douze livres. F—, &c."

Inſtead of keeping his promiſe to the valet, he put the money in his pocket; and the fellow returned in a rage, exclaiming that he was *un gros cheval de caroſſe*.

I ſhall make no other comment upon the medicines, and the regimen which this great Doctor preſcribed; but that he certainly miſtook the caſe: that upon the ſuppoſition I actually laboured under a purulent diſcharge from the lungs, his remedies ſavour ſtrongly of the old woman; and that there is a total blank with reſpect to the article of exerciſe, which you know is ſo eſſential in all pulmonary diſorders. But after having peruſed my remarks upon his firſt preſcription, he could not poſſibly ſuppoſe that I had turbercules, and was ſpitting up pus; therefore his perſiſting in recommending the ſame medicines he had preſcribed on that ſuppoſition, was a flagrant abſurdity.

abſurdity.—If, for example, there was no *vomica* in the lungs; and the buſineſs was to attenuate the lymph, what could be more prepoſterous than to adviſe the chalk of Briançon, coral, antihecticum poterii, and the balm of Canada? As for the turtle-ſoupe, it it is a good reſtorative and balſamic; but, I apprehend, will tend to thicken rather than attenuate the phlegm. He mentions not a ſyllable of the air, though it is univerſally allowed, that the climate of Montpellier is pernicious to ulcerated lungs; and here I cannot help recounting a ſmall adventure which our doctor had with a ſon of Mr. O—d, merchant in the city of London. I had it from Mrs. St—e who was on the ſpot. The young gentleman, being conſumptive, conſulted Mr. F—, who continued viſiting and preſcribing for him a whole month. At length, perceiving that he grew daily worſe, "Doctor (ſaid he) I take your preſcriptions punctually; but, inſtead of being the better for them, I have now not an hour's remiſſion from the fever in the four-and-twenty. —I cannot conceive the meaning of it." F—, who perceived he had not long to live, told

told him the reaſon was very plain: the air of Montpellier was too ſharp for his lungs, which required a ſofter climate. "Then you're a ſordid villain (cried the young man) for allowing me to ſtay here till my conſtitution is irretrievable." He ſet out immediately for Tholouſe, and in a few weeks died in the neighbourhood of that city.

I obſerve that the phyſicians in this country pay no regard to the ſtate of the ſolids in chronical diſorders: that exerciſe and the cold bath are never preſcribed: that they ſeem to think the ſcurvy is entirely an Engliſh diſeaſe; and that, in all appearance, they often confound the ſymptoms of it, with thoſe of the venereal diſtemper. Perhaps I may be more particular on this ſubject in a ſubſequent letter. In the mean time, I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Yours ſincerely.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Nice, December 6, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

THE inhabitants of Montpellier are ſociable, gay, and good tempered. They have a ſpirit of commerce, and have erected ſeveral conſiderable manufactures in the neighbourhood of the city. People aſſemble every day to take the air on the eſplanade, where there is a very good walk, juſt without the gate of the citadel: but, on the other ſide of the town, there is another ſtill more agreeable, called the *peirou*, from whence there is a proſpect of the Mediterranean on one ſide, and of the Cevennes on the other. Here is a good equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIV. fronting one gate of the city, which is built in form of a triumphal arch, in honour of the ſame monarch. Immediately under the *pierou* is the phyſic garden, and near it an arcade juſt finiſhed for an aqueduct, to convey a ſtream of water to the upper parts of the city. Perhaps

haps I ſhould have thought this a neat piece of work, if I had not ſeen the *Pont du Garde:* but, after having viewed the Roman arches, I could not look upon this but with pity and contempt. It is a wonder how the architect could be ſo fantaſtically modern, having ſuch a noble model, as it were, before his eyes.

There are many proteſtants at this place, as well as at Niſmes, and they are no longer moleſted on the ſcore of religion. They have their conventicles in the country, where they aſſemble privately for worſhip. Theſe are well known; and detachments are ſent out every Sunday to intercept them; but the officer has always private directions to take another route. Whether this indulgence comes from the wiſdom and lenity of the government, or is purchaſed with money of the commanding officer, I cannot determine: but certain it is, the laws of France puniſh capitally every proteſtant miniſter convicted of having performed the functions of his miniſtry in this kingdom; and one was hanged about two years ago, in the neighbourhood of Montauban.

The markets in Montpellier are well ſupplied with fiſh, poultry, butcher's meat, and game, at reaſonable rates. The wine of the country is ſtrong and harſh, and never drank, but when mixed with water. Burgundy is dear, and ſo is the ſweet wine of Frontignan, though made in the neighbourhood of Cette. You know it is famous all over Europe, and ſo are the *liqueurs*, or drams of various ſorts, compounded and diſtilled at Montpellier. Cette is the ſea-port, about four leagues from that city: but the canal of Languedoc comes up within a mile of it; and is indeed a great curioſity: a work in all reſpects worthy of a Colbert, under whoſe auſpices it was finiſhed. When I find ſuch a general tribute of reſpect and veneration paid to the memory of that great man, I am aſtoniſhed to ſee ſo few monuments of public utility left by other miniſters. One would imagine, that even the deſire of praiſe would prompt a much greater number to exert themſelves for the glory and advantage of their country; yet, in my opinion, the French have been

been ungrateful to Colbert, in the ſame proportion as they have over-rated the character of his maſter. Through all France one meets with ſtatues and triumphal arches erected to Louis XIV. in conſequence of his victories; by which, likewiſe, he acquired the title of Louis le Grand. But how were thoſe victories obtained? Not by any perſonal merit of Louis. It was Colbert who improved his finances, and enabled him to pay his army. It was Louvois that provided all the neceſſaries of war. It was a Condê, a Turenne, a Luxemburg, a Vendome, who fought his battles; and his firſt conqueſts, for which he was deified by the pen of adulation, were obtained almoſt without bloodſhed, over weak, diſpirited, divided, and defenceleſs nations. It was Colbert that improved the marine, inſtituted manufactures, encouraged commerce, undertook works of public utility, and patronized the arts and ſciences. But Louis (you will ſay) had the merit of chooſing and ſupporting thoſe miniſters, and thoſe generals. I anſwer, no. He found Colbert and Louvois already

choſen: he found Condê and Turenne in the very zenith of military reputation. Luxemburg was Conde's pupil; and Vendome, a prince of the blood, who at firſt obtained the command of armies in conſequence of his high birth, and happened to turn out a man of genius. The ſame Louis had the ſagacity to revoke the edict of Nantz; to entruſt his armies to a Tallard, a Villeroy, and a Marſin. He had the humanity to ravage the country, burn the towns, and maſſacre the people of the Palatinate. He had the patriotiſm to impoveriſh and depopulate his own kingdom, in order to proſecute ſchemes of the moſt lawleſs ambition. He had the conſolation to beg a peace from thoſe he had provoked to war by the moſt outrageous inſolence; and he had the glory to eſpouſe Mrs. Maintenon in her old age, the widow of the buffoon Scarron. Without all doubt, it was from irony he acquired the title *le Grand*.

Having received a favourable anſwer from Mr. B———, the Engliſh conſul at Nice, and recommended the care of my heavy baggage

to

to Mr. Ray, who undertook to ſend it by ſea from Cette to Villefranche, I hired a coach and mules for ſeven loui'dores, and ſet out from Montpellier on the 13th of November, the weather being agreeable, though the air was cold and froſty. In other reſpects there were no ſigns of winter: the olives were now ripe, and appeared on each ſide of the road as black as ſloes; and the corn was already half a foot high. On the ſecond day of our journey, we paſſed the Rhone on a bridge of boats at Buccaire, and lay on the other ſide at Tarraſcone. Next day we put up at a wretched place called Orgon, where, however, we were regaled with an excellent ſupper; and among other delicacies, with a diſh of green peaſe. Provence is a pleaſant country, well cultivated; but the inns are not ſo good here as in Languedoc, and few of them are provided with a certain convenience which an Engliſh traveller can very ill diſpenſe with. Thoſe you find are generally on the tops of houſes, exceedingly naſty; and ſo much expoſed to the weather, that a valetudinarian cannot uſe them without hazard of his

life. At Niſmes in Languedoc, where we found the temple of Cloacina in a moſt ſhocking condition, the ſervant-maid told me her miſtreſs had cauſed it to be made on purpoſe for the Engliſh travellers; but now ſhe was very ſorry for what ſhe had done, as all the French who frequented her houſe, inſtead of uſing the ſeat, left their offerings on the floor, which ſhe was obliged to have cleaned three or four times a day. This is a degree of beaſtlineſs, which would appear deteſtable even in the capital of North-Britain. On the fourth day of our pilgrimage, we lay in the ſuburbs of Aix, but did not enter the city, which I had a great curioſity to ſee. The villainous aſthma baulked me of that ſatisfaction. I was pinched with the cold, and impatient to reach a warmer climate. Our next ſtage was at a paltry village, where we were poorly entertained. I looked ſo ill in the morning, that the good woman of the houſe, who was big with child, took me by the hand at parting, and even ſhed tears, praying fervently that God would reſtore me to my health. This was

the

the only inſtance of ſympathy, compaſſion, or goodneſs of heart, that I had met with among the publicans of France. Indeed, at Valencia, our landlady underſtanding I was travelling to Montpellier for my health, would have diſſuaded me from going thither; and exhorted me, in particular, to beware of the phyſicians, who were all a pack of aſſaſſins. She adviſed me to eat fricaſſees of chickens, and white meat, and to take a good *bouillon* every morning.

A *bouillon* is an univerſal remedy among the good people of France; inſomuch, that they have no idea of any perſon's dying, after having ſwallowed *un bon bouillon*. One of the Engliſh gentlemen, who were robbed and murdered about thirty years ago between Calais and Boulogne, being brought to the poſt-houſe of Boulogne with ſome ſigns of life, this remedy was immediately adminiſtred. "What ſurpriſes me greatly, (ſaid the poſt-maſter, ſpeaking of this melancholy ſtory to a friend of mine, two years after it happened) I made an excellent *bouillon*, and poured it down his throat with my own

hands, and yet he did not recover." Now, in all probability, this *bouillon* it was that ſtopped his breath. When I was a very young man, I remember to have ſeen a perſon ſuffocated by ſuch impertinent officiouſneſs. A young man of uncommon parts and erudition, very well eſteemed at the univerſity of G———ow, was found early one morning in a ſubterranean vault among the ruins of an old archiepiſcopal palace, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Being conveyed to a public-houſe in the neighbourhood, he made ſigns for pen, ink, and paper, and in all probability would have explained the cauſe of this terrible cataſtrophe, when an old woman, ſeeing the windpipe which was cut, ſticking out of the wound, and miſtaking it for the gullet, by way of giving him a cordial to ſupport his ſpirits, poured into it, through a ſmall funnel, a glaſs of burnt brandy, which ſtrangled him in the tenth part of a minute. The gaſh was ſo hideous, and formed by ſo many repeated ſtrokes of a razor, that the ſurgeons believed he could not poſſibly be the perpe-

trator

trator himſelf; nevertheleſs, this was certainly the caſe.

At Brignolles, where we dined, I was obliged to quarrel with the landlady, and threaten to leave her houſe, before ſhe would indulge us with any ſort of fleſh-meat. It was meagre day, and ſhe had made her proviſion accordingly. She even hinted ſome diſſatisfaction at having heretics in her houſe: but, as I was not diſpoſed to eat ſtinking fiſh, with ragouts of eggs and onions, I inſiſted upon a leg of mutton, and a brace of fine partridges, which I found in the larder. Next day, when we ſet out in the morning from Luc, it blew a north-weſterly wind ſo extremely cold and biting, that even a flannel wrapper could not keep me tolerably warm in the coach. Whether the cold had put our coachman in a bad humour, or he had ſome other cauſe of reſentment againſt himſelf, I know not; but we had not gone above a quarter of a mile, when he drove the carriage full againſt the corner of a garden wall, and broke the axle-tree, ſo that we were obliged to return to the inn on foot,

and

and wait a whole day, until a new piece could be made and adjuſted. The wind that blew, is called *Maeſtral*, in the Provincial dialect, and indeed is the ſevereſt that ever I felt. At this inn, we met with a young French officer who had been a priſoner in England, and ſpoke our language pretty well. He told me, that ſuch a wind did not blow above twice or three times in a winter, and was never of long continuance: that in general, the weather was very mild and agreeable during the winter months; that living was very cheap in this part of Provence, which afforded great plenty of game. Here, too, I found a young Iriſh recollet, in his way from Rome to his own country. He complained, that he was almoſt ſtarved by the inhoſpitable diſpoſition of the French people; and that the regular clergy, in particular, had treated him with the moſt cruel diſdain. I relieved his neceſſities, and gave him a letter to a gentleman of his own country at Montpellier.

When I roſe in the morning, and opened a window that looked into the garden, I thought myſelf either in a dream, or bewitched.

witched. All the trees were cloathed with ſnow, and all the country covered at leaſt a foot thick. "This cannot be the ſouth of "France, (ſaid I to myſelf) it muſt be the "Highlands of Scotland!" At a wretched town called Muy, where we dined, I had a warm diſpute with our landlord, which, however, did not terminate to my ſatisfaction. I ſent on the mules before, to the next ſtage, reſolving to take poſt-horſes, and beſpoke them accordingly of the aubergiſte, who was, at the ſame time, inn-keeper and poſt-maſter. We were uſhered into the common eating-room, and had a very indifferent dinner; after which, I ſent a loui'dore to be changed, in order to pay the reckoning. The landlord, inſtead of giving the full change, deducted three livres a head for dinner, and ſent in the reſt of the money by my ſervant. Provoked more at his ill manners, than at his extortion, I ferretted him out of a bed-chamber, where he had concealed himſelf, and obliged him to reſtore the full change, from which I paid him at the rate of two livres a head. He refuſed to take the money, which I threw down on the

the table; and the horſes being ready, ſtepped into the coach, ordering the poſtilions to drive on. Here I had certainly reckoned without my hoſt. The fellows declared they would not budge, until I ſhould pay their maſter; and as I threatened them with manual chaſtiſement, they alighted, and diſappeared in a twinkling. I was now ſo incenſed, that though I could hardly breathe; though the afternoon was far advanced, and the ſtreet covered with wet ſnow, I walked to the conſul of the town, and made my complaint in form. This magiſtrate, who ſeemed to be a taylor, accompanied me to the inn, where by this time the whole town was aſſembled, and endeavoured to perſuade me to compromiſe the affair. I ſaid, as he was the magiſtrate, I would ſtand to his award. He anſwered, "that he would not "preſume to determine what I was to pay." I have already paid him a reaſonable price for his dinner, (ſaid I) and now I demand poſt-horſes according to the king's ordonnance. The aubergiſte ſaid the horſes were ready, but the guides were run away; and he could not find others to go in their place. I argued with

with great vehemence, offering to leave a loui'dore for the poor of the pariſh, provided the conſul would oblige the raſcal to do his duty. The conſul ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and declared it was not in his power. This was a lie, but I perceived he had no mind to diſoblige the publican. If the mules had not been ſent away, I ſhould certainly have not only payed what I thought proper, but corrected the landlord into the bargain, for his inſolence and extortion; but now I was entirely at his mercy, and as the conſul continued to exhort me in very humble terms, to comply with his demands, I thought proper to acquieſce. Then the poſtilions immediately appeared: the crowd ſeemed to exult in the triumph of the aubergiſte; and I was obliged to travel in the night, in very ſevere weather, after all the fatigue and mortification I had undergone.

We lay at Frejus, which was the *Forum Julianum* of the antients, and ſtill boaſts of ſome remains of antiquity; particularly the ruins of an amphitheatre, and an aqueduct. The firſt we paſſed in the dark, and next morning

interſperſed with ſweet marjoram, lavender, thyme, wild thyme, and ſage. On the right-hand the ground ſhoots up into agreeable cones, between which you have delightful viſtas of the Mediterranean, which waſhes the foot of the rock; and between two diviſions of the mountains, there is a bottom watered by a charming ſtream, which greatly adds to the rural beauties of the ſcene.

This night we paſſed at Cannes, a little fiſhing town, agreeably ſituated on the beach of the ſea, and in the ſame place lodged Monſieur Nadeau d'Etrueil, the unfortunate French governor of Guadeloupe, condemned to be impriſoned for life in one of the iſles Muaguerite, which lie within a mile of this coaſt.

Next day we journeyed by the way of Antibes, a ſmall maritime town, tolerably well fortified; and paſſing the little river Loup, over a ſtone-bridge, arrived about noon at the village of St. Laurent, the extremity of France, where we paſſed the Var, after our baggage had undergone examination. From Cannes to this village the road lies along the ſea-ſide; and ſure nothing can be

be more delightful. Though in the morning there was a froſt upon the ground, the ſun was as warm as it is in May in England. The ſea was quite ſmooth, and the beach formed of white poliſhed pebbles; on the left-hand the country was covered with green olives, and the ſide of the road planted with large trees of ſweet myrtle growing wild like the hawthorns in England. From Antibes we had the firſt view of Nice, lying on the oppoſite ſide of the bay, and making a very agreeable appearance. The author of the Grand Tour ſays, that from Antibes to Nice the roads are very bad, through rugged mountains bordered with precipices on the left, and by the ſea to the right; whereas, in fact, there is neither precipice nor mountain near it.

The Var, which divides the county of Nice from Provence, is no other than a torrent fed chiefly by the ſnow that melts on the maritime Alps, from which it takes its origin. In the ſummer it is ſwelled to a dangerous height, and this is alſo the caſe after heavy rains: but at preſent the middle of it is quite dry, and the water divided into

two or three narrow ſtreams, which, however, are both deep and rapid. This river has been abſurdly enough by ſome ſuppoſed the Rubicon, in all probability from the deſcription of that river in the Pharſalia of Lucan, who makes it the boundary betwixt Gaul and Italy—

—et Gallica certus
Limes ab Auſoniis diſterminat arva colonis;

whereas, in fact, the Rubicon, now called Piſatello, runs between Ravenna and Rimini.—But to return to the Var. At the village of St. Laurent, famous for its Muſcadine wines, there is a ſet of guides always in attendance to conduct you in your paſſage over the river. Six of thoſe fellows, tucked up above the middle, with long poles in their hands, took charge of our coach, and by many windings guided it ſafe to the oppoſite ſhore. Indeed there was no occaſion for any; but it is a ſort of a perquiſite, and I did not chooſe to run any riſque, how ſmall ſoever it might be, for the ſake of ſaving half a crown, with which they were ſatisfied. If you do not gratify the ſearchers at St. Laurent

tent with the ſame ſum, they will rummage your trunks, and turn all your cloaths topſy turvy. And here, once for all, I would adviſe every traveller who conſults his own eaſe and convenience, to be liberal of his money to all that ſort of people; and even to wink at the impoſition of aubergiſtes on the road, unleſs it be very flagrant. So ſure as you enter into diſputes with them, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourſelf to no manner of purpoſe. I have travelled with œconomiſts in England, who declared they would rather give away a crown than allow themſelves to be cheated of a farthing. This is a good maxim, but requires a great ſhare of reſolution and ſelf-denial to put in practice in one excurſion. My fellow-traveller was in a paſſion, and of conſequence very bad company from one end of the journey to the other. He was inceſſantly ſcolding either at landlords, landladies, waiters, hoſtlers, or poſtilions. We had bad horſes, and bad chaiſes; ſet out from every ſtage with the curſes of the people; and at this expence I ſaved about ten ſhillings in a journey of a hundred and fifty

miles. For ſuch a paltry conſideration, he was contented to be miſerable himſelf, and to make every other perſon unhappy with whom he had any concern. When I came laſt from Bath it rained ſo hard, that the poſtilion who drove the chaiſe was wet to the ſkin before we had gone a couple of miles. When we arrived at the Devizes, I gave him two ſhillings inſtead of one, out of pure compaſſion. The conſequence of this liberality was, that in the next ſtage we ſeemed rather to fly than to travel upon ſolid ground. I continued my bounty to the ſecond driver, and indeed through the whole journey, and found myſelf accommodated in a very different manner from what I had experienced before. I had elegant chaiſes, with excellent horſes; and the poſtilions of their own accord uſed ſuch diligence, that although the roads were broken by the rain, I travelled at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and my extraordinary expence from Bath to London, amounted preciſely to ſix ſhillings.

The river Var falls into the Mediterranean a little below St. Laurent, about four miles

to the weſtward of Nice. Within the memory of perſons now living, there have been three wooden bridges thrown over it, and as often deſtroyed in conſequence of the jealouſy ſubſiſting between the kings of France and Sardinia; this river being the boundary of their dominions on the ſide of Provence. However, this is a conſideration that ought not to interfere with the other advantages that would accrue to both kingdoms from ſuch a convenience. If there was a bridge over the Var, and a poſt-road made from Nice to Genoa, I am very confident that all thoſe ſtrangers who now paſs the Alps in their way to and from Italy, would chooſe this road as infinitely more ſafe, commodious, and agreeable. This would alſo be the caſe with all thoſe who hire felucas from Marſeilles or Antibes, and expoſe themſelves to the dangers and inconveniences of travelling by ſea in an open boat.

In the afternoon we arrived at Nice, where we found Mr. M——e, the Engliſh gentleman whom I had ſeen at Boulogne, and adviſed to come hither. He had followed my advice, and reached Nice about a month

before my arrival, with his lady, child, and an old gouvernante. He had travelled with his own poſt-chaiſe and horſes, and is now lodged juſt without one of the gates of the city, in the houſe of the count de V——n, for which he pays five loui'dores a month. I could hire one much better in the neighbourhood of London, for the ſame money. Unleſs you will ſubmit to this extortion, and hire a whole houſe for a length of time, you will find no ready-furniſhed lodgings at Nice. After having ſtewed a week in a paltry inn, I have taken a ground floor for ten months at the rate of four hundred livres a year, that is preciſely twenty pounds ſterling, for the Piedmonteſe livre is exactly an Engliſh ſhilling. The apartments are large, lofty, and commodious enough, with two ſmall gardens, in which there is plenty of ſallad, and a great number of oranges and lemons: but as it required ſome time to provide furniture, our conſul Mr. B——d, one of the beſt natured and moſt friendly men in the world, has lent me his lodgings, which are charmingly ſituated by the ſea-ſide, and open upon a terrace, that runs parallel to the beach,

beach, forming part of the town wall. Mr. B——d himſelf lives at Villa Franca, which is divided from Nice by a ſingle mountain, on the top of which there is ſmall fort, called the caſtle of Montalban. Immediately after our arrival we were viſited by one Mr. de Martines, a moſt agreeable young fellow, a lieutenant in the Swiſs regiment, which is here in garriſon. He is a Proteſtant, extremely fond of our nation, and underſtands our language tolerably well. He was particularly recommended to our acquaintance by general P—— and his lady; we are happy in his converſation; find him wonderfully obliging, and extremely ſerviceable on many occaſions. We have likewiſe made acquaintance with ſome other individuals, particularly with Mr. St. Pierre, junior, who is a conſiderable merchant, and conſul for Naples. He is a well-bred, ſenſible young man, ſpeaks Engliſh, is an excellent performer on the lute and mandolin, and has a pretty collection of books. In a word, I hope we ſhall paſs the winter agreeably enough, eſpecially if Mr. M——e ſhould hold out; but I am afraid he is too far gone

in a conſumption to recover. He ſpent the laſt winter at Niſmes, and conſulted F——— at Montpellier. I was impatient to ſee the preſcription, and found it almoſt verbatim the ſame he had ſent to me; although I am perſuaded there is a very eſſential difference between our diſorders. Mr. M———e has been long afflicted with violent ſpaſms, colliquative ſweats, proſtration of appetite, and a diſorder in his bowels. He is likewiſe jaundiced all over, and I am confident his liver is unſound. He tried the tortoiſe ſoup, which he ſaid in a fortnight ſtuffed him up with phlegm. This gentleman has got a ſmattering of phyſic, and I am afraid tampers with his own conſtitution, by means of Brookes's Practice of Phyſic, and ſome diſpenſatories, which he is continually poring over. I beg pardon for this tedious epiſtle, and am,

Very ſincerely, dear Sir,

Your affectionate,

Humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

Nice, January 15, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I Am at laſt ſettled at Nice, and have leiſure to give you ſome account of this very remarkable place. The county of Nice extends about fourſcore miles in length, and in ſome places it is thirty miles broad. It contains ſeveral ſmall towns, and a great number of villages; all of which, this capital excepted, are ſituated among mountains, the moſt extenſive plain of the whole country being this where I now am, in the neighbourhood of Nice. The length of it does not exceed two miles, nor is the breadth of it, in any part, above one. It is bounded by the Mediterranean on the ſouth. From the ſea-ſhore, the maritime Alps begin with hills of a gentle aſcent, riſing into mountains that form a ſweep or amphitheatre ending at Montalban, which over-hangs the town of Villa Franca. On the weſt ſide of this mountain, and in the eaſtern extremity of the amphitheatre, ſtands the city of Nice,

Nice, wedged in between a ſteep rock and the little river Paglion, which deſcends from the mountains, and waſhing the town-walls on the weſt ſide, falls into the ſea, after having filled ſome canals for the uſe of the inhabitants. There is a ſtone-bridge of three arches over it, by which thoſe who come from Provence enter the city. The channel of it is very broad, but generally dry in many places; the water (as in the Var) dividing itſelf into ſeveral ſmall ſtreams. The Paglion being fed by melted ſnow and rain in the mountains, is quite dry in ſummer; but it is ſometimes ſwelled by ſudden rains to a very formidable torrent. This was the caſe in the year 1744, when the French and Spaniſh armies attacked eighteen Piedmonteſe battalions, which were poſted on the ſide of Montalban. The aſſailants were repulſed with the loſs of four thouſand men, ſome hundreds of whom periſhed in repaſſing the Paglion, which had ſwelled to a ſurpriſing degree during the battle, in conſequence of a heavy continued rain. This rain was of great ſervice to the Piedmonteſe, as it prevented one half of the enemy from paſſing the

the river to ſuſtain the other. Five hundred were taken priſoners: but the Piedmonteſe, foreſeeing they ſhould be ſurrounded next day by the French, who had penetrated behind them, by a paſs in the mountains, retired in the night. Being received on board the Engliſh fleet, which lay at Villa Franca, they were conveyed to Oneglia. In examining the bodies of thoſe that were killed in the battle, the inhabitants of Nice perceived, that a great number of the Spaniſh ſoldiers were circumciſed; a circumſtance, from which they concluded, that a great many Jews engage in the ſervice of his Catholic majeſty. I am of a different opinion. The Jews are the leaſt of any people that I know, addicted to a military life. I rather imagine they were of the Mooriſh race, who have ſubſiſted in Spain, ſince the expulſion of their brethren; and though they conform externally to the rites of the Catholic religion, ſtill retain in private their attachment to the law of Mahomet.

The city of Nice is built in form of an irregular iſoſceles triangle, the baſe of which fronts the ſea. On the weſt ſide it is ſurrounded

rounded by a wall and rampart; on the eaſt, it is over-hung by a rock, on which we ſee the ruins of an old caſtle, which, before the invention of artillery, was counted impregnable. It was taken and diſmantled by marechal Catinat, in the time of Victor Amadæus, the father of his Sardinian majeſty. It was afterwards finally demoliſhed by the duke of Berwick towards the latter end of queen Anne's war. To repair it would be a very unneceſſary expence, as it is commanded by Montalban, and ſeveral other eminences.

The town of Nice is altogether indefenſible, and therefore without fortifications. There are only two iron guns upon a baſtion that fronts the beach; and here the French had formed a conſiderable battery againſt the Engliſh cruiſers, in the war of 1744, when the Mareſchal Duke de Belleiſle had his head quarters at Nice. This little town, ſituated in the bay of Antibes, is almoſt equidiſtant from Marſeilles, Turin, and Genoa, the firſt and laſt being about thirty leagues from hence by ſea; and the capital of Piedmont at the ſame diſtance to the northward, over the

the mountains. It lies exactly oppoſite to Capo di Ferro, on the coaſt of Barbary; and the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica are laid down about two degrees to the eaſtward, almoſt exactly in a line with Genoa. This little town, hardly a mile in circumference, is ſaid to contain twelve thouſand inhabitants. The ſtreets are narrow; the houſes are built of ſtone, and the windows in general are fitted with paper inſtead of glaſs. This expedient would not anſwer in a country ſubject to rain and ſtorms; but here, where there is very little of either, the paper lozenges anſwer tolerably well. The bourgeois, however, begin to have their houſes faſhed with glaſs. Between the town-wall and the ſea, the fiſhermen haul up their boats upon the open beach; but on the other ſide of the rock, where the caſtle ſtood, is the port or harbour of Nice, upon which ſome money has been expended. It is a ſmall baſin, defended to ſeaward by a mole of free-ſtone, which is much better contrived than executed: for the ſea has already made three breaches in it; and in all probability, in another winter, the extremity of it will be carried quite away. It would require

require the talents of a very ſkilful architect to lay the foundation of a good mole, on an open beach like this; expoſed to the ſwell of the whole Mediterranean, without any iſland or rock in the offing, to break the force of the waves. Beſides, the ſhore is bold, and the bottom foul. There are ſeventeen feet of water in the baſin, ſufficient to float veſſels of one hundred and fifty ton; and this is chiefly ſupplied by a ſmall ſtream of very fine water; another great convenience for ſhipping. On the ſide of the mole, there is a conſtant guard of ſoldiers, and a battery of ſeven cannon, pointing to the ſea. On the other ſide, there is a curious manufacture for twiſting or reeling ſilk; a tavern, a coffee-houſe, and ſeveral other buildings, for the convenience of the ſea-faring people. Without the harbour, is a lazarette, where perſons coming from infected places, are obliged to perform quarantine. The harbour has been declared a free-port, and it is generally full of tartanes, polacres, and other ſmall veſſels, that come from Sardinia, Ivica, Italy, and Spain, loaded with ſalt, wine, and other commodities; but here is no trade of any great conſequence.

The city of Nice is provided with a ſenate, which adminiſters juſtice under the auſpices of an avocat-general, ſent hither by the king. The internal œconomy of the town is managed by four conſuls; one for the nobleſſe, another for the merchants, a third for the bourgeois, and a fourth for the peaſants. Theſe are choſen annually from the town-council. They keep the ſtreets and markets in order, and ſuperintend the public works. There is alſo an intendant, who takes care of his majeſty's revenue: but there is a diſcretionary power lodged in the perſon of the commandant, who is always an officer of rank in the ſervice, and has under his immediate command the regiment which is here in garriſon. That which is here now is a Swiſs battalion, of which the king has five or ſix in his ſervice. There is likewiſe a regiment of militia, which is exerciſed once a year. But of all theſe particulars, I ſhall ſpeak more fully on another occaſion.

When I ſtand upon the rampart, and look round me, I can ſcarce help thinking myſelf inchanted. The ſmall extent of country which I ſee, is all cultivated like a garden. Indeed,

Indeed, the plain preſents nothing but gardens, full of green trees, loaded with oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots, which make a delightful appearance. If you examine them more nearly, you will find plantations of green peaſe ready to gather; all ſorts of ſallading, and pot-herbs, in perfection; and plats of roſes, carnations, ranunculas, anemonies, and daffodils, blowing in full glory, with ſuch beauty, vigour, and perfume, as no flower in England ever exhibited.

I muſt tell you, that preſents of carnations are ſent from hence, in the winter, to Turin and Paris; nay, ſometimes as far as London, by the poſt. They are packed up in a wooden box, without any ſort of preparation, one preſſed upon another: the perſon who receives them, cuts off a little bit of the ſtalk, and ſteeps them for two hours in vinegar and water, when they recover their full bloom and beauty. Then he places them in water-bottles, in an apartment where they are ſcreened from the ſeverities of the weather; and they will continue freſh and unfaded, the beſt part of a month.

Amidſt

Amidſt the plantations in the neighbourhood of Nice, appear a vaſt number of white *baſtides*, or country-houſes, which make a dazzling ſhew. Some few of theſe are good villas, belonging to the nobleſſe of this country; and even ſome of the bourgeois are provided with pretty lodgeable *caſſines*; but in general, they are the habitations of the peaſants, and contain nothing but miſery and vermin. They are all built ſquare; and, being whitened with lime or plaiſter, contribute greatly to the richneſs of the view. The hills are ſhaded to the tops with olive-trees, which are always green; and thoſe hills are over-topped by more diſtant mountains, covered with ſnow. When I turn myſelf towards the ſea, the view is bounded by the horizon; yet, in a clear morning, one can perceive the high lands of Corſica. On the right hand, it is terminated by Antibes, and the mountain of Eſterelles, which I deſcribed in my laſt. As for the weather, you will conclude, from what I have ſaid of the oranges, flowers, &c. that it muſt be wonderfully mild and ſerene: but of the climate, I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. Let me only

obſerve, *en paſſant*, that the houſes in general have no chimnies, but in their kitchens; and that many people, even of condition, at Nice, have no fire in their chambers, during the whole winter. When the weather happens to be a little more ſharp than uſual, they warm their apartments with a *braſiere* of charcoal.

Though Nice itſelf retains few marks of antient ſplendor, there are conſiderable monuments of antiquity in its neighbourhood. About two ſhort miles from the town, upon the ſummit of a pretty high hill, we find the ruins of the antient city Cemenelion, now called Cimia, which was once the metropolis of the Maritime-Alps, and the ſeat of a Roman preſident. With reſpect to ſituation, nothing could be more agreeable or ſalubrious. It ſtood upon the gentle aſcent and ſummit of a hill, fronting the Mediterranean; from the ſhore of which, it is diſtant about half a league; and, on the other ſide, it overlooked a bottom, or narrow vale, through which the Paglion (antiently called Paulo) runs towards the walls of Nice. It was inhabited by a people, whom Ptolomy

and

a dPliny call the *Vedantij:* but theſe were undoubtedly mixed with a Roman colony, as appears by the monuments which ſtill remain; I mean the ruins of an amphitheatre, a temple of Apollo, baths, aqueducts, ſepulchral, and other ſtones, with inſcriptions, and a great number of medals, which the peaſants have found by accident, in digging and labouring the vineyards and cornfields, which now cover the ground where the city ſtood. Touching this city, very little is to be learned from the antient hiſtorians: but that it was the ſeat of a Roman præſes, is proved by the two following inſcriptions, which are ſtill extant.

P. AELIO. SEVERINO.
V. E. P.
PRAESIDI. OPTIMO.
ORDO. CEMEN.
PATRONO.

This is now in the poſſeſſion of the count de Gubernatis, who has a country-houſe upon the ſpot. The other, found near the ſame place, is in praiſe of the præſes Marcus Aurelius Maſculus.

M. AVRELIO. MASCVLO.
V. E.
OB. EXIMIAM. PRAESIDATVS
EIVS. INTEGRITATEM. ET
EGREGIAM. AD OMNES HOMINES
MANSVETVDINEM. ET. VRGENTIS
ANNONAE. SINCERAM. PRAEBITIONEM.
AC. MVNIFICENTIAM. ET. QVOD. AQVAE
VSVM. VETVSTATE. LABSVM. REQVI-
-SITVM. AC. REPERTVM. SAECVLI
FELICITATE. CVRSVI. PRISTINO
REDDIDERIT.
COLLEG. III.
QVIB. EX. SCC. P. EST
PATRONO. DIGNISS.

This preſident well deſerved ſuch a mark of reſpect from a people whom he had aſſiſted in two ſuch eſſential articles, as their corn and their water. You know, the præſes of a Roman province had the *jus figendi clavi*, the privilege of wearing the *latus clavus*, the *gladius*, *infula*, *prætexta*, *purpura* & *annulus aureus*: he had his *vaſa*, *vehicula*, *apparitores*, *Scipio eburneus*, & *ſella curulis*.

I ſhall give you one more ſepulchral inſcription on a marble, which is now placed over the gate of the church belonging to the convent of St. Pont, a venerable building, which ſtands at the bottom of the hill, fronting the north ſide of the town of Nice. This

St.

St. Pont, or Pontius, was a Roman convert to Chriſtianity, who ſuffered martyrdom at Cemenelion in the year 261, during the reigns of the emperors Valerian and Gallienus. The legends recount ſome ridiculous miracles wrought in favour of this ſaint, both before and after his death. Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, cauſed this monaſtery to be built on the ſpot where Pontius ſuffered decapitation. But to return to the inſcription: it appears in theſe words.

M. M. A.
FLAVIAE. BASILLAE. CONIVG. CARISSIM.
DOM. ROMA. MIRAE. ERGA. MARITVM. AMORIS.
ADQ. CASTITAT. FAEMINAE. QVAE VIXIT
ANN. XXXV. M. III. DIEB. XII. AVRELIVS
RHODISMANVS. AVG. LIB. COMMEM. ALP.
MART. ET. AVRELIA. ROMVLA. FILIA.
IMPATIENTISSIM. DOLOR. EIVS. ADFLICTI
ADQ. DESOLATI. CARISSIM. AC MERENT. FERET.
FEC. ET. DED.

The amphitheatre of Cemenelion is but very ſmall, compared to that of Niſmes. The arena is ploughed up, and bears corn: ſome of the ſeats remain, and part of two oppoſite porticos; but all the columns, and the external façade of the building, are taken

away; ſo that it is impoſſible to judge of the architecture: all that we can perceive is, that it was built in an oval form. About one hundred paces from the amphitheatre ſtood an antient temple, ſuppoſed to have been dedicated to Apollo. The original roof is demoliſhed, as well as the portico; the veſtiges of which may ſtill be traced. The part called the Baſilica, and about one half of the Cella Sanctior, remain, and are converted into the dwelling-houſe and ſtable of the peaſant who takes care of the count de Gubernatis's garden, in which this monument ſtands. In the Cella Sanctior, I found a lean cow, a he-goat, and a jack-aſs; the very ſame conjunction of animals which I had ſeen drawing a plough in Burgundy. Several mutilated ſtatues have been dug up from the ruins of this temple; and a great number of medals have been found in the different vineyards which now occupy the ſpace upon which ſtood the antient city of Cemenelion. Theſe were of gold, ſilver, and braſs. Many of them were preſented to Charles Emanuel I. duke of Savoy. The prince of Monaco has a good number of them

them in his collection; and the reſt are in private hands. The peaſants, in digging, have likewiſe found many urns, lachrymatories, and ſepulchral ſtones, with epitaphs, which are now diſperſed among different convents and private houſes. All this ground is a rich mine of antiquities, which, if properly worked, would produce a great number of valuable curioſities. Juſt by the temple of Apollo were the ruins of a bath, compoſed of great blocks of marble, which have been taken away for the purpoſes of modern building. In all probability, many other noble monuments of this city have been dilapidated by the ſame barbarous œconomy. There are ſome ſubterranean vaults, through which the water was conducted to this bath, ſtill extant in the garden of the count de Gubernatis. Of the aqueduct that conveyed water to the town, I can ſay very little, but that it was ſcooped through a mountain: that this ſubterranean paſſage was diſcovered ſome years ago, by removing the rubbiſh which choaked it up: that the people penetrating a conſiderable way, by the help of lighted torches, found a very plenti-

ful ſtream of water flowing in an aqueduct, as high as an ordinary man, arched over head, and lined with a ſort of cement. They could not, however, trace this ſtream to its ſource; and it is again ſtopped up with earth and rubbiſh. There is not a ſoul in this country, who has either ſpirit or underſtanding to conduct an inquiry of this kind. Hard by the amphitheatre is a convent of Recollets, built in a very romantic ſituation, on the brink of a precipice. On one ſide of their garden, they aſcend to a kind of eſplanade, which they ſay was part of the citadel of Cemenelion. They have planted it with cypreſs-trees, and flowering-ſhrubs. One of the monks told me, that it is vaulted below, as they can plainly perceive by the ſound of their inſtruments uſed in houghing the ground. A very ſmall expence would bring the ſecrets of this cavern to light. They have nothing to do, but to make a breach in the wall, which appears uncovered towards the garden.

The city of Cemenelion was firſt ſacked by the Longobards, who made an irruption into Provence, under their king Alboinus, about

about the middle of the ſixth century. It was afterwards totally deſtroyed by the Saracens, who, at different times, ravaged this whole coaſt. The remains of the people are ſuppoſed to have changed their habitation, and formed a coalition with the inhabitants of Nice.

What further I have to ſay of Nice, you ſhall know in good time; at preſent, I have nothing to add, but what you very well know, that I am always your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

Nice, January 20, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

LAST Sunday I croſſed Montalban on horſeback, with ſome Swiſs officers, on a viſit to our conſul, Mr. B——d, who lives at Ville Franche, about half a league from Nice. It is a ſmall town, built upon the ſide of a rock, at the bottom of the harbour, which is a fine baſin, ſurrounded with hills on every ſide, except to the ſouth, where it lies open to the ſea. If there was a ſmall iſland in the mouth of it, to break off the force of the waves, when the wind is ſoutherly, it would be one of the fineſt harbours in the world; for the ground is exceeding good for anchorage: there is a ſufficient depth of water, and room enough for the whole navy of England. On the right hand, as you enter the port, there is an elegant fanal, or light-houſe, kept in good repair: but in all the charts of this coaſt which

I have ſeen, this lanthorn is laid down to the weſtward of the harbour; an error equally abſurd and dangerous, as it may miſlead the navigator, and induce him to run his ſhip among the rocks, to the eaſtward of the light-houſe, where it would undoubtedly periſh. Oppoſite to the mouth of the harbour is the fort, which can be of no ſervice, but in defending the ſhipping and the town by ſea; for, by land, it is commanded by Montalban, and all the hills in the neighbourhood. In the war of 1744, it was taken and re-taken. At preſent, it is in tolerable good repair. On the left of the fort, is the baſin for the gallies, with a kind of dock, in which they are built, and occaſionally laid up to be refitted. This baſin is formed by a pretty ſtone mole; and here his Sardinian majeſty's two gallies lie perfectly ſecure, moored with their ſterns cloſe to the jetté. I went on board one of theſe veſſels, and ſaw about two hundred miſerable wretches, chained to the banks on which they ſit and row, when the galley is at ſea. This is a ſight which a Britiſh ſubject, ſenſible of the bleſſing he enjoys, cannot behold without horror

ror and compaſſion. Not but that if we conſider the nature of the caſe, with coolneſs and deliberation, we muſt acknowledge the juſtice, and even ſagacity, of employing for the ſervice of the public, thoſe malefactors who have forfeited their title to the privileges of the community. Among the ſlaves at Ville Franche is a Piedmonteſe count, condemned to the gallies for life, in conſequence of having been convicted of forgery.

He is permitted to live on ſhore; and gets money by employing the other ſlaves to knit ſtockings for ſale. He appears always in the Turkiſh habit, and is in a fair way of raiſing a better fortune than that which he has forfeited. It is a great pity, however, and a manifeſt outrage againſt the law of nations, as well as of humanity, to mix with thoſe banditti, the Mooriſh and Turkiſh priſoners who are taken in the proſecution of open war. It is certainly no juſtification of this barbarous practice, that the Chriſtian priſoners are treated as cruelly at Tunis and Algiers. It would be for the honour of Chriſtendom, to ſet an example of generoſity to the Turks; and, if they would not follow it,

it, to join their naval forces, and extirpate at once those nests of pirates, who have so long infested the Mediterranean. Certainly, nothing can be more shameful, than the treaties which France and the Maritime Powers have concluded with those barbarians. They supply them with artillery, arms, and ammunition, to disturb their neighbours. They even pay them a sort of tribute, under the denomination of presents; and often put up with insults tamely, for the sordid consideration of a little gain in the way of commerce. They know that Spain, Sardinia, and almost all the Catholic powers in the Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Levant, are at perpetual war with those Mahometans; that while Algiers, Tunis, and Sallee, maintain armed cruisers at sea, those Christian powers will not run the risque of trading in their own bottoms, but rather employ as carriers the maritime nations, who are at peace with the infidels. It is for our share of this advantage, that we cultivate the piratical States of Barbary, and meanly purchase passports of them, thus acknowledging them masters of the Mediterranean.

The Sardinian gallies are mounted each with five-and-twenty oars, and ſix guns, ſix-pounders, of a ſide, and a large piece of artillery a midſhips, pointing a-head, which (ſo far as I am able to judge) can never be uſed point-blank, without demoliſhing the head or prow of the galley. The accommodation on board for the officers is wretched. There is a paltry cabin in the poop for the commander; but all the other officers lie below the ſlaves, in a dungeon, where they have neither light, air, nor any degree of quiet; half ſuffocated by the heat of the place; tormented by fleas, bugs, and lice; and diſturbed by the inceſſant noiſe over head. The ſlaves lie upon the naked banks, without any other covering than a tilt. This, however, is no great hardſhip, in a climate where there is ſcarce any winter. They are fed with a very ſcanty allowance of bread, and about fourteen beans a day; and twice a week they have a little rice, or cheeſe: but moſt of them, while they are in harbour, knit ſtockings, or do ſome other kind of work, which enables them to make ſome addition to this wretched allowance. When they

they happen to be at ſea in bad weather, their ſituation is truly deplorable. Every wave breaks over the veſſel, and not only keeps them continually wet, but comes with ſuch force, that they are daſhed againſt the banks with ſurpriſing violence: ſometimes their limbs are broke, and ſometimes their brains daſhed out. It is impoſſible (they ſay) to keep ſuch a number of deſperate people under any regular command, without exerciſing ſuch ſeverities as muſt ſhock humanity. It is almoſt equally impoſſible to maintain any tolerable degree of cleanlineſs, where ſuch a number of wretches are crouded together without conveniences, or even the neceſſaries of life. They are ordered twice a week to ſtrip, clean, and bathe themſelves in the ſea: but, notwithſtanding all the precautions of diſcipline, they ſwarm with vermin, and the veſſel ſmells like an hoſpital, or crouded jail. They ſeem, nevertheleſs, quite inſenſible of their miſery, like ſo many convicts in Newgate: they laugh and ſing, and ſwear, and get drunk when they can. When you enter by the ſtern, you are welcomed by a band of muſick ſelected from the ſlaves;

and

and theſe expect a gratification. If you walk forwards, you muſt take care of your pockets. You will be accoſted by one or other of the ſlaves, with a bruſh and blacking-ball for cleaning your ſhoes; and if you undergo this operation, it is ten to one but your pocket is picked. If you decline his ſervice, and keep aloof, you will find it almoſt impoſſible to avoid a colony of vermin, which theſe fellows have a very dextrous method of conveying to ſtrangers. Some of the Turkiſh priſoners, whoſe ranſom or exchange is expected, are allowed to go aſhore, under proper inſpection; and thoſe *forçats*, who have ſerved the beſt part of the time for which they were condemned, are employed in public works, under a guard of ſoldiers. At the harbour of Nice, they are hired by ſhip-maſters to bring ballaſt, and have a ſmall proportion of what they earn, for their own uſe: the reſt belongs to the king. They are diſtinguiſhed by an iron ſhackle about one of their legs. The road from Nice to Ville Franche is ſcarce paſſable on horſeback: a circumſtance the more extraordinary, as thoſe ſlaves, in the ſpace of two or three months, might

even

even make it fit for a carriage, and the king would not be one farthing out of pocket, for they are quite idle the greateſt part of the year.

The gallies go to ſea only in the ſummer. In tempeſtuous weather, they could not live out of port. Indeed, they are good for nothing but in ſmooth water, during a calm; when, by dint of rowing, they make good way. The king of Sardinia is ſo ſenſible of their inutility, that he intends to let his gallies rot; and, in lieu of them, has purchaſed two large frigates in England, one of fifty, and another of thirty guns, which are now in the harbour of Ville Franche. He has alſo procured an Engliſh officer, one Mr. A——, who is ſecond in command on board of one of them, and has the title of captain *conſulteur*, that is, inſtructor to the firſt captain, the marquis de M——i, who knows as little of ſeamanſhip as I do of Arabic.

The king, it is ſaid, intends to have two or three more frigates, and then he will be more than a match for the Barbary corſairs, provided care be taken to man his fleet in a

proper manner: but this will never be done, unleſs he invites foreigners into his ſervice, officers as well as ſeamen; for his own dominions produce neither at preſent. If he is really determined to make the moſt of the maritime ſituation of his dominions, as well as of his alliance with Great-Britain, he ought to ſupply his ſhips with Engliſh mariners, and put a Britiſh commander at the head of his fleet. He ought to erect magazines and docks at Villa Franca; or if there is not conveniency for building, he may at leaſt have pits and wharfs for heaving down and careening; and theſe ought to be under the direction of Engliſhmen, who beſt underſtand all the particulars of marine œconomy. Without all doubt, he will not be able to engage foreigners, without giving them liberal appointments; and their being engaged in his ſervice will give umbrage to his own ſubjects: but, when the buſineſs is to eſtabliſh a maritime power, theſe conſiderations ought to be ſacrificed to reaſons of public utility. Nothing can be more abſurd and unreaſonable, than the murmurs of the Piedmonteſe officers at the preferment of foreigners,

reigners, who execute thoſe things for the advantage of their country, of which they know themſelves incapable. When Mr. P——n was firſt promoted in the ſervice of his Sardinian majeſty, he met with great oppoſition, and numberleſs mortifications, from the jealouſy of the Piedmonteſe officers, and was obliged to hazard his life in many rencounters with them, before they would be quiet. Being a man of uncommon ſpirit, he never ſuffered the leaſt inſult or affront to paſs unchaſtiſed. He had repeated opportunities of ſignalizing his valour againſt the Turks; and by dint of extraordinary merit, and long ſervices, not only attained the chief command of the gallies, with the rank of lieutenant-general, but alſo acquired a very conſiderable ſhare of the king's favour, and was appointed commandant of Nice. His Sardinian majeſty found his account more ways than one, in thus promoting Mr. P——n. He made the acquiſition of an excellent officer, of tried courage and fidelity, by whoſe advice he conducted his marine affairs. This gentleman was perfectly well eſteemed at the court of London. In the

war of 1744, he lived in the utmoſt harmony with the Britiſh admirals who commanded our fleet in the Mediterranean. In conſequence of this good underſtanding, a thouſand occaſional ſervices were performed by the Engliſh ſhips, for the benefit of his maſter, which otherwiſe could not have been done, without a formal application to our miniſtry; in which caſe, the opportunities would have been loſt. I know our admirals had general orders and inſtructions, to cooperate in all things with his Sardinian majeſty; but I know, alſo, by experience, how little theſe general inſtructions avail, when the admiral is not cordially intereſted in the ſervice. Were the king of Sardinia at preſent engaged with England in a new war againſt France, and a Britiſh ſquadron ſtationed upon this coaſt, as formerly, he would find a great difference in this particular. He ſhould therefore carefully avoid having at Nice a Savoyard commandant, utterly ignorant of ſea affairs; unacquainted with the true intereſt of his maſter; proud, and arbitrary; reſerved to ſtrangers, from a prejudice of national jealouſy; and particularly averſe to the Engliſh.

With reſpect to the antient name of Villa Franca, there is a diſpute among antiquarians. It is not at all mentioned in the *Itinerarium* of Antoninus, unleſs it is meant as the port of Nice. But it is more ſurpriſing, that the accurate Strabo, in deſcribing this coaſt, mentions no ſuch harbour. Some people imagine it is the Portus Herculis Monæci. But this is undoubtedly what is now called Monaco; the harbour of which exactly tallies with what Strabo ſays of the Portus Monæci—*neque magnas, neque multas capit naves.* Ptolomy, indeed, ſeems to mention it under the name of Herculis Portus, different from the Portus Monæci. His words are theſe: *poſt vari oſtium ad Liguſtrium mare, maſſilienſium ſunt* Nicæa, *Herculis Portus, Trophæa Auguſti, Monæci Portus.* In that caſe, Hercules was worſhipped both here and at Monaco, and gave his name to both places. But on this ſubject, I ſhall perhaps ſpeak more fully in another letter, after I have ſeen the *Trophæa Auguſti*, now called Tourbia, and the town of Monaco, which laſt is about three leagues from Nice. Here I cannot help taking notice of the following elegant deſcription from the

Pharſalia, which ſeems to have been intended for this very harbour.

Finis et Heſperiæ promoto milite varus,
Quaque ſub Herculeo ſacratus numine Portus
Urget rupe cava Pelagus, non Corus *in illum*
Jus habet, aut Zephirus, *ſolus ſua littora turbat*
Circius, *et tuta prohibet ſtatione Monæci.*

The preſent town of Villa Franca was built and ſettled in the thirteenth century, by order of Charles II. king of the Sicilies, and count of Provence, in order to defend the harbour from the deſcents of the Saracens, who at that time infeſted the coaſt. The inhabitants were removed hither from another town, ſituated on the top of a mountain in the neighbourhood, which thoſe pirates had deſtroyed. Some ruins of the old town are ſtill extant. In order to ſecure the harbour ſtill more effectually, Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, built the fort in the beginning of the laſt century, together with the mole where the gallies are moored. As I ſaid before, Ville Franche is

built

built on the face of a barren rock, waſhed by the ſea; and there is not an acre of plain ground within a mile of it. In ſummer, the reflexion of the ſun from the rocks muſt make it intolerably hot; for even at this time of the year, I walked myſelf into a profuſe ſweat, by going about a quarter of a mile to ſee the gallies.

Pray remember me to our friends at A——'s, and believe me to be ever yours.

LETTER XV.

Nice, January 3, 1764.

MADAM,

IN your favour which I received by Mr. M——l, you remind me of my promiſe, to communicate the remarks I have ſtill to make on the French nation; and at the ſame time you ſignify your opinion, that I am too ſevere in my former obſervations. You even hint a ſuſpicion, that this ſeverity is owing

to ſome perſonal cauſe of reſentment; but I proteſt, I have no particular cauſe of animoſity againſt any individual of that country. I have neither obligation to, nor quarrel with, any ſubject of France; and when I meet with a Frenchman worthy of my eſteem, I can receive him into my friendſhip with as much cordiality, as I could feel for any fellow citizen of the ſame merit. I even reſpect the nation, for the number of great men it has produced in all arts and ſciences. I reſpect the French officers, in particular, for their gallantry and valour; and eſpecially for that generous humanity which they exerciſe towards their enemies, even amidſt the horrors of war. This liberal ſpirit is the only circumſtance of antient chivalry, which I think was worth preſerving. It had formerly flouriſhed in England, but was almoſt extinguiſhed in a ſucceſſion of civil wars, which are always productive of cruelty and rancour. It was Henry IV. of France, (a real knight errant) who revived it in Europe. He poſſeſſed that greatneſs of mind, which can forgive injuries of the deepeſt dye: and as he had alſo the facility

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of diſtinguiſhing characters, he found his account, in favouring with his friendſhip and confidence, ſome of thoſe who had oppoſed him in the field with the moſt inveterate perſeverance. I know not whether he did more ſervice to mankind in general, by reviving the practice of treating his priſoners with generoſity, than he prejudiced his own country by patronizing the abſurd and pernicious cuſtom of duelling, and eſtabliſhing a *punto*, founded in diametrical oppoſition to common ſenſe and humanity.

I have often heard it obſerved, that a French officer is generally an agreeable companion when he is turned of fifty. Without all doubt, by that time, the fire of his vivacity, which makes him ſo troubleſome in his youth, will be conſiderably abated, and in other reſpects, he muſt be improved by his experience. But there is a fundamental error in the firſt principles of his education, which time rather confirms than removes. Early prejudices are for the moſt part converted into habits of thinking; and accordingly you will find the old officers in the French ſervice

more

more bigotted than their juniors, to the punctilios of falſe honour.

A lad of a good family no ſooner enters into the ſervice, than he thinks it incumbent upon him to ſhew his courage in a rencontre. His natural vivacity prompts him to hazard in company every thing that comes uppermoſt, without any reſpect to his ſeniors or betters; and ten to one but he ſays ſomething, which he finds it neceſſary to maintain with his ſword. The old officer, inſtead of checking his petulance, either by rebuke or ſilent diſapprobation, ſeems to be pleaſed with his impertinence, and encourages every ſally of his preſumption. Should a quarrel enſue, and the parties go out, he makes no efforts to compromiſe the diſpute; but ſits with a pleaſing expectation to learn the iſſue of the rencontre. If the young man is wounded, he kiſſes him with tranſport, extols his bravery, puts him into the hands of the ſurgeon, and viſits him with great tenderneſs every day, until he is cured. If he is killed on the ſpot, he ſhrugs up his ſhoulders—ſays, *quelle dommage! c'étoit un aimable enfant! ah, patience!* and in three hours

hours the defunct is forgotten. You know, in France, duels are forbid, on pain of death: but this law is eaſily evaded. The perſon inſulted walks out; the antagoniſt underſtands the hint, and follows him into the ſtreet, where they juſtle as if by accident, draw their ſwords, and one of them is either killed or diſabled, before any effectual means can be uſed to part them. Whatever may be the iſſue of the combat, the magiſtrate takes no cognizance of it; at leaſt, it is interpreted into an accidental rencounter, and no penalty is incurred on either ſide. Thus the purpoſe of the law is entirely defeated, by a moſt ridiculous and cruel connivance. The meereſt trifles in converſation, a raſh word, a diſtant hint, even a look or ſmile of contempt, is ſufficient to produce one of theſe combats; but injuries of a deeper dye, ſuch as terms of reproach, the lie direct, a blow, or even the menace of a blow, muſt be diſcuſſed with more formality. In any of theſe caſes, the parties agree to meet in the dominions of another prince, where they can murder each other, without fear of puniſhment. An officer who is ſtruck, or even

threatened

threatened with a blow, muſt not be quiet, until he either kills his antagoniſt, or loſes his own life. A friend of mine, (a Niſſard) who was in the ſervice of France, told me, that ſome years ago, one of their captains, in the heat of paſſion, ſtruck his lieutenant. They fought immediately: the lieutenant was wounded and diſarmed. As it was an affront that could not be made up, he no ſooner recovered of his wounds, than he called out the captain a ſecond time. In a word, they fought five times before the combat proved deciſive; at laſt, the lieutenant was left dead on the ſpot. This was an event which ſufficiently proved the abſurdity of the punctilio that gave riſe to it. The poor gentleman who was inſulted, and outraged by the brutality of the aggreſſor, found himſelf under the neceſſity of giving him a further occaſion to take away his life. Another adventure of the ſame kind happened a few years ago in this place. A French officer having threatened to ſtrike another, a formal challenge enſued; and it being agreed that they ſhould fight until one of them dropped, each provided himſelf with a couple

ple of pioneers to dig his grave on the ſpot. They engaged juſt without one of the gates of Nice, in preſence of a great number of ſpectators, and fought with ſurpriſing fury, until the ground was drenched with their blood. At length one of them ſtumbled, and fell; upon which the other, who found himſelf mortally wounded, advancing, and dropping his point, ſaid, "*Je te donne ce que tu m'as oté.*" "I give thee that which thou haſt taken from me." So ſaying, he dropped dead upon the field. The other, who had been the perſon inſulted, was ſo dangerouſly wounded, that he could not riſe. Some of the ſpectators carried him forthwith to the beach, and putting him into a boat, conveyed him by ſea to Antibes. The body of his antagoniſt was denied Chriſtian burial, as he died without abſolution, and every body allowed that his ſoul went to hell: but the gentlemen of the army declared, that he died like a man of honour. Should a man be never ſo well inclined to make atonement in a peaceable manner, for an inſult given in the heat of paſſion, or in the fury of intoxication, it cannot be received. Even an in-

voluntary treſpaſs from ignorance, or abſence of mind, muſt be cleanſed with blood. A certain noble lord, of our country, when he was yet a commoner, on his travels, involved himſelf in a dilemma of this ſort, at the court of Lorrain. He had been riding out, and ſtrolling along a public walk, in a brown ſtudy, with his horſe-whip in his hand, perceived a caterpillar crawling on the back of a marquis, who chanced to be before him. He never thought of the *petit maitre*; but lifting up his whip, in order to kill the inſect, laid it acroſs his ſhoulders with a crack, that alarmed all the company in the walk. The marquis's ſword was produced in a moment, and the aggreſſor in great hazard of his life, as he had no weapon of defence. He was no ſooner waked from his reverie, than he begged pardon, and offered to make all proper conceſſions for what he had done through mere inadvertency. The marquis would have admitted his excuſes, had there been any precedent of ſuch an affront waſhed away without blood. A conclave of honour was immediately aſſembled; and after long diſputes, they agreed, that

that an involuntary offence, eſpecially from *ſuch a kind of man, d'un tel homme*, might be attoned by conceſſions. That you may have ſome idea of the ſmall beginning, from which many gigantic quarrels ariſe, I ſhall recount one that lately happened at Lyons, as I had it from the mouth of a perſon who was an ear and eye-witneſs of the tranſaction. Two Frenchmen, at a public ordinary, ſtunned the reſt of the company with their loquacity. At length one of them, with a ſupercilious air, aſked the other's name. "I never tell my name, (ſaid he) but in a whiſper." "You may have very good reaſons for keeping it ſecret," replied the firſt. "I will tell you," (reſumed the other): with theſe words, he roſe; and going round to him, pronounced, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "*Je m'appelle Pierre Payſan; et vous etes un impertinent.*" So ſaying, he walked out: the interrogator followed him into the ſtreet, where they juſtled, drew their ſwords, and engaged. He who aſked the queſtion was run through the body; but his relations were ſo powerful, that the victor was obliged to fly his country.

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He was tried and condemned in his abſence; his goods were confiſcated; his wife broke her heart; his children were reduced to beggary; and he himſelf is now ſtarving in exile. In England, we have not yet adopted all the implacability of the punctilio. A gentleman may be inſulted even with a blow, and ſurvive, after having once hazarded his life againſt the aggreſſor. The laws of honour in our country do not oblige him either to ſlay the perſon from whom he received the injury, or even to fight to the laſt drop of his own blood. One finds no examples of duels among the Romans, who were certainly as brave and as delicate in their notions of honour, as the French. Cornelius Nepos tells us, that a famous Athenian general, having a diſpute with his colleague, who was of Sparta, a man of a fiery diſpoſition, this laſt lifted up his cane to ſtrike him. Had this happened to a French *petit maitre*, death muſt have enſued: but mark what followed.—The Athenian, far from reſenting the outrage, in what is now called a gentleman-like manner, ſaid, "do, ſtrike if you pleaſe; but hear me." He never dreamed

dreamed of cutting the Lacedemonian's throat; but bore with his paſſionate temper, as the infirmity of a friend who had a thouſand good qualities to overbalance that defect.

I need not expatiate upon the folly and the miſchief which are countenanced and promoted by the modern practice of duelling. I need not give examples of friends who have murdered each other, in obedience to this ſavage cuſtom, even while their hearts were melting with mutual tenderneſs; nor will I particularize the inſtances which I myſelf know, of whole families ruined, of women and children made widows and orphans, of parents deprived of only ſons, and of valuable lives loſt to the community, by duels, which had been produced by one unguarded expreſſion, uttered without intention of offence, in the heat of diſpute and altercation. I ſhall not inſiſt upon the hardſhip of a worthy man's being obliged to devote himſelf to death, becauſe it is his misfortune to be inſulted by a brute, a bully, a drunkard, or a madman: neither will I enlarge upon this ſide of the abſurdity, which indeed amounts to a contradiction in terms; I mean the dilemma to which a gentleman

in the army is reduced, when he receives an affront: if he does not challenge and fight his antagoniſt, he is broke with infamy by a court-martial; if he fights and kills him, he is tried by the civil power, convicted of murder, and, if the royal mercy does not interpoſe, he is infallibly hanged: all this, excluſive of the riſque of his own life in the duel, and his conſcience being burthened with the blood of a man, whom perhaps he has ſacrificed to a falſe punctilio, even contrary to his own judgment. Theſe are reflections which I know your own good ſenſe will ſuggeſt, but I will make bold to propoſe a remedy for this gigantic evil, which ſeems to gain ground every day: let a court be inſtituted for taking cognizance of all breaches of honour, with power to puniſh by fine, pillory, ſentence of infamy, outlawry, and exile, by virtue of an act of parliament made for this purpoſe; and all perſons inſulted, ſhall have recourſe to this tribunal: let every man who ſeeks perſonal reparation with ſword, piſtol, or other inſtrument of death, be declared infamous, and baniſhed the kingdom: let every man, convicted of having uſed

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a ſword or piſtol, or other mortal weapon, againſt another, either in duel or rencountre, occaſioned by any previous quarrel, be ſubject to the ſame penalties: if any man is killed in a duel, let his body be hanged upon a public gibbet, for a certain time, and then given to the ſurgeons: let his antagoniſt be hanged as a murderer, and diſſected alſo; and ſome mark of infamy be ſet on the memory of both. I apprehend ſuch regulations would put an effectual ſtop to the practice of duelling, which nothing but the fear of infamy can ſupport; for I am perſuaded, that no being, capable of reflection, would proſecute the trade of aſſaſſination at the riſque of his own life, if this hazard was at the ſame time reinforced by the certain proſpect of infamy and ruin. Every perſon of ſentiment would in that caſe allow, that an officer, who in a duel robs a deſerving woman of her huſband, a number of children of their father, a family of its ſupport, and the community of a fellow citizen, has as little merit to plead from expoſing his own perſon, as a highwayman, or houſebreaker, who every day riſques his life to rob or plunder that

which is not of half the importance to ſociety. I think it was from the Buccaneers of America, that the Engliſh have learned to aboliſh one ſoleciſm in the practice of duelling: thoſe adventurers decided their perſonal quarrels with piſtols; and this improvement has been adopted in Great Britain with good ſucceſs; though in France, and other parts of the continent, it is looked upon as a proof of their barbarity. It is, however, the only circumſtance of duelling, which favours of common ſenſe, as it puts all mankind upon a level, the old with the young, the weak with the ſtrong, the unwieldy with the nimble, and the man who knows not how to hold a ſword with the *ſpadaſſin*, who has practiſed fencing from the cradle. What glory is there in a man's vanquiſhing an adverſary over whom he has a manifeſt advantage? To abide the iſſue of a combat in this caſe, does not even require that moderate ſhare of reſolution which nature has indulged to her common children. Accordingly, we have ſeen many inſtances of a coward's provoking a man of honour to battle. In the reign of our ſecond Charles, when duels flouriſhed in

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all their abſurdity, and the ſeconds fought while their principals were engaged, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, not content with having debauched the counteſs of Shrewſbury, and publiſhing her ſhame, took all opportunities of provoking the earl to ſingle combat, hoping he ſhould have an eaſy conqueſt, his lordſhip being a puny little creature, quiet, inoffenſive, and every way unfit for ſuch perſonal conteſts. He ridiculed him on all occaſions; and at laſt declared in public company, that there was no glory in cuckolding Shrewſbury, who had not ſpirit to reſent the injury. This was an inſult which could not be overlooked. The earl ſent him a challenge; and they agreed to fight, at Barns-Elms, in preſence of two gentlemen, whom they choſe for their ſeconds. All the four engaged at the ſame time: the firſt thruſt was fatal to the earl of Shrewſbury; and his friend killed the duke's ſecond at the ſame inſtant. Buckingham, elated with his exploit, ſet out immediately for the earl's ſeat at Cliefden, where he lay with his wife, after having boaſted of the murder of her huſband, whoſe blood he ſhewed her upon his ſword,

as a trophy of his proweſs. But this very duke of Buckingham was little better than a poltroon at bottom. When the gallant earl of Oſſory challenged him to fight in Chelſea fields, he croſſed the water to Batterſea, where he pretended to wait for his lordſhip; and then complained to the houſe of lords, that Oſſory had given him the rendezvous, and did not keep his appointment. He knew the houſe would interpoſe in the quarrel, and he was not diſappointed. Their lordſhips obliged them both to give their word of honour, that their quarrel ſhould have no other conſequences.

I ought to make an apology for having troubled a lady with ſo many obſervations on a ſubject ſo unſuitable to the ſoftneſs of the fair ſex; but I know you cannot be indifferent to any thing that ſo nearly affects the intereſts of humanity, which I can ſafely aver have alone ſuggeſted every thing which has been ſaid, by

Madam,

Your very humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

Nice, May 2, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR,

A Few days ago, I rode out with two gentlemen of this country, to ſee a ſtream of water which was formerly conveyed in an aqueduct to the antient city of Cemenelion, from whence this place is diſtant about a mile, though ſeparated by abrupt rocks and deep hollows, which laſt are here honoured with the name of vallies. The water, which is exquiſitely cool, and light and pure, guſhes from the middle of a rock by a hole which leads to a ſubterranean aqueduct carried through the middle of the mountain. This is a Roman work, and the more I conſidered it, appeared the more ſtupendous. A peaſant who lives upon the ſpot told us, he had entered by this hole at eight in the morning, and advanced ſo far, that it was four in the afternoon before he came out. He ſaid he walked in the water, through a regular ca-

nal formed of a hard ſtone, lined with a kind of cement, and vaulted over-head; but ſo high in moſt parts he could ſtand upright, yet in others, the bed of the canal was ſo filled with earth and ſtones, that he was obliged to ſtoop in paſſing. He ſaid that there were air-holes at certain diſtances (and indeed I ſaw one of theſe not far from the preſent iſſue) that there were ſome openings and ſtone ſeats on the ſides, and here and there figures of men formed of ſtone, with hammers and working tools in their hands. I am apt to believe the fellow romanced a little, in order to render his adventure the more marvellous: but I am certainly informed, that ſeveral perſons have entered this paſſage, and proceeded a conſiderable way by the light of torches, without arriving at the ſource, which (if we may believe the tradition of the country) is at the diſtance of eight leagues from this opening; but this is altogether incredible. The ſtream is now called *la fontaine de muraille*, and is carefully conducted by different branches into the adjacent vineyards and gardens, for watering the ground. On the ſide of the ſame mountain, more ſoutherly,

at the diſtance of half a mile, there is another ſtill more copious diſcharge of the ſame kind of water, called *la ſource du temple*. It was conveyed through the ſame kind of paſſage, and put to the ſame uſe as the other; and I ſhould imagine they are both from the ſame ſource, which, though hitherto undiſcovered, muſt be at a conſiderable diſtance, as the mountain is continued for ſeveral leagues to the weſtward, without exhibiting the leaſt ſigns of water in any other part. But, excluſive of the ſubterranean conduits, both theſe ſtreams muſt have been conveyed through aqueducts extending from hence to Cemenelion over ſteep rocks and deep ravines, at a prodigious expence. The water from this *ſource du temple*, iſſues from a ſtone building which covers the paſſage in the rock. It ſerves to turn ſeveral olive, corn, and paper mills, being conveyed through a modern aqueduct raiſed upon a paultry arcade at the expence of the public, and afterwards is branched off in very ſmall ſtreams, for the benefit of this parched and barren country. The Romans were ſo uſed to bathing, that they could not exiſt without a great quantity

tity of water; and this, I imagine, is one reaſon that induced them to ſpare no labour and expence in bringing it from a diſtance, when they had not plenty of it at home. But, beſides this motive, they had another: they were ſo nice and delicate in their taſte of water, that they took great pains to ſupply themſelves with the pureſt and lighteſt from afar, for drinking and culinary uſes, even while they had plenty of an inferior ſort for their baths, and other domeſtic purpoſes. There are ſprings of good water on the ſpot where Cemenelion ſtood: but there is a hardneſs in all well-water, which quality is depoſited in running a long courſe, eſpecially if expoſed to the influence of the ſun and air. The Romans, therefore, had good reaſon to ſoften and meliorate this element, by conveying it a good length of way in open aqueducts. What was uſed in the baths of Cemenelion, they probably brought in leaden pipes, ſome of which have been dug up very lately by accident. You muſt know, I made a ſecond excurſion to theſe antient ruins, and meaſured the arena of the amphitheatre with packthread. It is an oval figure; the longeſt

diameter

diameter extending to about one hundred and thirteen feet, and the ſhorteſt to eighty-eight; but I will not anſwer for the exactneſs of the meaſurement. In the center of it, there was a ſquare ſtone, with an iron ring, to which I ſuppoſe the wild beaſts were tied, to prevent their ſpringing upon the ſpectators. Some of the ſeats remain, with two oppoſite entrances, conſiſting each of one large gate, and two lateral ſmaller doors, arched: there is alſo a conſiderable portion of the external wall; but no columns, or other ornaments of architecture. Hard by, in the garden of the count de Gubernatis, I ſaw the remains of a bath, fronting the portal of the temple, which I have deſcribed in a former letter; and here were ſome ſhafts of marble pillars, particularly a capital of the Corinthian order, beautifully cut, of white alabaſter. Here the count found a large quantity of fine marble, which he has converted to various uſes; and ſome mutilated ſtatues, bronze as well as marble. The peaſant ſhewed me ſome braſs and ſilver medals, which he has picked up at different times in labouring the ground; together with ſeveral oblong beads of coloured glaſs,

glaſs, which were uſed as ear-rings by the Roman ladies; and a ſmall ſeal of agate, very much defaced. Two of the medals were of Maximian and Gallienus; the reſt were ſo conſumed, that I could not read the legend. You know, that on public occaſions, ſuch as games, and certain ſacrifices, handfuls of medals were thrown among the people; a practice, which accounts for the great number which have been already found in this diſtrict. I ſaw ſome ſubterranean paſſages, which ſeemed to have been common-ſewers; and a great number of old walls ſtill ſtanding along the brink of a precipice, which overhangs the Paglion. The peaſants tell me, that they never dig above a yard in depth, without finding vaults or cavities. All the vineyards and garden-grounds, for a conſiderable extent, are vaulted underneath; and all the ground that produces their grapes, fruit, and garden-ſtuff, is no more than the crumbled lime and rubbiſh of old Roman buildings, mixed with manure brought from Nice. This antient town commanded a moſt noble proſpect of the ſea; but is altogether inacceſſible by any kind of wheel carriage.

If

If you make ſhift to climb to it on horſeback, you cannot deſcend to the plain again, without running the riſk of breaking your neck.

About ſeven or eight miles on the other ſide of Nice, are the remains of another Roman monument, which has greatly ſuffered from the barbarity of ſucceſſive ages. It was a trophy erected by the ſenate of Rome, in honour of Auguſtus Cæſar, when he had totally ſubdued all the ferocious nations of theſe Maritime Alps; ſuch as the Trumpilini Camuni, Vennonetes, Iſnarci, Breuni, &c. It ſtands upon the top of a mountain which overlooks the town of Monaco, and now exhibits the appearance of an old ruined tower. There is a deſcription of what it was, in an Italian manuſcript, by which it appears to have been a beautiful edifice of two ſtories, adorned with columns and trophies in alto relievo, with a ſtatue of Auguſtus Cæſar on the top. On one of the ſides was an inſcription, ſome words of which are ſtill legible, upon the fragment of a marble found cloſe to the old building: but the whole is preſerved in Pliny, who gives it in theſe words. lib. iii. cap. 20.

IMPE-

IMPERATORI CAESARI DIVI. F. AVG. PONT. MAX. IMP. XIV. TRIBVNIC. POTEST. XVIII. S. P. Q. R.
QVOD EIVS DVCTV, AVSPICIISQ. GENTES ALPINÆ OMNES, QVÆ A MARI SVPERO AD INFERVM PERTI-NEBANT, SVB IMPERIVM PO. RO. SVNT REDAC. GENTES ALPINÆ DEVICTÆ. TRVMPILINI CAMV-NI, VENNONETES, ISNARCI, BREVNI, NAVNES, FOCVNATES, VINDELICORVM GENTES QVATVOR, CONSVANETES, VIRVCINATES, LICATES, CATE-NATES, ABISONTES, RVGVSCI, SVANETES, CA-LVCONES, BRIXENTES, LEPONTII, VIBERI, NAN-TVATES, SEDVNI, VERAGRI, SALASSI, ACITAVONES MEDVLLI, VCINI, CATVRIGES, BRIGIANI, SOGI-VNTII, EBRODVNTII, NEMALONES, EDENETES, ESVBIANI, VEAMINI, GALLITÆ, TRIVLLATI, ECTINI, VERGVNNI, EGVITVRI. NEMENTVRI, ORATELLI, NERVSCI, VELAVNI, SVETRI.

Pliny, however, is miſtaken in placing this inſcription on a trophy near the *Auguſta prætoria*, now called *Aoſta*, in Piedmont: where, indeed, there is a triumphal arch, but no inſcription. This noble monument of antiquity was firſt of all deſtroyed by fire; and afterwards, in Gothic times, converted into a kind of fortification. The marbles belonging to it were either employed in adorning the church of the adjoining village,

village *, which is ſtill called Turbia, a corruption of Trophæa; or converted into tomb-ſtones, or carried off to be preſerved in one or two churches of Nice. At preſent, the work has the appearance of a ruinous watch-tower, with Gothic battlements; and as ſuch ſtands undiſtinguiſhed by thoſe who travel by by ſea from hence to Genoa, and other ports of Italy. I think I have now deſcribed all the antiquities in the neighbourhood of Nice, except ſome catacombs or caverns, dug in a rock at St. Hoſpice, which Buſching, in his geography, has deſcribed as a ſtrong town and ſea-port, though in fact, there is not the leaſt veſtige either of town or village. It is

* This was formerly a conſiderable town called Villa Martis, and pretends to the honour of having given birth to Aulus Helvius, who ſucceeded Commodus as emperor of Rome, by the name of Pertinax, which he acquired from his obſtinate refuſal of that dignity, when it was forced upon him by the ſenate. You know this man, though of very low birth, poſſeſſed many excellent qualities, and was baſely murdered by the prætorian guards, at the inſtigation of Didius Julianus. For my part, I could never read without emotion, that celebrated elogium of the ſenate who exclaimed after his death, *Pertinace imperante, ſecuri vixímus, neminem timuimus, patre pio, patre ſenatus, patre omnium bonorum.*

a point of land almoſt oppoſite to the tower of Turbia, with the mountains of which it forms a bay, where there is a great and curious fiſhery of the tunny fiſh, farmed of the king of Sardinia. Upon this point there is a watch-tower ſtill kept in repair, to give notice to the people in the neighbourhood, in caſe any Barbary corſairs ſhould appear on the coaſt. The catacombs were in all probability dug, in former times, as places of retreat for the inhabitants upon ſudden deſcents of the Saracens, who greatly infeſted theſe ſeas for ſeveral ſucceſſive centuries. Many curious perſons have entered them and proceeded a conſiderable way by torch-light, without arriving at the further extremity; and the tradition of the country is, that they reach as far as the ancient city of Cemenelion; but this is an idle ſuppoſition, almoſt as ridiculous as that which aſcribes them to the labour and ingenuity of the fairies: they conſiſt of narrow ſubterranean paſſages, vaulted with ſtone and lined with cement. Here and there one finds detached apartments like ſmall chambers, where I ſuppoſe the people remained concealed till the danger

danger was over. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the antient inhabitants of this country uſually lived under ground. "*Ligures in terrâ cubant ut plurimum; plures ad cava ſaxa ſpeluncaſque ab natura factas, ubi tegantur corpora, divertunt.*" This was likewiſe the cuſtom of the Troglodytæ, a people bordering upon Æthiopia, who, according to Ælian, lived in ſubterranean caverns; from whence, indeed, they took their name τρωγλη, ſignifying a cavern; and Virgil, in his Georgics, deſcribes them thus:

"*Ipſi in defoſſis ſpecubus, ſecura ſub alta*
"*Ocia agunt terra.*"——

Theſe are dry ſubjects; but ſuch as the country affords. If we have not white paper, we muſt ſnow with brown. Even that which I am now ſcrawling may be uſeful, if not entertaining: it is therefore the more confidently offered by,

Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately.

LETTER XVII.

Nice, July 2, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

NICE was originally a colony from Marſeilles. You know the Phocians (if we may believe Juſtin and Polybius) ſettled in Gaul, and built Marſeilles, during the reign of Tarquinius Priſcus at Rome. This city flouriſhed to ſuch a degree, that long before the Romans were in a condition to extend their dominion, it ſent forth colonies, and eſtabliſhed them along the coaſt of Liguria. Of theſe, Nice, or Nicæa, was one of the moſt remarkable; ſo called, in all probability, from the Greek word Νικὴ, ſignifying *Victoria*, in conſequence of ſome important victory obtained over the Salij and Ligures, who were the antient inhabitants of this country. Nice, with its mother city, being in the ſequel ſubdued by the Romans, fell afterwards ſucceſſively under the dominion of the Goths, Burgundians, and Franks, the

the kings of Arles, and the kings of Naples, as counts of Provence. In the year one thouſand three hundred and eighty-eight, the city and county of Nice being but ill protected by the family of Durazzo, voluntarily ſurrendered themſelves to Amadæus, ſurnamed the Red, duke of Savoy; and ſince that period, they have continued as part of that potentate's dominions, except at ſuch times as they have been over-run and poſſeſſed by the power of France, which hath always been a troubleſome neighbour to this country. The caſtle was begun by the Arragonian counts of Provence, and afterwards enlarged by ſeveral ſucceſſive dukes of Savoy, ſo as to be deemed impregnable, until the modern method of beſieging began to take place. A fruitleſs attempt was made upon it in the year one thouſand five hundred and forty-three, by the French and Turks in conjunction: but it was reduced ſeveral times after that period, and is now in ruins. The celebrated engineer Vauban, being commanded by Louis XIV. to give in a plan for fortifying Nice, propoſed, that the river Paglion ſhould be turned into a new channel, ſo as

to ſurround the town to the north, and fall into the harbour; that where the Paglion now runs to the weſtward of the city walls, there ſhould be a deep ditch to be filled with ſea-water; and that a fortreſs ſhould be built to the weſtward of this foſſe. Theſe particulars might be executed at no very great expence; but, I apprehend, they would be ineffectual, as the town is commanded by every hill in the neighbourhood; and the exhalations from ſtagnating ſea-water would infallibly render the air unwholeſome. Notwithſtanding the undoubted antiquity of Nice, very few monuments of that antiquity now remain. The inhabitants ſay, they were either deſtroyed by the Saracens in their ſucceſſive deſcents upon the coaſt, by the barbarous nations in their repeated incurſions, or uſed in fortifying the caſtle, as well as in building other edifices. The city of Cemenelion, however, was ſubject to the ſame diſaſters, and even entirely ruined; nevertheleſs, we ſtill find remains of its antient ſplendor. There have been likewiſe a few ſtones found at Nice, with antient inſcriptions; but there is nothing of this kind ſtanding, unleſs

leſs we give the name of antiquity to a marble croſs on the road to Provence, about half a mile from the city. It ſtands upon a pretty high pedeſtal with ſteps, under a pretty ſtone cupola or dome, ſupported by four Ionic pillars, on the ſpot where Charles V. emperor of Germany, Francis I. of France, and pope Paul II. agreed to have a conference, in order to determine all their diſputes. The emperor came hither by ſea, with a powerful fleet, and the French king by land, at the head of a numerous army. All the endeavours of his holineſs, however, could not effect a peace; but they agreed to a truce of ten years. Mezerai affirms, that theſe two great princes never ſaw one another on this occaſion; and that this ſhyneſs was owing to the management of the pope, whoſe private deſigns might have been fruſtrated, had they come to a perſonal interview. In the front of the colonade, there is a ſmall ſtone, with an inſcription in Latin, which is ſo high, and ſo much defaced, that I cannot read it.

In the ſixteenth century there was a college erected at Nice, by Emanuel Philibert,

duke of Savoy, for granting degrees to ſtudents of law; and in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and fourteen, Charles Emanuel I. inſtituted the ſenate of Nice; conſiſting of a preſident, and a certain number of ſenators, who are diſtinguiſhed by their purple robes, and other enſigns of authority. They adminiſter juſtice, having the power of life and death, not only through the whole county of Nice, but cauſes are evoked from Oneglia, and ſome other places, to their tribunal, which is the *dernier reſort*, from whence there is no appeal. The commandant, however, by virtue of his military power and unreſtricted authority, takes upon him to puniſh individuals by impriſonment, corporal pains, and baniſhment, without conſulting the ſenate, or indeed, obſerving any form of trial. The only redreſs againſt any unjuſt exerciſe of this abſolute power, is by complaint to the king; and you know, what chance a poor man has for being redreſſed in this manner.

With reſpect to religion, I may ſafely ſay, that here ſuperſtition reigns under the darkeſt ſhades of ignorance and prejudice. I think there

there are ten convents and three nunneries within and without the walls of Nice; and among them all, I never could hear of one man who had made any tolerable advances in any kind of human learning. All eccleſiaſtics are exempted from any exertion of civil power, being under the immediate protection and authority of the biſhop, or his vicar. The biſhop of Nice is ſuffragan of the archbiſhop of Ambrun in France; and the revenues of the ſee amount to between five and ſix hundred pounds ſterling. We have likewiſe an office of the inquiſition, though I do not hear that it preſumes to execute any acts of juriſdiction, without the king's ſpecial permiſſion. All the churches are ſanctuaries for all kinds of criminals, except thoſe guilty of high treaſon; and the prieſts are extremely jealous of their privileges in this particular. They receive, with open arms, murderers, robbers, ſmugglers, fraudulent bankrupts, and felons of every denomination; and never give them up, until after having ſtipulated for their lives and liberty. I need not enlarge upon the pernicious conſequences of this infamous prero-

gative, calculated to raiſe and extend the power and influence of the Roman church, on the ruins of morality and good order. I ſaw a fellow, who had three days before murdered his wife in the laſt month of pregnancy, taking the air with great compoſure and ſerenity, on the ſteps of a church in Florence; and nothing is more common, than to ſee the moſt execrable villains diverting themſelves in the cloyſters of ſome convents at Rome.

Nice abounds with nobleſſe, marquiſſes, counts, and barons. Of theſe, three or four families are really reſpectable: the reſt are *novi homines*, ſprung from Bourgeois, who have ſaved a little money by their different occupations, and raiſed themſelves to the rank of nobleſſe by purchaſe. One is deſcended from an avocat; another from an apothecary; a third from a retailer of wine, a fourth from a dealer in anchovies; and I am told, there is actually a count at Villefranche, whoſe father ſold macaroni in the ſtreets. A man in this country may buy a marquiſate, or a county, for the value of three or four hundred pounds ſterling, and the

the title follows the fief: but he may purchaſe *lettres de nobleſſe* for about thirty or forty guineas. In Savoy, there are ſix hundred families of nobleſſe; the greater part of which have not above one hundred crowns a year to maintain their dignity. In the mountains of Piedmont, and even in this county of Nice, there are ſome repreſentatives of very antient and noble families, reduced to the condition of common peaſants; but they ſtill retain the antient pride of their houſes, and boaſt of the noble blood that runs in their veins. A gentleman told me, that in travelling through the mountains, he was obliged to paſs a night in the cottage of one of theſe ruſticated nobles, who called to his ſon in the evening, "*Chevalier, as tu donné a manger aux cochons.*" This, however, is not the caſe with the nobleſſe of Nice. Two or three of them have about four or five hundred a year: the reſt, in general, may have about one hundred piſtoles, ariſing from the ſilk, oil, wine, and oranges, produced in their ſmall plantations, where they have alſo country houſes. Some few of theſe are well built, commodious, and agreeably ſituated; but, for the moſt

moſt part, they are miſerable enough. Our nobleſſe, notwithſtanding their origin, and the cheap rate at which their titles have been obtained, are neverthéleſs extremely tenacious of their privileges, very delicate in maintaining the *etiquette*, and keep at a very ſtately diſtance from the Bourgeoiſie. How they live in their families, I do not chooſe to enquire; but, in public, Madame appears in her robe of gold, or ſilver ſtuff, with her powder and friſure, her perfumes, her paint and her patches; while Monſieur Le Comte ſtruts about in his lace and embroidery. Rouge and fard are more peculiarly neceſſary in this country, where the complexion and ſkin are naturally ſwarthy and yellow. I have likewiſe obſerved, that moſt of the females are pot-bellied; a circumſtance owing, I believe, to the great quantity of vegetable traſh which they eat. All the horſes, mules, aſſes, and cattle, which feed upon graſs, have the ſame diſtenſion. This kind of food produces ſuch acid juices in the ſtomach, as excite a perpetual ſenſe of hunger. I have been often amazed at the voracious appetites of theſe people. You muſt not

expect

expect that I ſhould deſcribe the tables and the hoſpitality of our Niſſard gentry. Our conſul, who is a very honeſt man, told me, he had lived four and thirty years in the country, without having once eat or drank in any of their houſes.

The nobleſſe of Nice cannot leave the country without expreſs leave from the king; and this leave, when obtained, is for a limited time, which they dare not exceed, on pain of incurring his majeſty's diſpleaſure. They muſt, therefore, endeavour to find amuſements at home; and this, I apprehend, would be no eaſy taſk for people of an active ſpirit or reſtleſs diſpoſition. True it is, the religion of the country ſupplies a never-failing fund of paſtime to thoſe who have any reliſh for devotion; and this is here a prevailing taſte. We have had tranſient viſits of a puppet-ſhew, ſtrolling muſicians, and rope-dancers; but they did not like their quarters, and decamped without beat of drum. In the ſummer, about eight or nine at night, part of the nobleſſe may be ſeen aſſembled in a place called the Parc; which is, indeed, a ſort of a ſtreet formed

by a row of very paltry houſes on one ſide, and on the other, by part of the town-wall, which ſcreens it from a proſpect of the ſea, the only object that could render it agreeable. Here you may perceive the nobleſſe ſtretched in pairs upon logs of wood, like ſo many ſeals upon the rocks by moon-light, each dame with her *cicisbeo*: for, you muſt underſtand, this Italian faſhion prevails at Nice among all ranks of people; and there is not ſuch a paſſion as jealouſy known. The huſband and the *cicisbeo* live together as ſworn brothers; and the wife and the miſtreſs embrace each other with marks of the warmeſt affection. I do not chooſe to enter into particulars. I cannot open the ſcandalous chronicle of Nice, without hazard of contamination. With reſpect to delicacy and decorum, you may peruſe dean Swift's deſcription of the Yahoos, and then you will have ſome idea of the *ſporcherie*, that diſtinguiſhes the gallantry of Nice. But the Parc is not the only place of public reſort for our nobleſſe in a ſummer's evening. Juſt without one of our gates, you will find them ſeated in ditches on the highway ſide, ſerenaded with

with the croaking of frogs, and the bells and braying of mules and aſſes continually paſſing in a perpetual cloud of duſt. Beſides theſe amuſements, there is a public *converſazione* every evening at the commandant's houſe called the Government, where thoſe noble perſonages play at cards for farthings. In carnival time, there is alſo, at this ſame government, a ball twice or thrice a week, carried on by ſubſcription. At this aſſembly every perſon, without diſtinction, is permitted to dance in maſquerade: but, after dancing, they are obliged to unmaſk, and if Bourgeois, to retire. No individual can give a ball, without obtaining a permiſſion and guard of the commandant; and then his houſe is open to all maſques, without diſtinction, who are provided with tickets, which tickets are ſold by the commandant's ſecretary, at five ſols a-piece, and delivered to the guard at the door. If I have a mind to entertain my particular friends, I cannot have more than a couple of violins; and, in that caſe, it is called a *converſazione*.

Though the king of Sardinia takes all opportunities to diſtinguiſh the ſubjects of

Great-Britain with particular marks of reſpect, I have ſeen enough to be convinced, that our nation is looked upon with an evil eye by the people of Nice; and this ariſes partly from religious prejudices, and partly from envy, occaſioned by a ridiculous notion of our ſuperior wealth. For my own part, I owe them nothing on the ſcore of civilities; and therefore, I ſhall ſay nothing more on the ſubject, leſt I ſhould be tempted to deviate from that temperance and impartiality which I would fain hope have hitherto characteriſed the remarks of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Nice, May 2, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Wrote in May to Mr. B—— at Geneva, and gave him what information he deſired to have, touching the conveniences of Nice. I ſhall now enter into the ſame detail, for the benefit of ſuch of your friends or patients, as may have occaſion to try this climate.

The journey from Calais to Nice, of four perſons in a coach, or two poſt-chaiſes, with a ſervant on horſeback, travelling poſt, may be performed with eaſe, for about one hundred and twenty pounds, including every expence. Either at Calais or at Paris, you will always find a travelling coach or berline, which you may buy for thirty or forty guineas, and this will ſerve very well to reconvey you to your own country.

In the town of Nice, you will find no ready-furniſhed lodgings for a whole family.

Juſt

Juſt without one of the gates, there are two houſes to be let, ready-furniſhed, for about five loui'dores per month. As for the country houſes in this neighbourhood, they are damp in winter, and generally without chimnies; and in ſummer they are rendered uninhabitable by the heat and the vermin. If you hire a tenement in Nice, you muſt take it for a year certain; and this will coſt you about twenty pounds ſterling. For this price, I have a ground floor paved with brick, conſiſting of a kitchen, two large halls, a couple of good rooms with chimnies, three large cloſets that ſerve for bed-chambers, and dreſſing-rooms, a butler's room, and three apartments for ſervants lumber or ſtores, to which we aſcend by narrow wooden ſtairs. I have likewiſe two ſmall gardens, well ſtocked with oranges, lemons, peaches, figs, grapes, corinths, ſallad, and pot-herbs. It is ſupplied with a draw-well of good water, and there is another in the veſtibule of the houſe, which is cool, large, and magnificent. You may hire furniture for ſuch a tenement, for about two guineas a month: but I choſe rather to buy what was neceſſary; and

and this coſt me about ſixty pounds. I ſuppoſe it will fetch me about half the money when I leave the place. It is very difficult to find a tolerable cook at Nice. A common maid, who ſerves the people of the country, for three or four livres a month, will not live with an Engliſh family under eight or ten. They are all ſlovenly, ſlothful, and unconſcionable cheats. The markets at Nice are tolerably well ſupplied. Their beef, which comes from Piedmont, is pretty good, and we have it all the year. In the winter, we have likewiſe excellent pork, and delicate lamb; but the mutton is indifferent. Piedmont, alſo, affords us delicious capons, fed with maiz; and this country produces excellent turkeys, but very few geeſe. Chickens and pullets are extremely meagre. I have tried to fatten them, without ſucceſs. In ſummer they are ſubject to the pip, and die in great numbers. Autumn and winter are the ſeaſons for game; hares, partridges, quails, wild-pigeons, woodcocks, ſnipes, thruſhes, beccaficas, and ortolans. Wild-boar is ſometimes found in the mountains:

it has a delicious taſte, not unlike that of the wild-hog in Jamaica; and would make an excellent barbecue, about the beginning of winter, when it is in good caſe: but, when meagre, the head only is preſented at tables. Pheaſants are very ſcarce. As for the heath-game, I never ſaw but one cock, which my ſervant bought in the market, and brought home; but the commandant's cook came into my kitchen, and carried it off, after it was half plucked, ſaying, his maſter had company to dinner. The hares are large, plump, and juicy. The partridges are generally of the red ſort; large as pullets, and of a good flavour: there are alſo ſome grey partridges in the mountains; and another ſort of a white colour, that weigh four or five pounds each. Beccaficas are ſmaller than ſparrows, but very fat, and they are generally eaten half raw. The beſt way of dreſſing them, is to ſtuff them into a roll, ſcooped of it's crum; to baſte them well with butter, and roaſt them, until they are brown and criſp. The ortolans are kept in cages, and crammed, until they die of fat, then eaten

as

as dainties. The thruſh is preſented with the trail, becauſe the bird feeds on olives. They may as well eat the trail of a ſheep, becauſe it feeds on the aromatic herbs of the mountain. In the ſummer, we have beef, veal, and mutton, chicken, and ducks; which laſt are very fat, and very flabby. All the meat is tough in this ſeaſon, becauſe the exceſſive heat, and great number of flies, will not admit of its being kept any time after it is killed. Butter and milk, though not very delicate, we have all the year. Our tea and fine ſugar come from Marſeilles, at a very reaſonable price.

Nice is not without variety of fiſh; though they are not counted ſo good in their kinds as thoſe of the ocean. Soals, and flat-fiſh in general, are ſcarce. Here are ſome mullets, both grey and red. We ſometimes ſee the dory, which is called *St. Pietro*; with rock-fiſh, bonita, and mackarel. The gurnard appears pretty often; and there is plenty of a kind of large whiting, which eats pretty well; but has not the delicacy of that which is caught on our coaſt. One of the beſt fiſh of this country, is called *Le Loup*,

about two or three pounds in weight; white, firm, and well-flavoured. Another, no-way inferior to it, is the *Mouſtel*, about the ſame ſize; of a dark-grey colour, and ſhort, blunt ſnout; growing thinner and flatter from the ſhoulders downwards, ſo as to reſemble a ſoal at the tail. This cannot be the *muſtela* of the antients, which is ſuppoſed to be the ſea lamprey. Here too are found the *vyvre*, or, as we call it, weaver; remarkable for its long, ſharp ſpines, ſo dangerous to the fingers of the fiſhermen. We have abundance of the *ſapie*, or cuttle-fiſh, of which the people in this country make a delicate ragout; as alſo of the *polype de mer*, which is an ugly animal, with long feelers, like tails, which they often wind about the legs of the fiſhermen. They are ſtewed with onions, and eat ſomething like cow-heel. The market ſometimes affords the *ecriviſſe de mer*, which is a lobſter without claws, of a ſweetiſh taſte; and there are a few rock oyſters, very ſmall and very rank. Sometimes the fiſhermen find under water, pieces of a very hard cement, like plaiſter of Paris, which contain a kind of muſcle, called *la datte*, from its reſemblance

blance to a date. Theſe petrefactions are commonly of a triangular form, and may weigh about twelve or fifteen pounds each; and one of them may contain a dozen of theſe muſcles, which have nothing extraordinary in the taſte or flavour, though extremely curious, as found alive and juicy, in the heart of a rock, almoſt as hard as marble, without any viſible communication with the air or water. I take it for granted, however, that the incloſing cement is porous, and admits the finer parts of the ſurrounding fluid. In order to reach the muſcels, this cement muſt be broke with large hammers; and it may be truly ſaid, the kernel is not worth the trouble of cracking the ſhell. Among the fiſh of this country, there is a very ugly animal of the eel ſpecies, which might paſs for a ſerpent: it is of a duſky, black colour, marked with ſpots of yellow, about eighteen inches, or two feet long. The Italians call it *murena*; but whether it is the fiſh which had the ſame name among the antient Romans, I cannot pretend to determine. The antient murena was counted a great delicacy, and was kept in

ponds for extraordinary occaſions. Julius Cæſar borrowed ſix thouſand for one entertainment: but I imagined this was the river lamprey. The murena of this country is in no eſteem, and only eaten by the poor people. Craw-fiſh and trout are rarely found in the rivers among the mountains. The ſword-fiſh is much eſteemed in Nice, and called *l'empereur*, about ſix or ſeven feet long: but I have never ſeen it. * They are very ſcarce; and when taken, are generally concealed, becauſe the head belongs to the commandant, who has likewiſe the privilege of buying the beſt fiſh at a very low price. For which reaſon, the choice pieces are concealed by the fiſhermen, and ſent privately to Piedmont or Genoa. But, the chief fiſheries on this coaſt, are of the ſardines, anchovies, and tunny. Theſe are taken in ſmall quantities all the year: but ſpring and ſummer is the ſeaſon when they moſtly abound. In June and July, a fleet of about fifty fiſhing-

* Since I wrote the above letter, I have eaten ſeveral times of this fiſh, which is as white as the fineſt veal, and extremely delicate. The emperor aſſociates with the tunny fiſh, and is always taken in their company.

boats, puts to ſea every evening about eight o'clock, and catch anchovies in immenſe quantities. One ſmall boat ſometimes takes in one night twenty-five rup, amounting to ſix hundred weight; but it muſt be obſerved, that the pound here, as well as in other parts of Italy, conſiſts but of twelve ounces. Anchovies, beſides their making a conſiderable article in the commerce of Nice, are a great reſource in all families. The nobleſſe and bourgeois ſup on ſallad and anchovies, which are eaten on all their meagre days. The fiſhermen and mariners all along this coaſt have ſcarce any other food but dry bread, with a few pickled anchovies; and when the fiſh is eaten, they rub their cruſts with the brine. Nothing can be more delicious than freſh anchovies fried in oil: I prefer them to the ſmelts of the Thames. I need not mention, that the ſardines and anchovies are caught in nets; ſalted, barrelled, and exported into all the different kingdoms and ſtates of Europe. The ſardines, however, are largeſt and fatteſt in the month of September. A company of adventurers have farmed the tunny-fiſhery of the king, for

ſix years; a monopoly, for which they pay about three thouſand pounds ſterling. They are at a very conſiderable expence for nets, boats, and attendance. Their nets are diſpoſed in a very curious manner acroſs the ſmall bay of St. Hoſpice, in this neighbourhood, where the fiſh chiefly reſort. They are never removed, except in the winter, and when they want repair: but there are avenues for the fiſh to enter, and paſs, from one incloſure to another. There is a man in a boat, who conſtantly keeps watch. When he perceives they are fairly entered, he has a method for ſhutting all the paſſes, and confining the fiſh to one apartment of the net, which is lifted up into the boat, until the priſoners are taken and ſecured. The tunny-fiſh generally runs from fifty to one hundred weight; but ſome of them are much larger. They are immediately gutted, boiled, and cut in ſlices. The guts and head afford oil: the ſlices are partly dried, to be eaten occaſionally with oil and vinegar, or barrelled up in oil, to be exported. It is counted a delicacy in Italy and Piedmont, and taſtes not unlike ſturgeon. The famous

pickle

pickle of the ancients, called garum, was made of the gills and blood of the tunny, or thynnus. There is a much more conſiderable fiſhery of it in Sardinia, where it is ſaid to employ four hundred perſons; but this belongs to the duc de St. Pierre. In the neighbourhood of Villa Franca, there are people always employed in fiſhing for coral and ſponge, which grow adhering to the rocks under water. Their methods do not ſavour much of ingenuity. For the coral, they lower down a ſwab, compoſed of what is called ſpunyarn on board our ſhips of war, hanging in diſtinct threads, and ſunk by means of a great weight, which ſtriking againſt the coral in its deſcent, diſengages it from the rocks; and ſome of the pieces being intangled among the threads of the ſwab, are brought up with it above water. The ſponge is got by means of a croſs-ſtick, fitted with hooks, which being lowered down, faſtens upon it, and tears it from the rocks. In ſome parts of the Adriatic and Archipelago, theſe ſubſtances are gathered by divers, who can remain five minutes below water. But I will not detain you one minute

minute longer; though I muſt obſerve, that there is plenty of fine ſamphire growing along all theſe rocks, neglected and unknown. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nice, October 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I tell you the price of proviſions at Nice, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomething of the money. The gold coin of Sardinia conſiſts of the doppia di ſavoia, value twenty-four livres Piedmonteſe, about the ſize of a loui'dore; and the mezzo doppia, or piece of twelve livres. In ſilver, there is the ſcudo of ſix livres, the mezzo ſcudo of three; and the quarto, or pezza di trenta ſoldi: but all theſe are very ſcarce. We ſeldom ſee any gold and ſilver coin, but the loui'dore, and the ſix, and three-livre pieces of France; a ſure ſign that the French ſuffer by their contraband commerce with

with the Niſſards. The coin chiefly uſed at market is a piece of copper ſilverted, that paſſes for ſeven ſols and a half; another of the ſame ſort, value two ſols and a half. They have on one ſide the impreſſion of the king's head; and on the other, the arms of Savoy, with a ducal crown, inſcribed with his name and titles. There are of genuine copper, pieces of one ſol, ſtamped on one ſide with a croſs fleuree; and on the reverſe, with the king's cypher and crown, inſcribed as the others: finally, there is another ſmall copper piece, called piccalon, the ſixth part of a ſol, with a plain croſs, and on the reverſe, a ſlip-knot ſurmounted with a crown; the legend as above. The impreſſion and legend on the gold and ſilver coins, are the ſame as thoſe on the pieces of ſeven ſols and a half. The livre of Piedmont conſiſts of twenty ſols, and is very near of the ſame value as an Engliſh ſhilling: ten ſols, therefore, are equal to ſix-pence ſterling. Butcher's meat in general ſells at Nice for three ſols a pound; and veal is ſomething dearer: but then there are but twelve ounces in the pound, which being allowed for, ſix-

teen

teen ounces, come for ſomething leſs than twopence halfpenny Engliſh. Fiſh commonly ſells for four ſols the twelve ounces, or five for the Engliſh pound; and theſe five are equivalent to three-pence of our money: but ſometimes we are obliged to pay five, and even ſix ſols for the Piedmonteſe pound of fiſh. A turkey that would ſell for five or ſix ſhillings at the London market, coſts me but three at Nice. I can buy a good capon for thirty ſols, or eighteen-pence; and the ſame price I pay for a brace of partridges, or a good hare. I can have a woodcock for twenty-four ſols; but the pigeons are dearer than in London. Rabbits are very rare; and there is ſcarce a gooſe to be ſeen in the whole county of Nice. Wild-ducks and teal are ſometimes to be had in the winter; and now I am ſpeaking of ſea-fowl, it may not be amiſs to tell you what I know of the halcyon, or king's-fiſher. It is a bird, though very rare in this country, about the ſize of a pigeon; the body brown, and the belly white: by a wonderful inſtinct, it makes its neſt upon the ſurface of the ſea, and lays it's eggs in the month of November, when the

Mediterranean

Mediterranean is always calm and ſmooth as a mill-pond. The people here call them martinets, becauſe they begin to hatch about Martinmaſs. Their neſts are ſometimes ſeen floating near the ſhore, and generally become the prize of the boys, who are very alert in catching them.

You know all ſea-birds are allowed by the church of Rome to be eaten on meagre days, as a kind of fiſh; and the monks eſpecially do not fail to make uſe of this permiſſion. Sea turtle, or tortoiſes, are often found at ſea by the mariners, in theſe latitudes: but they are not the green ſort, ſo much in requeſt among the aldermen of London. All the Mediterranean turtle are of the kind called loggerhead, which in the Weſt-Indies are eaten by none but hungry ſeamen, negroes, and the loweſt claſs of people. One of theſe, weighing about two hundred pounds, was lately brought on ſhore by the fiſhermen of Nice, who found it floating aſleep on the ſurface of the ſea. The whole town was alarmed at ſight of ſuch a monſter, the nature of which they could not comprehend. However, the monks, called *minims*, of St. Franciſco

Franceſco di Paolo, guided by a ſure inſtinct, marked it as their prey, and ſurrounded it accordingly. The friars of other convents, not quite ſo hungry, crowding down to the beach, declared it ſhould not be eaten; dropped ſome hints about the poſſibility of its being ſomething præternatural and diabolical, and even propoſed exorciſms and aſperſions with holy water. The populace were divided according to their attachment to this, or that convent: a mighty clamour aroſe; and the police, in order to remove the cauſe of their contention, ordered the tortoiſe to be re-committed to the waves; a ſentence which the Franciſcans ſaw executed, not without ſighs and lamentation. The land-turtle, or terrapin, is much better known at Nice, as being a native of this county; yet the beſt are brought from the iſland of Sardinia. The ſoup or *bouillon* of this animal is always preſcribed here as a great reſtorative to conſumptive patients. The bread of Nice is very indifferent, and I am perſuaded very unwholſome. The flour is generally muſty, and not quite free of ſand. This is either owing to the particles of the mill-ſtone rubbed

bad off in grinding, or to what adheres to the corn itſelf, in being threſhed upon the common ground; for there are no threſhing-floors in this country. I ſhall now take notice of the vegetables of Nice. In the winter, we have green peaſe, aſparagus, artichoaks, cauliflower, beans, French beans, celery, and endive; cabbage, coleworts, radiſhes, turnips, carrots, betteraves, ſorrel, lettuce, onions, garlic, and chalot. We have potatoes from the mountains, muſhrooms, champignons, and truffles. Piedmont affords white truffles, counted the moſt delicious in the world: they ſell for about three livres the pound. The fruits of this ſeaſon, are pickled olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, citronelles, dried figs, grapes, apples, pears, almonds, cheſnuts, walnuts, filberts, medlars, pomegranates, and a fruit called azerolles, about the ſize of a nutmeg, of an oblong ſhape, red colour, and agreeable acid taſte. I might likewiſe add the cherry of the *laurus cerafus*, which is ſold in the markets, very beautiful to the eye, but inſipid to the palate. In ſummer we have all thoſe vegetables in perfection. There is alſo a kind

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of ſmall courge, or gourd, of which the people of the country make a very ſavoury ragout, with the help of eggs, cheeſe, and freſh anchovies. Another is made of the badenjean, which the Spaniards call berengena; it is much eaten in Spain and the Levant, as well as by the Moors in Barbary. It is about the ſize and ſhape of a hen's egg, incloſed in a cup like an acorn; when ripe, of a faint purple colour. It grows on a ſtalk about a foot high, with long ſpines or prickles. The people here have different ways of ſlicing and dreſſing it, by broiling, boiling, and ſtewing, with other ingredients; but it is at beſt an inſipid diſh. There are ſome caper-buſhes in this neighbourhood, which grow wild in holes of garden walls, and require no ſort of cultivation: in one or two gardens, there are palm-trees; but the dates never ripen. In my regiſter of the weather, I have marked the ſeaſons of their principal fruits in this country. In May we have ſtrawberries, which continue in ſeaſon two or three months. Theſe are of the wood kind; very grateful, and of a good flavour; but the ſcarlets and hautboys are not known

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at Nice. In the beginning of June, and even ſooner, the cherries begin to be ripe. They are a kind of bleeding hearts; large, fleſhy, and high flavoured, though rather too luſcious. I have likewiſe ſeen a few of thoſe we call Kentiſh cherries, which are much more cool, acid, and agreeable, eſpecially in this hot climate. The cherries are ſucceeded by the apricots and peaches, which are all ſtandards, and of conſequence better flavoured than what we call wall-fruit. The trees, as well as almonds, grow and bear without care and cultivation, and may be ſeen in the open fields about Nice: but without proper culture, the fruit degenerates. The beſt peaches I have ſeen at Nice are the almberges, of a yellow hue, and oblong ſhape, about the ſize of a ſmall lemon. Their conſiſtence is much more ſolid than that of our Engliſh peaches, and their taſte more delicious. Several trees of this kind I have in my own garden. Here is likewiſe plenty of other ſorts; but no nectarines. We have little choice of plumbs. Neither do I admire the pears or apples of this country: but the moſt agreeable apples I

ever tasted, come from Final, and are called pomi carli. The greatest fault I find with most fruits in this climate, is, that they are too sweet and luscious, and want that agreeable acid which is so cooling and so grateful in a hot country. This, too, is the case with our grapes, of which there is great plenty and variety, plump and juicy, and large as plumbs. Nature, however, has not neglected to provide other agreeable vegetable juices to cool the human body. During the whole summer, we have plenty of musk-melons. I can buy one as large as my head for the value of an English penny: but one of the best and largest, weighing ten or twelve pounds, I can have for twelve sols, or about eight-pence sterling. From Antibes and Sardinia, we have another fruit called a water-melon, which is well known in Jamaica, and some of our other colonies. Those from Antibes are about the size of an ordinary bomb-shell: but the Sardinian and Jamaica water-melons are four times as large. The skin is green, smooth, and thin. The inside is a purple pulp, studded with broad, flat, black seeds, and impregnated with a juice

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the moſt cool, delicate, and refreſhing, that can well be conceived. One would imagine the pulp itſelf diſſolved in the ſtomach; for you may eat of it until you are filled up to the tongue, without feeling the leaſt inconvenience. It is ſo friendly to the conſtitution, that in ardent inflammatory fevers, it is drank as the beſt emulſion. At Genoa, Florence, and Rome, it is ſold in the ſtreets, ready cut in ſlices; and the porters, ſweating under their burthens, buy and eat them as they paſs. A porter of London quenches his thirſt with a draught of ſtrong beer: a porter of Rome, or Naples, refreſhes himſelf with a ſlice of water-melon, or a glaſs of iced-water. The one coſts three halfpence, the laſt, half a farthing——which of them is moſt effectual? I am ſure the men are equally pleaſed. It is commonly remarked, that beer fattens as well as refreſhes. But the porters of Conſtantinople, who never drink any thing ſtronger than water, and eat very little animal food, will lift and carry heavier burthens than any other porters in the known world. If we may believe the moſt reſpectable travellers, a Turk will carry a

load of ſeven hundred weight, which is more (I believe) than any Engliſh porter ever attempted to raiſe.

Among the refreſhments of theſe warm countries, I ought not to forget mentioning the ſorbettes, which are ſold in coffee-houſes, and places of public reſort. They are iced froth, made with juice of oranges, apricots, or peaches; very agreeable to the palate, and ſo extremely cold, that I was afraid to ſwallow them in this hot country, until I found from information and experience, that they may be taken in moderation, without any bad conſequence.

Another conſiderable article in houſe-keeping is wine, which we have here good and reaſonable. The wine of Tavelle in Languedoc is very near as good as Burgundy, and may be had at Nice, at the rate of ſixpence a bottle. The ſweet wine of St. Laurent, counted equal to that of Frontignan, coſts about eight or nine-pence a quart: pretty good Malaga may be had for half the money. Thoſe who make their own wine chooſe the grapes from different vineyards, and have them picked, preſſed, and fermented

mented at home. That which is made by the peaſants, both red and white, is generally genuine: but the wine-merchants of Nice brew and balderdaſh, and even mix it with pigeons dung and quick-lime. It cannot be ſuppoſed, that a ſtranger and ſojourner ſhould buy his own grapes, and make his own proviſion of wine: but he may buy it by recommendation from the peaſants, for about eighteen or twenty livres the charge, conſiſting of eleven rup five pounds; in other words, of two hundred and eighty pounds of this country, ſo as to bring it for ſomething leſs than three-pence a quart. The Nice wine, when mixed with water, makes an agreeable beverage. There is an inferior ſort for ſervants, drank by the common people, which in the cabaret does not coſt above a penny a bottle. The people here are not ſo nice as the Engliſh, in the management of their wine. It is kept in flacons, or large flaſks, without corks, having a little oil at top. It is not deemed the worſe for having been opened a day or two before; and they expoſe it to the hot ſun, and all kinds of weather, without heſitation. Certain it is,

this treatment has little or no effect upon its taſte, flavour, and tranſparency.

The brandy of Nice is very indifferent; and the *liqueurs* are ſo ſweetened with coarſe ſugar, that they ſcarce retain the taſte or flavour of any other ingredient.

The laſt article of domeſtic œconomy which I ſhall mention is fuel, or wood for firing, which I buy for eleven ſols (a little more than ſix-pence halfpenny) a quintal, conſiſting of one hundred and fifty pound Nice weight. The beſt, which is of oak, comes from Sardinia. The common ſort is olive, which being cut with the ſap in it, ought to be laid in during the ſummer; otherwiſe, it will make a very uncomfortable fire. In my kitchen and two chambers, I burned fifteen thouſand weight of wood in four weeks, excluſive of charcoal for the kitchen ſtoves, and of pine-tops for lighting the fires. Theſe laſt are as large as pine-apples, which they greatly reſemble in ſhape, and to which, indeed, they give their name; and being full of turpentine, make a wonderful blaze. For the ſame purpoſe, the people of theſe countries uſe the ſarments, or

cuttings

cuttings of the vines, which they ſell made up in ſmall faſcines. This great conſumption of wood is owing to the large fires uſed in roaſting pieces of beef, and joints, in the Engliſh manner. The roaſts of this country ſeldom exceed two or three pounds of meat; and their other plats are made over ſtove-holes. But it is now high time to conduct you from the kitchen, where you have been too long detained by

Your humble ſervant.

P. S. I have mentioned the prices of almoſt all the articles in houſe-keeping, as they are paid by the Engliſh: but excluſive of butcher's meat, I am certain the natives do not pay ſo much by thirty per cent. Their impoſition on us, is not only a proof of their own villany and hatred, but a ſcandal on their government; which ought to interfere in favour of the ſubjects of a nation, to which they are ſo much bound in point of policy, as well as gratitude.

LETTER XX.

Nice, October 22, 1764.

SIR,

AS I have nothing elſe to do, but to ſatisfy my own curioſity, and that of my friends, I obey your injunctions with pleaſure; though not without ſome apprehenſion that my inquiries will afford you very little entertainment. The place where I am is of very little importance or conſequence as a ſtate or community; neither is there any thing curious or intereſting in the character or œconomy of its inhabitants.

There are ſome few merchants in Nice, ſaid to be in good circumſtances. I know one of them, who deals to a conſiderable extent, and goes twice a year to London to attend the ſales of the Eaſt-India company. He buys up a very large quantity of muſlins, and other India goods, and freights a ſhip in the river to tranſport them to Villa Franca. Some of theſe are ſent to Swiſſerland; but,

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I believe, the greater part is ſmuggled into France, by virtue of counterfeit ſtamps, which are here uſed without any ceremony. Indeed, the chief commerce of this place is a contraband traffick carried on to the diſadvantage of France; and I am told, that the farmers of the Levant company in that kingdom find their account in conniving at it. Certain it is, a great quantity of merchandize is brought hither every week by mules from Turin and other parts in Piedmont, and afterwards conveyed to the other ſide of the Var, either by land or water. The mules of Piedmont are exceeding ſtrong and hardy. One of them will carry a burthen of near ſix hundred weight. They are eaſily nouriſhed, and require no other reſpite from their labour, but the night's repoſe. They are the only carriage that can be uſed in croſſing the mountains, being very ſure-footed: and it is obſerved, that in chooſing their ſteps, they always march upon the brink of the precipice. You muſt let them take their own way, otherwiſe you will be in danger of loſing your life; for they are obſtinate, even to deſperation. It is very dangerous to meet

thoſe

those animals on horseback: they have such an aversion to horses, that they will attack them with incredible fury, so as even to tear them and their riders in pieces; and the best method for avoiding this fate, is to clap spurs to your beast, and seek your safety in flight. I have been more than once obliged to fly before them. They always give you warning, by raising a hideous braying as soon as they perceive the horse at a distance. The mules of Provence are not so mischievous, because they are more used to the sight and society of horses: but those of Piedmont are by far the largest and the strongest I have seen.

Some very feasible schemes for improving the commerce of Nice have been presented to the ministry of Turin; but hitherto without success. The English import annually between two and three thousand bales of raw silk, the growth of Piedmont; and this is embarked either at Genoa or Leghorn. We likewise take a considerable quantity of fruit and oil at Oneglia, St. Remo, and other places in this neighbourhood. All these commodities might be embarked at a smaller

expence at Nice, which is a free port, where no duties are paid by the exporter. Beſides, the county of Nice itſelf produces a conſiderable quantity of hemp, oranges, lemons, and very good oil and anchovies, with ſome ſilk and wine, which laſt is better than that of Languedoc, and far excels the port drank in England. This wine is of a ſtrong body, a good flavour, keeps very well, and improves by ſea-carriage. I am told, that ſome of the wine-merchants here tranſport French wine from Languedoc and Provence, and enter it in England as the produce of Nice or Italy. If the merchants of Nice would eſtabliſh magazines of raw ſilk, oil, wine, &c. at Nice; and their correſpondents at London ſend hither ſhips at ſtated periods, laden with India goods, hard-ware, and other manufactures of England, which would find a vent in this country, in Piedmont, Savoy, Switzerland, and Provence, then the commerce of this town would flouriſh, more eſpecially if the king would lay out the neceſſary expence for rendering the harbour more commodious and ſecure. But this is not a matter of very great conſequence, as

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there is an excellent harbour at Ville Franche, which is not more than a mile and a half from that of Nice. But the great objection to the improvement of commerce at Nice, is the want of money, induſtry, and character. The natives themſelves are in general ſuch dirty knaves, that no foreigners will truſt them in the way of trade. They have been known to fill their oil-caſks half full of water, and their anchovy-barrels with ſtinking heads of that fiſh, in order to cheat their correſpondents.

The ſhopkeepers of this place are generally poor, greedy, and over-reaching. Many of them are bankrupts of Marſeilles, Genoa, and other countries, who have fled from their creditors to Nice; which, being a free-port, affords an aſylum to foreign cheats and ſharpers of every denomination. Here is likewiſe a pretty conſiderable number of Jews, who live together in a ſtreet appropriated for their uſe, which is ſhut up every night. They act as brokers; but are generally poor, and deal in frippery, remnants, old cloaths, and old houſhold furniture. There is another branch of traffick engroſſed by the monks.

monks. Some convents have such a number of masses bequeathed to them, that they find it impossible to execute the will of the donors. In this case, they agree by the lump with the friars of poorer convents, who say the masses for less money than has been allowed by the defunct, and their employers pocket the difference: for example; my grandfather bequeaths a sum of money to a certain convent, to have such a number of masses said for the repose of his soul, at the price of ten sols each; and this convent, not having time to perform them, bargains with the friars of another to say them for six sols a-piece, so that they gain four sols upon every mass; for it matters not to the soul of the deceased where they are said, so they be properly authenticated. A poor gentleman of Nice, who piques himself much on the noble blood that runs in his veins, though he has not a pair of whole breeches to wear, complained to me, that his great grandmother had founded a perpetual mass for the repose of her own soul, at the rate of fifteen sols (ninepence English) a day; which indeed was all that now remained of the family estate. He

said,

said, what made the hardship the greater on him, she had been dead above fifty years, and in all probability her soul had got out of purgatory long ago; therefore the continuance of the mass was an unnecessary expence. I told him, I thought in such a case, the defunct should appear before the civil magistrate, and make affidavit of her being at peace, for the advantage of the family. He mused a little, and shrugging up his shoulders, replied, that where the interest of the church was at stake, he did not believe a spirit's declaration would be held legal evidence. In some parts of France, the curé of the parish, on All Soul's day, which is called *le jour des morts*, says a *libera domine* for two sols, at every grave in the burying-ground, for the release of the soul whose body is there interred.

The artisans of Nice are very lazy, very needy, very awkward, and void of all ingenuity. The price of their labour is very near as high as at London or Paris. Rather than work for moderate profit, arising from constant employment, which would comfortably maintain them and their families, they

choose

choose to starve at home, to lounge about the ramparts, bask themselves in the sun, or play at bowls in the streets from morning till night.

The lowest class of people consists of fishermen, day labourers, porters, and peasants: these last are distributed chiefly in the small casines in the neighbourhood of the city, and are said to amount to twelve thousand. They are employed in labouring the ground, and have all the outward signs of extreme misery. They are all diminutive, meagre, withered, dirty, and half naked; in their complexions, not hardly swarthy, but as black as Moors; and I believe, in my conscience, many of them are descendants of that people. They are very hard favoured; and their women in general have the coarsest features I have ever seen: it must be owned, however, they have the finest teeth in the world. The nourishment of those poor creatures consists of the refuse of the garden, very coarse bread, a kind of meal called polenta, made of Indian corn, which is very nourishing and agreeable, and a little oil: but even in these particulars, they seem

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to be ſtinted to very ſcanty meals. I have known a peaſant feed his family with the ſkins of boiled beans. Their hogs are much better fed than their children. 'Tis pity they have no cows, which would yield milk, butter, and cheeſe, for the ſuſtenance of their families. With all this wretchedneſs, one of theſe peaſants will not work in your garden for leſs than eighteen ſols, about eleven-pence ſterling, *per diem*; and then he does not half the work of an Engliſh labourer. If there is fruit in it, or any thing he can convey, he will infallibly ſteal it, if you do not keep a very watchful eye over him. All the common people are thieves and beggars; and I believe this is always the caſe with people who are extremely indigent and miſerable. In other reſpects, they are ſeldom guilty of exceſſes. They are remarkably reſpectful and ſubmiſſive to their ſuperiors. The populace of Nice are very quiet and orderly. They are little addicted to drunkenneſs. I have never heard of one riot ſince I lived among them; and murder and robbery are altogether unknown. A man may walk alone over the county of Nice, at midnight, without

out danger of inſult. The police is very well regulated. No man is permitted to wear a piſtol or dagger, on pain of being ſent to the gallies. I am informed, that both murder and robbery are very frequent in ſome parts of Piedmont. Even here, when the peaſants quarrel in their cups, (which very ſeldom happens) they draw their knives, and the one infallibly ſtabs the other. To ſuch extremities, however, they never proceed, except when there is a woman in the caſe; and mutual jealouſy co-operates with the liquor they have drank, to inflame their paſſions. In Nice, the common people retire to their lodgings at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in ſummer. Every perſon found in the ſtreets after theſe hours, is apprehended by the patrole; and, if he cannot give a good account of himſelf, ſent to priſon. At nine in winter, and ten in ſummer, there is a curfew-bell rung, warning the people to put out their lights, and go to bed. This is a very neceſſary precaution in towns ſubject to conflagrations; but of ſmall uſe in Nice, where there is very little combuſtible in the houſes.

The puniſhments inflicted upon malefactors and delinquents at Nice are hanging for capital crimes; ſlavery on board the gallies for a limited term, or for life, according to the nature of the tranſgreſſion; flagellation, and the ſtrappado. This laſt is performed, by hoiſting up the criminal by his hands tied behind his back, on a pulley about two ſtories high; from whence, the rope being ſuddenly ſlackened, he falls to within a yard or two of the ground, where he is ſtopped with a violent ſhock, ariſing from the weight of his body, and the velocity of his deſcent, which generally diſlocates his ſhoulders, with incredible pain. This dreadful execution is ſometimes repeated in a few minutes on the ſame delinquent; ſo that the very ligaments are tore from his joints, and his arms are rendered uſeleſs for life.

The poverty of the people in this country, as well as in the South of France, may be conjectured from the appearance of their domeſtic animals. The draught-horſes, mules, and aſſes, of the peaſants, are ſo meagre, as to excite compaſſion. There is not a dog to be ſeen in tolerable caſe; and the cats

are

are ſo many emblems of famine, frightfully thin, and dangerouſly rapacious. I wonder the dogs and they do not devour young children. Another proof of that indigence which reigns among the common people, is this: you may paſs through the whole South of France, as well as the county of Nice, where there is no want of groves, woods, and plantations, without hearing the ſong of black-bird, thruſh, linnet, gold-finch, or any other bird whatſoever. All is ſilent and ſolitary. The poor birds are deſtroyed, or driven for refuge, into other countries, by the ſavage perſecution of the people, who ſpare no pains to kill, and catch them for their own ſubſiſtence. Scarce a ſparrow, red-breaſt, tom-tit, or wren, can 'ſcape the guns and ſnares of thoſe indefatigable fowlers. Even the nobleſſe make parties to go *à la chaſſe*; that is, to kill thoſe little birds, which they eat as *gibier*.

The great poverty of the people here, is owing to their religion. Half of their time is loſt in obſerving the great number of feſtivals; and half of their ſubſtance is given to mendicant friars and pariſh prieſts. But if

the church occaſions their indigence, it likewiſe, in ſome meaſure, alleviates the horrors of it, by amuſing them with ſhows, proceſſions, and even thoſe very feaſts, which afford a receſs from labour, in a country where the climate diſpoſes them to idleneſs. If the peaſants in the neighbourhood of any chapel dedicated to a ſaint, whoſe day is to be celebrated, have a mind to make a *feſtin*, in other words, a fair, they apply to the commandant of Nice for a licence, which coſts them about a French crown. This being obtained, they aſſemble after ſervice, men and women, in their beſt apparel, and dance to the muſick of fiddles, and pipe and tabor, or rather pipe and drum. There are huckſters ſtands, with pedlary ware and knick-knacks for preſents; cakes and bread, *liqueurs* and wine; and thither generally reſort all the company of Nice. I have ſeen our whole nobleſſe at one of theſe *feſtins*, kept on the highway in ſummer, mingled with an immenſe crowd of peaſants, mules, and aſſes, covered with duſt, and ſweating at every pore with the exceſſive heat of the weather. I ſhould be much puzzled to tell whence

whence their enjoyment ariſes on ſuch occaſions; or to explain their motives for going thither, unleſs they are preſcribed it for pennance, as a fore-taſte of purgatory.

Now I am ſpeaking of religious inſtitutions, I cannot help obſerving, that the antient Romans were ſtill more ſuperſtitious than the modern Italians; and that the number of their religious feaſts, ſacrifices, faſts, and holidays, was even greater than thoſe of the Chriſtian church of Rome. They had their *feſti* and *profeſti*; their *feriæ ſtativæ*, and *conceptivæ*, their fixed and moveable feaſts; their *eſuriales*, or faſting days, and their *precidaneæ*, or vigils. The *agonales* were celebrated in January; the *carmentales*, in January and February; the *lupercales* and *matronales*, in March; the *floralia*, in May; the *ſaturnalia*, *robigalia*, *venalia*, *vertumnalia*, *fornacalia*, *palilia*, and *laralia*. They had their *latinæ*, their *paganales*, their *ſementinæ*, their *compitales*, and their *imperativæ*; ſuch as the *novemdalia*, inſtituted by the ſenate, on account of a ſuppoſed ſhower of ſtones. Beſides, every private family had a number of *feriæ*,

kept either by way of rejoicing for ſome benefit, or mourning for ſome calamity. Every time it thundered, the day was kept holy. Every ninth day was a holiday, thence called *nundinæ quaſi novendinæ*. There was the *dies denominalis*, which was the fourth of the kalends; nones and ides of every month, over and above the anniverſary of every great defeat which the republic had ſuſtained, particularly the *dies allienſis*, or fifteenth of the kalends of December, on which the Romans were totally defeated by the Gauls and Veientes; as Lucan ſays—*et damnata diu Romanis allia faſtis*. The vaſt variety of their deities, ſaid to amount to thirty thouſand, with their reſpective rites of adoration, could not fail to introduce ſuch a number of ceremonies, ſhews, ſacrifices, luſtrations, and public proceſſions, as muſt have employed the people almoſt conſtantly from one end of the year to the other. This continual diſſipation muſt have been a great enemy to induſtry; and the people muſt have been idle and effeminate. I think it would be no difficult matter to prove, that there is very little difference, in point of character, between the

antient

antient and modern inhabitants of Rome; and that the great figure which this empire made of old, was not ſo much owing to the intrinſic virtue of its citizens, as to the barbariſm, ignorance, and imbecility of the nations they ſubdued. Inſtances of public and private virtue I find as frequent and as ſtriking in the hiſtory of other nations, as in the annals of antient Rome; and now that the kingdoms and ſtates of Europe are pretty equally enlightened, and ballanced in the ſcale of political power, I am of opinion, that if the moſt fortunate generals of the Roman commonwealth were again placed at the head of the very armies they once commanded, inſtead of extending their conqueſts over all Europe and Aſia, they would hardly be able to ſubdue, and retain under their dominion, all the petty republics that ſubſiſt in Italy.

But I am tired with writing; and I believe you will be tired with reading this long letter, notwithſtanding all your prepoſſeſſion in favour of

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXI.

Nice, November 10, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IN my enquiries about the revenues of Nice, I am obliged to truſt to the information of the inhabitants, who are much given to exaggerate. They tell me, the revenues of this town amount to one hundred thouſand livres, or five thouſand pounds ſterling; of which I would ſtrike off at leaſt one fourth, as an addition of their own vanity: perhaps, if we deduct a third, it will be nearer the truth. For, I cannot find out any other funds they have, but the butchery and the bakery, which they farm at ſo much a year to the beſt bidder; and the *droits d'entrée*, or duties upon proviſion brought into the city; but theſe are very ſmall. The king is ſaid to draw from Nice one hundred thouſand livres annually, ariſing from a free-gift, amounting to ſeven hundred pounds ſterling,

ſterling, in lieu of the taille, from which this town and county are exempted; an inconſiderable duty upon wine ſold in public-houſes; and the *droits du port*. Theſe laſt conſiſt of anchorage, paid by all veſſels in proportion to their tonnage, when they enter the harbours of Nice and Villa Franca. Beſides, all foreign veſſels, under a certain ſtipulated burthen, that paſs between the iſland of Sardinia and this coaſt, are obliged, in going to the eaſtward, to enter and pay a certain regulated impoſition, on pain of being taken and made prize. The prince of Monaco exacts a talliage of the ſame kind; and both he and the king of Sardinia maintain armed cruiſers to aſſert this prerogative; from which, however, the Engliſh and French are exempted by treaty, in conſequence of having paid a ſum of money at once. In all probability, it was originally given as a conſideration for maintaining lights on the ſhore, for the benefit of navigators, like the toll paid for paſſing the Sound in the Baltic. The fanal, or lanthorn, to the eaſtward of Villa Franca, is kept in good repair, and ſtill lighted in the winter. The toll, however,

is

as a very troubleſome tax upon ſeluccas, and other ſmall craft, which are greatly retarded in their voyages, and often loſe the benefit of a fair wind, by being obliged to run in ſhore, and enter thoſe harbours. The tobacco, which is moſtly from the Levant, the king manufactures at his own expence, and ſells for his own profit, at a very high price; and every perſon convicted of ſelling this commodity in ſecret, is ſent to the gallies for life. The ſalt comes chiefly from Sardinia, and is ſtored up in the king's magazine; from whence it is exported to Piedmont, and other parts of his inland dominions. And here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that Sardinia produces very good horſes, well-ſhaped, though ſmall; ſtrong, hardy, full of mettle, and eaſily fed. The whole county of Nice is ſaid to yield the king half a million of livres, about twenty-five thouſand pounds ſterling, ariſing from a ſmall donative made by every town and village: for the lands pay no tax, or impoſition, but the tithes to the church. His revenue then flows from the *gabelle* on ſalt and wine, and theſe free-gifts; ſo that we may ſtrike off one fifth of the ſum

at

at which the whole is eſtimated; and conclude, that the king draws from the county of Nice, about four hundred thouſand livres, or twenty thouſand pounds ſterling. That his revenues from Nice are not great, appears from the ſmallneſs of the appointments allowed to his officers. The preſident has about three hundred pounds per annum; and the intendant about two. The pay of the commandant does not exceed three hundred and fifty pounds; but he has certain privileges called the *tour du baton*, ſome of which a man of ſpirit would not inſiſt upon. He who commands at preſent, having no eſtate of his own, enjoys a ſmall commandery, which being added to his appointments at Nice, make the whole amount to about five hundred pounds ſterling.

If we may believe the politicians of Nice, the king of Sardinia's whole revenue does not fall ſhort of twenty millions of Piedmonteſe livres, being about one million of our money. It muſt be owned, that there is no country in Chriſtendom leſs taxed than that of Nice; and as the ſoil produces the neceſſaries of life, the inhabitants, with a

little

little induſtry, might renew the golden age in this happy climate, among their groves, woods, and mountains, beautified with fountains, brooks, rivers, torrents, and caſcades. In the midſt of theſe paſtoral advantages, the peaſants are poor and miſerable. They have no ſtock to begin the world with. They have no leaſes of the lands they cultivate; but entirely depend, from year to year, on the pleaſure of the arbitrary landholder, who may turn them out at a minute's warning; and they are oppreſſed by the mendicant friars and pariſh prieſts, who rob them of the beſt fruits of their labour: after all, the ground is too ſcanty for the number of families which are crouded on it.

You deſire to know the ſtate of the arts and ſciences at Nice; which, indeed, is almoſt a total blank. I know not what men of talents this place may have formerly produced; but at preſent, it ſeems to be conſecrated to the reign of dulneſs and ſuperſtition. It is very ſurpriſing, to ſee a people eſtabliſhed between two enlightened nations, ſo devoid of taſte and literature. Here are no tolerable pictures, buſts, ſtatues, nor edifices: the very

very ornaments of the churches are wretchedly conceived, and worſe executed. They have no public, nor private libraries, that afford any thing worth peruſing. There is not even a bookſeller in Nice. Though they value themſelves upon their being natives of Italy, they are unacquainted with muſic. The few that play upon inſtruments, attend only to the execution. They have no genius nor taſte, nor any knowledge of harmony and compoſition. Among the French, a Niſſard piques himſelf on being Provençal; but in Florence, Milan, or Rome, he claims the honour of being born a native of Italy. The people of condition here ſpeak both languages equally well; or, rather, equally ill; for they uſe a low, uncouth phraſeology; and their pronunciation is extremely vitious. Their vernacular tongue is what they call *Patois*; though in ſo calling it, they do it injuſtice.—*Patois*, from the Latin word *patavinitas*, means no more than a provincial accent, or dialect. It takes its name from *Patavium*, or Padua, which was the birth-place of Livy, who, with all his merit as a writer, has admitted into his hiſtory, ſome provincial

provincial expreſſions of his own country. The *Patois*, or native tongue of Nice, is no other than the ancient Provençal, from which the Italian, Spaniſh, and French languages, have been formed. This is the language that roſe upon the ruins of the Latin tongue, after the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Burgundians, by whom the Roman empire was deſtroyed. It was ſpoke all over Italy, Spain, and the ſouthern parts of France, until the thirteenth century, when the Italians began to poliſh it into the language which they now call their own. The Spaniards and French, likewiſe, improved it into their reſpective tongues. From its great affinity to the Latin, it was called *Romance*, a name which the Spaniards ſtill give to their own language. As the firſt legends of knight-errantry were written in Provençal, all ſubſequent performances of the ſame kind, have derived from it the name of romance; and as thoſe annals of chivalry contained extravagant adventures of knights, giants, and necromancers, every improbable ſtory or fiction is to this day called a romance. Mr. Walpole, in his Catalogue of royal and noble

noble Authors, has produced two ſonnets in the antient Provençal, written by our king Richard I. ſurnamed *Cœur de Lion*; and Voltaire, in his Hiſtorical Tracts, has favoured the world with ſome ſpecimens of the ſame language. The *Patois* of Nice, muſt, without doubt, have undergone changes and corruptions in the courſe of ſo many ages, eſpecially as no pains have been taken to preſerve its original purity, either in orthography or pronunciation. It is neglected, as the language of the vulgar; and ſcarce any-body here knows either its origin or conſtitution. I have in vain endeavoured to procure ſome pieces in the antient Provençal, that I might compare them with the modern *Patois:* but I can find no perſon to give me the leaſt information on the ſubject. The ſhades of ignorance, ſloth, and ſtupidity, are impenetrable. Almoſt every word of the *Patois* may ſtill be found in the Italian, Spaniſh, and French languages, with a ſmall change in the pronunciation. *Cavallo*, ſignifying a *horſe* in Italian and Spaniſh, is called *cavao*; *maiſon*, the French word for a *houſe*, is changed into *maion*; *agua*, which

means *water* in Spaniſh, the Niſſards call *daigua*. To expreſs, *what a ſtop is here!* they ſay *acco fa lac aqui*, which is a ſentence compoſed of two Italian words, one French, and one Spaniſh. This is nearly the proportion in which theſe three languages will be found mingled in the *Patois* of Nice; which, with ſome variation, extends over all Provence, Languedoc, and Gaſcony. I will now treat you with two or three ſtanzas of a *canzon*, or hymn, in this language, to the Virgin Mary, which was lately printed at Nice.

1.

Vierge, mairé de Dieu,
Nuoſtro buono avocado,
Embèl car uvoſtre fieu,
En Feneſtro * adourado,
Jeu vous ſaludi,
E demandi en ſocours;
E ſenſo autre preludi,
Canti lous uvoſtre honours.

1.

Virgin, mother of God,
Our good advocate,
With your dear ſon,
In Feneſtro adored,
I ſalute you,
And aſk his aſſiſtance;
And without further prelude,
I ſing your honours.

2.

Qu' ario de Paradis!
Que maeſtà divino!
Salamon es d' advis,
Giugiar de uvoſtro mino;
Vous dis plus bello;
E lou dis ben ſovèn
De toutoi lei femello,
E non s'engano ren.

2.

What air of Paradiſe!
What majeſty divine!
Solomon is of opinion,
To judge of your appearance;
Says you are the faireſt:
And it is often ſaid
Of all females,
And we are not at all deceived.

* Feneſtro is the name of a place in this neighbourhood, where there is a ſuppoſed miraculous ſanctuary, or chapel, of the Virgin Mary.

Qu' ario

3.	3.
Qu' ario de Paradis!	What air of Paradiſe!
Que maeſtà divino!	What majeſty divine!
La bellezzo eblovis;	The beauty dazzles;
La bontà l'ueigl raffino.	The goodneſs purifies the eye:
Sias couronado:	You are crowned:
Tenes lou monde en man:	You hold the world in your hand;
Sus del trono affettado,	Seated on the throne,
Riges lou uvoſtre enfan.	You ſupport your child.

You ſee I have not choſen this *canzon* for the beauty and elegance of thought and expreſſion; but give it you as the only printed ſpecimen I could find of the modern Provençal. If you have any curioſity to be further acquainted with the *Patois*, I will endeavour to procure you ſatisfaction. Mean while, I am, in plain Engliſh,

Dear Sir,

Ever yours,

LETTER XXII.

Nice, November 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I Had once thoughts of writing a complete natural hiſtory of this town and county: but I found myſelf altogether unequal to the taſk. I have neither health, ſtrength, nor opportunity, to make proper collections of the mineral, vegetable, and animal productions. I am not much converſant with theſe branches of natural philoſophy. I have no books to direct my inquiries. I can find no perſon capable of giving me the leaſt information or aſſiſtance; and I am ſtrangely puzzled by the barbarous names they give to many different ſpecies, the deſcriptions of which I have read under other appellations; and which, as I have never ſeen them before, I cannot pretend to diſtinguiſh by the eye. You muſt therefore be contented with ſuch imperfect intelligence as my opportunities can afford.

The

The uſeful arts practiſed at Nice, are theſe, gardening and agriculture, with their conſequences, the making of wine, oil, and cordage; the rearing of ſilk-worms, with the ſubſequent management and manufacture of that production; and the fiſhing, which I have already deſcribed.

Nothing can be more unpromiſing than the natural ſoil of this territory, except in a very few narrow bottoms, where there is a ſtiff clay, which when carefully watered, yields tolerable paſturage. In every other part, the ſoil conſiſts of a light ſand mingled with pebbles, which ſerves well enough for the culture of vines and olives: but the ground laid out for kitchen herbs, as well as for other fruit, muſt be manured with great care and attention. They have no black cattle to afford ſuch compoſt as our farmers uſe in England. The dung of mules and aſſes, which are their only beaſts of burthen, is of very little value for this purpoſe; and the natural ſterility of their ground requires ſomething highly impregnated with nitre and volatile ſalts. They have recourſe therefore to pigeon's dung and ordure, which fully

anſwer their expectations. Every peaſant opens, at one corner of his wall, a public houſe of office for the reception of paſſengers; and in the town of Nice, every tenement is provided with one of theſe receptacles, the contents of which are carefully preſerved for ſale. The peaſant comes with his aſſes and caſks to carry it off before day, and pays for it according to its quality, which he examines and inveſtigates, by the taſte and flavour. The jakes of a proteſtant family, who eat *gras* every day, bears a much higher price than the privy of a good catholic who lives *maigre* one half of the year. The vaults belonging to the convent of Minims are not worth emptying.

The ground here is not delved with ſpades as in England, but laboured with a broad, ſharp hough, with a ſhort horizontal handle; and the climate is ſo hot and dry in the ſummer, that the plants muſt be watered every morning and evening, eſpecially where it is not ſhaded by trees. It is ſurpriſing to ſee how the productions of the earth are crouded together. One would imagine they would rob one another of nouriſhment; and more-

over be ſtifled for want of air; and doubtleſs this is the caſe. Olive and other fruit-trees are planted in rows very cloſe to each other. Theſe are connected by vines, and the interſtices, between the rows, are filled with corn. The gardens that ſupply the town with ſallad and pot-herbs, lye all on the ſide of Provence, by the highway. They are ſurrounded with high ſtone-walls, or ditches, planted with a kind of cane or large reed, which anſwers many purpoſes in this country. The leaves of it afford ſuſtenance to the aſſes, and the canes not only ſerve as fences to the inclofures; but are uſed to prop the vines and peaſe: they are formed into arbours, and wore as walking-ſtaves. All theſe gardens are watered by little rills that come from the mountains, particularly, by the ſmall branches of the two ſources which I have deſcribed in a former letter, as iſſuing from the two ſides of a mountain, under the names of *Fontaine de Muraille*, and *Fontaine du Temple*.

In the neighbourhood of Nice, they raiſe a conſiderable quantity of hemp, the largeſt and ſtrongeſt I ever ſaw. Part of this, when dreſſed, is exported to other countries; and

part is manufactured into cordage. However profitable it may be to the grower, it is certainly a great nuſance in the ſummer. When taken out of the pits, where it has been put to rot, the ſtrench it raiſes is quite inſupportable; and muſt undoubtedly be unwholeſome.

There is ſuch a want of land in this neighbourhood, that terraces are built over one another with looſe ſtones, on the faces of bare rocks, and theſe being covered with earth and manured, are planted with olives, vines, and corn. The ſame ſhift was practiſed all over Paleſtine, which was rocky and barren, and much more populous than the county of Nice.

Notwithſtanding the ſmall extent of this territory, there are ſome pleaſant meadows in the ſkirts of Nice, that produce excellent clover; and the corn which is ſown in open fields, where it has the full benefit of the ſoil, ſun, and air, grows to a ſurprizing height. I have ſeen rye ſeven or eight feet high. All vegetables have a wonderful growth in this climate. Beſides wheat, rye, barley, and oats, this country produces a good deal of

of Meliga, or Turkiſh wheat, which is what we call Indian corn. I have, in a former letter, obſerved that the meal of this grain goes by the name *polenta*, and makes excellent haſty-pudding, being very nouriſhing, and counted an admirable pectoral. The pods and ſtalks are uſed for fuel; and the leaves are much preferable to common ſtraw, for making *paillaſſes*.

The peaſe and beans in the garden appear in the winter like beautiful plantations of young trees in bloſſom; and perfume the air. Myrtle, ſweet-briar, ſweet-marjoram, ſage, thyme, lavender, roſemary, with many other aromatic herbs and flowers, which with us require the moſt careful cultivation, are here found wild in the mountains.

It is not many years ſince the Niſſards learned the culture of ſilk-worms, of their neighbours the Piedmonteze; and hitherto the progreſs they have made is not very conſiderable: the whole county of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thouſand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry-leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the ſilk-worm, are hatched. The grains are waſhed in wine, and thoſe that ſwim on the top, are thrown away as good for nothing. The reſt being depoſited in ſmall bags of linen, are worn by women in their boſoms, until the worms begin to appear: then they are placed in ſhallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper, cut into little holes, through which the worms aſcend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry-leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. Theſe boxes are kept for warmth between two mattraſſes, and viſited every day. Freſh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed ſucceſſively to the other place prepared for their reception. This is an habitation, conſiſting of two or three ſtories, about twenty inches from each other, raiſed upon four wooden poſts. The floors are made of canes, and ſtrewed with freſh mulberry-leaves: the corner poſts, and other occaſional props, for ſuſtaining the different floors, are covered with a coat of looſe heath, which is twiſted round

round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may ſee them in all the different ſtages of moulting or caſting the ſlough, a change which they undergo three times ſucceſſively before they begin to work. The ſilk-worm is an animal of ſuch acute and delicate ſenſations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refreſh it from time to time with pure air. I have ſeen them languiſh and die in ſcores, in conſequence of an accidental bad ſmell. The ſoiled leaves, and the filth which they neceſſarily produce, ſhould be carefully ſhifted every day; and it would not be amiſs to purify the air ſometimes with fumes of vinegar, roſe, or orange-flower water. Theſe niceties, however, are but little obſerved. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as ſhrimps in a plate, ſome feeding on the leaves, ſome new hatched, ſome intranced in the agonies of caſting their ſkin, ſome languiſhing, and ſome actually dead; with a litter of half eaten faded leaves about them, in a cloſe room, crouded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanlineſs.

neſs. I am aſſured by ſome perſons of credit, that if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamênia, they infallibly expire. This, however, muſt be underſtood of thoſe females whoſe ſkins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is generally heightened at ſuch periods. The mulberry-leaves uſed in this country are of the tree which bears a ſmall white fruit not larger than a damaſcene. They are planted on purpoſe, and the leaves are ſold at ſo much a pound. By the middle of June all the mulberry-trees are ſtripped; but new leaves ſucceed, and in a few weeks, they are cloathed again with freſh verdure. In about ten days after the laſt moulting, the ſilk-worm climbs upon the props of his houſe, and chooſing a ſituation among the heath, begins to ſpin in a moſt curious manner, until he is quite incloſed, and the cocon or pod of ſilk, about the ſize of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains ſuſpended by ſeveral filaments. It is not unuſual to ſee double cocons, ſpun by two worms included under a common cover. There muſt be an infinite number of worms to yield any conſiderable quantity of ſilk.

One

One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocons, if they are rich, gives three pounds of raw ſilk; that is, twelve pounds of ſilk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are incloſed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocons. In preſerving the cocons for breed, you muſt chooſe an equal number of males and females; and theſe are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the ſhape of the cocons; that which contains the male is ſharp, and the other obtuſe, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finiſhed, the worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unwieldy, aukward butterfly, and as the different ſexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preſerved; but neither ſhe nor her mate takes any nouriſhment, and in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The ſilk of theſe cocons cannot be wound, becauſe the animals in piercing through them, have deſtroyed the continuity

continuity of the filaments. It is therefore, firſt boiled, and then picked and carded like wool, and being afterwards ſpun, is uſed in the coarſer ſtuffs of the ſilk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield the beſt ſilk, are managed in a different manner. Before the incloſed worm has time to penetrate, the ſilk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but diſſolves the glutinous ſubſtance by which the fine filaments of the ſilk cohere or ſtick together, ſo that they are eaſily wound off, without breaking. Six or ſeven of theſe ſmall filaments being joined together are paſſed over a kind of twiſting iron, and fixed to the wheel, which one girl turns, while another, with her hands in the boiling water, diſentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and ſupplies freſh cocons with admirable dexterity and diſpatch. There is a manufacture of this kind juſt without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of theſe wheels are worked together, and give employment for ſome weeks to double the number of young women. Thoſe who ma-

nage

nage the pods that float in the boiling water muſt be very alert, otherwiſe they will ſcald their fingers. The ſmell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offenſive. Hard by the harbour, there is a very curious mill for twiſting the ſilk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice, a well regulated hoſpital for poor orphans of both ſexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dreſſing, dying, ſpinning and weaving the ſilk. In the villages of Provence, you ſee the poor women in the ſtreets ſpinning raw ſilk upon diſtaves: but here the ſame inſtrument is only uſed for ſpinning hemp and flax; which laſt, however, is not of the growth of Nice.—But leſt I ſhould ſpin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewell.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

Nice, December 19, 1764.

SIR,

IN may laſt, I gave you a ſuccinct account of the ſilk-worm, and the management of that curious inſect in this country. I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe the methods of making wine and oil.

The vintage begins in September. The grapes being choſen and carefully picked, are put into a large vat, where they are preſſed by a man's naked feet, and the juices drawn off by a cock below. When no more is procured by this operation, the bruiſed grapes are put into the preſs, and yield ſtill more liquor. The juice obtained by this double preſſure, being put in caſks, with their bungs open, begins to ferment and diſcharge its impurities at the openings. The waſte occaſioned by this diſcharge, is conſtantly ſupplied with freſh wine; ſo that the caſks are always full. The fermentation continues for

for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the ſtrength and vigour of the grape. In about a month, the wine is fit for drinking. When the grapes are of a bad, meagre kind, the wine dealers mix the juice with pigeons-dung or quick-lime, in order to give it a ſpirit which nature has denied: but this is a very miſchievous adulteration.

The proceſs for oil-making is equally ſimple. The beſt olives are thoſe that grow wild; but the quantity of them is very inconſiderable. Olives begin to ripen and drop in the beginning of November: but ſome remain on the trees till February, and even till April, and theſe are counted the moſt valuable. When the olives are gathered, they muſt be manufactured immediately, before they fade and grow wrinkled, otherwiſe they will produce bad oil. They are firſt of all ground into a paſte by a mill-ſtone ſet edge-ways in a circular ſtone-trough, and turned by water. This paſte is put into circular caſes made of graſs woven, having a round hole at top and bottom; when filled they reſemble in ſhape our Cheſhire cheeſes. A number of theſe placed one upon another, are put in a preſs, and

and being ſqueezed, the oil with all its impurities, runs into a receptacle below fixed in the ground. From hence it is laded into a wooden vat, half filled with water. The ſordes or dirt falls to the bottom; the oil ſwims a-top; and being ſkimmed off, is barrelled up in ſmall oblong caſks. What remains in the vat, is thrown into a large ſtone ciſtern with water, and after being often ſtirred, and ſtanding twelve or fourteen days, yields a coarſer oil uſed for lamps and manufactures. After theſe proceſſes, they extract an oil ſtill more coarſe and fetid from the refuſe of the whole. Sometimes, in order to make the olives grind the more eaſily into a paſte, and part with more oil, they are mixed with a little hot water: but the oil thus procured is apt to grow rancid. The very fineſt, called virgin oil, is made chiefly of green olives, and ſold at a very high price, becauſe a great quantity is required to produce a very little oil. Even the ſtuff that is left after all theſe operations, conſiſting of the dried pulp, is ſold for fuel, and uſed in *braſieres* for warming apartments which have no chimney.

I have

I have now ſpecified all the manufactures of Nice which are worth mentioning. True it is, there is ſome coarſe paper made in this neighbourhood; there are alſo people here who dreſs ſkins and make leather for the uſe of the inhabitants: but this buſineſs is very ill performed: the gloves and ſhoes are generally rotten as they come from the hands of the maker. Carpenter's, joiner's, and blackſmith's work is very coarſely and clumſily done. There are no chairs to be had at Nice, but crazy things made of a few ſticks, with ruſh bottoms, which are ſold for twelve livres a dozen. Nothing can be more contemptible than the hard-ware made in this place, ſuch as knives, ſciſſars, and candle-ſnuffers. All utenſils in braſs and copper are very ill made and finiſhed. The ſilver-ſmiths make nothing but ſpoons, forks, paultry rings, and croſſes for the necks of the women.

The houſes are built of a ragged ſtone dug from the mountains, and the interſtices are filled with rubble; ſo that the walls would appear very ugly, if they were not covered with plaiſter, which has a good effect. They

generally conſiſt of three ſtories, and are covered with tiles. The apartments of the better ſort are large and lofty, the floors paved with brick, the roofs covered with a thick coat of ſtucco, and the walls white-waſhed. People of diſtinction hang their chambers with damaſk, ſtriped ſilk, painted cloths, tapeſtry, or printed linnen. All the doors, as well as the windows, conſiſt of folding leaves. As there is no wainſcot in the rooms, which are divided by ſtone partitions and the floors and cieling are covered with brick and ſtucco, fires are of much leſs dreadful conſequences here than in our country. Wainſcot would afford harbour for bugs: beſides, white walls have a better effect in this hot climate. The beds commonly uſed in this place, and all over Italy, conſiſt of a *paillaſſe*, with one or two mattraſſes, laid upon planks, ſupported by two wooden benches. Inſtead of curtains there is a *couziniere* or moſquito net, made of a kind of gauze, that opens and contracts occaſionally, and incloſes the place where you lie: perſons of condition, however, have alſo

bedſteads

bedſteads and curtains; but theſe laſt are never uſed in the ſummer.

In theſe countries, people of all ranks dine exactly at noon; and this is the time I ſeize in winter, for making my daily tour of the ſtreets and ramparts, which at all other hours of the day are crowded with men, women, children and beaſts of burthen. The rampart is the common road for carriages of all kinds. I think there are two private coaches in Nice, beſides that of the commandant: but there are ſedan chairs, which may be had at a reaſonable rate. When I bathed in the ſummer, I paid thirty ſols, equal to eighteen-pence, for being carried to and from the bathing place, which was a mile from my own houſe. Now I am ſpeaking of bathing, it may not be amiſs to inform you that though there is a fine open beach, extending ſeveral miles to the weſtward of Nice, thoſe who cannot ſwim ought to bathe with great precaution, as the ſea is very deep, and the deſcent very abrupt from within a yard or two of the water's edge. The people here were much ſurpriſed when I began to bathe in the beginning of May.

They thought it very ſtrange, that a man ſeemingly conſumptive ſhould plunge into the ſea, eſpecially when the weather was ſo cold; and ſome of the doctors prognoſticated immediate death. But, when it was perceived that I grew better in conſequence of the bath, ſome of the Swiſs officers tried the ſame experiment, and in a few days, our example was followed by ſeveral inhabitants of Nice. There is, however, no convenience for this operation, from the benefit of which the fair ſex muſt be intirely excluded, unleſs they lay aſide all regard to decorum; for the ſhore is always lined with fiſhing-boats, and crouded with people. If a lady ſhould be at the expence of having a tent pitched on the beach where ſhe might put on and off her bathing-dreſs, ſhe could not pretend to go into the ſea without proper attendants; nor could ſhe poſſibly plunge headlong into the water, which is the moſt effectual, and leaſt dangerous way of bathing. All that ſhe can do is to have the ſea-water brought into her houſe, and make uſe of a bathing-tub, which may be made according to her own, or phyſician's direction.

What

What further I have to ſay of this climate and country, you ſhall have in my next; and then you will be releaſed from a ſubject, which I am afraid has been but too circumſtantially handled by,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXIV.

Nice, January 4, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE conſtitution of this climate may be pretty well aſcertained, from the incloſed regiſter of the weather, which I kept with all poſſible care and attention. From a peruſal of it, you will ſee that there is leſs rain and wind at Nice, than in any other part of the world that I know; and ſuch is the ſerenity of the air, that you ſee nothing above your head for ſeveral months together, but a charming blue expanſe, without cloud or ſpeck. Whatever clouds may be formed

by evaporation from the ſea, they ſeldom or never hover over this ſmall territory; but, in all probability, are attracted by the mountains that ſurround it, and there fall in rain or ſnow: as for thoſe that gather from other quarters, I ſuppoſe their progreſs hitherward is obſtructed by thoſe very Alps which riſe one over another, to an extent of many leagues. This air being dry, pure, heavy, and elaſtic, muſt be agreeable to the conſtitution of thoſe who labour under diſorders ariſing from weak nerves, obſtructed perſpiration, relaxed fibres, a viſcidity of lymph, and a languid circulation. In other reſpects, it encourages the ſcurvy, the atmoſphere being undoubtedly impregnated with ſea-ſalt. Ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have had a ſcorbutical eruption on my right hand, which diminiſhes and increaſes according to the ſtate of my health. One day laſt ſummer, when there was a ſtrong breeze from the ſea, the ſurface of our bodies was covered with a ſalt brine, very perceptible to the taſte; my gums, as well as thoſe of another perſon in my family, began to ſwell,

and

and grow painful, though this had never happened before; and I was ſeized with violent pains in the joints of my knees. I was then at a country-houſe fronting the ſea, and particularly expoſed to the marine air. The ſwelling of our gums ſubſided as the wind fell: but what was very remarkable, the ſcurvy-ſpot on my hand diſappeared, and did not return for a whole month. It is affirmed, that ſea-ſalt will diſſolve, and render the blood ſo fluid, that it will exude through the coats of the veſſels. Perhaps the ſea-ſcurvy is a partial diſſolution of it, by that mineral abſorbed from the air by the lymphatics on the ſurface of the body, and by thoſe of the lungs in reſpiration. Certain it is, in the laſt ſtages of the ſea-ſcurvy, the blood often burſts from the pores; and this phænomenon is imputed to a high degree of putrefaction: ſure enough it is attended with putrefaction. We know that a certain quantity of ſalt is required to preſerve the animal juices from growing putrid: but, how a greater quantity ſhould produce putrefaction, I leave to wiſer heads to explain. Many peo-

ple here have ſcorbutical complaints, though their teeth are not affected. They are ſubject to eruptions on the ſkin, putrid gums, pains in the bones, laſſitude, indigeſtion, and low ſpirits; but the reigning diſtemper is a *marasmus*, or conſumption, which proceeds gradually, without any pulmonary complaint, the complexion growing more and more florid, 'till the very laſt ſcene of the tragedy. This I would impute to the effects of a very dry, ſaline atmoſphere, upon a thin habit, in which there is an extraordinary waſte by perſpiration. The air is remarkably ſalt in this diſtrict, becauſe the mountains that hem it in, prevent its communication with the circumambient atmoſphere, in which the ſaline particles would otherwiſe be diffuſed; and there is no rain, nor dew, to precipitate or diſſolve them. Such an air as I have deſcribed, ſhould have no bad effect upon a moiſt, phlegmatic conſtitution, ſuch as mine; and yet it muſt be owned, I have been viſibly waſting ſince I came hither, though this decay I conſidered as the progreſs of the *tabes* which began in England. But the air of Nice has had a ſtill more ſenſible effect upon

Mr.

Mr. Sch——z, who laboured under nervous complaints to ſuch a degree, that life was a burthen to him. He had alſo a fixed pain in his breaſt, for which complaint he had formerly tried the air of Naples, where he reſided ſome conſiderable time, and in a great meaſure recovered: but, this returning with weakneſs, faintneſs, low ſpirits, and entire loſs of appetite, he was adviſed to come hither; and the ſucceſs of his journey has greatly exceeded his expectation. Though the weather has been remarkably bad for this climate, he has enjoyed perfect health. Since he arrived at Nice, the pain in his breaſt vaniſhed; he eats heartily, ſleeps well, is in high ſpirits, and ſo ſtrong, that he is never off his legs in the day-time. He can walk to the Var, and back again, before dinner; and he has climbed to the tops of all the mountains in this neighbourhood. I never ſaw before ſuch ſudden and happy effects from the change of air. I muſt alſo acknowledge, that ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have breathed more freely than I had done for ſome years, and my ſpirits have been more alert. The father of my *æconome*, who was a dancing-

cing-maſter, had been ſo afflicted with an aſthmatic diſorder, that he could not live in France, Spain, or Italy; but found the air of Nice ſo agreeable to his lungs, that he was enabled to exerciſe his profeſſion for above twenty years, and died laſt ſpring turned of ſeventy. Another advantage I have reaped from this climate is my being, in a great meaſure, delivered from a ſlow fever which uſed to hang about me, and render life a burthen. Neither am I ſo apt to catch cold as I uſed to be in England and France; and the colds I do catch are not of the ſame continuance and conſequence, as thoſe to which I was formerly ſubject. The air of Nice is ſo dry, that in ſummer, and even in winter, (except in wet weather) you may paſs the evening, and indeed the whole night, *ſub Dio*, without feeling the leaſt dew or moiſture; and as for fogs, they are never ſeen in this diſtrict. In ſummer, the air is cooled by a regular ſea-breeze blowing from the eaſt, like that of the Weſt-Indies. It begins in the forenoon, and increaſes with the heat of the day. It dies away about ſix or ſeven; and immediately after ſun-ſet, is

ſucceeded

ſucceeded by an agreeable land-breeze from the mountains. The ſea-breeze from the eaſtward, however, is not ſo conſtant here, as in the Weſt-Indies between the tropicks, becauſe the ſun, which produces it, is not ſo powerful. This country lies nearer the region of variable winds, and is ſurrounded by mountains, capes, and ſtraights, which often influence the conſtitution and current of the air. About the winter ſolſtice, the people of Nice expect wind and rain, which generally laſts, with intervals, 'till the beginning of February: but even during this, their worſt weather, the ſun breaks out occaſionally, and you may take the air either a-foot or on horſeback every day; for the moiſture is immediately abſorbed by the earth, which is naturally dry. They likewiſe lay their account with being viſited by ſhowers of rain and guſts of wind in April. A week's rain in the middle of Auguſt makes them happy. It not only refreſhes the parched ground, and plumps up the grapes and other fruit, but it cools the air and aſſuages the heats, which then begin to grow very troubleſome; but the rainy ſeaſon

is

is about the autumnal equinox, or rather something later. It continues about twelve days or a fortnight, and is extremely welcome to the natives of this country. This rainy season is often delayed 'till the latter end of November, and sometimes 'till the month of December; in which case, the rest of the winter is generally dry. The heavy rains in this country generally come with a south-west wind, which was the *creberque procellis Africus* of the antients. It is here called *Lebeche*, a corruption of *Lybicus*: it generally blows high for a day or two, and rolls the Mediterranean before it in huge waves, that often enter the town of Nice. It likewise drives before it all the clouds which had been formed above the surface of the Mediterranean. These being expended in rain, fair weather naturally ensues. For this reason, the Niffards observe *le lebeche raccommode le tems*. During the rains of this season, however, the winds have been variable. From the sixteenth of November, 'till the fourth of January, we have had two and twenty days of heavy rain: a very extraordinary visitation in this country: but

the ſeaſons ſeem to be more irregular than formerly, all over Europe. In the month of July, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer, roſe to eighty-four at Rome; the higheſt degree at which it was ever known in that country; and the very next day, the Sabine mountains were covered with ſnow. The ſame phænomenon happened on the eleventh of Auguſt, and the thirtieth of September. The conſequence of theſe ſudden variations of weather, was this: putrid fevers were leſs frequent than uſual; but the ſudden check of perſpiration from the cold, produced colds, inflammatory ſore throats, and the rheumatiſm. I know inſtances of ſome Engliſh valetudinarians, who have paſſed the winter at Aix, on the ſuppoſition that there was little or no difference between that air and the climate of Nice: but this is a very great miſtake, which may be attended with fatal conſequences. Aix is altogether expoſed to the north and north-weſt winds, which blow as cold in Provence, as ever I felt them on the mountains of Scotland: whereas Nice is entirely ſcreened from theſe winds by the Maritime Alps, which form an amphi-

amphitheatre, to the land-ſide, around this little territory: but another inconteſtible proof of the mildneſs of this climate, is deduced from the oranges, lemons, citrons, roſes, narciſſus's, july-flowers, and jonquils, which ripen and blow in the middle of winter. I have deſcribed the agreeable ſide of this climate; and now I will point out its inconveniences. In the winter, but eſpecially in the ſpring, the ſun is ſo hot, that one can hardly take exerciſe of any ſort abroad, without being thrown into a breathing ſweat; and the wind at this ſeaſon is ſo cold and piercing, that it often produces a miſchievous effect on the pores thus opened. If the heat rarifies the blood and juices, while the cold air conſtringes the fibres, and obſtructs the perſpiration, inflammatory diſorders muſt enſue. Accordingly, the people are then ſubject to colds, pleuriſies, peripneumonies, and ardent fevers. An old count adviſed me to ſtay within doors in March, *car alors les humeurs commencent a ſe remuer*. During the heats of ſummer, ſome few perſons of groſs habits have, in conſequence of violent exerciſe and exceſs, been ſeized with putrid fevers, attended

tended with exanthemata, eriſipelatous, and miliary eruptions, which commonly prove fatal: but the people in general are healthy, even thoſe that take very little exerciſe: a ſtrong preſumption in favour of the climate! As to medicine, I know nothing of the practice of the Nice phyſicians. Here are eleven in all; but four or five make ſhift to live by the profeſſion. They receive, by way of fee, ten ſols (an Engliſh ſix-pence) a viſit, and this but ill paid; ſo you may gueſs whether they are in a condition to ſupport the dignity of phyſic; and whether any man, of a liberal education, would bury himſelf at Nice on ſuch terms. I am acquainted with an Italian phyſician ſettled at Villa Franca, a very good ſort of a man, who practiſes for a certain ſalary, raiſed by annual contribution among the better ſort of people; and an allowance from the king, for viſiting the ſick belonging to the garriſon and the gallies. The whole may amount to near thirty pounds.

Among the inconveniences of this climate, the vermin form no inconſiderable article. Vipers and ſnakes are found in the mountains.

tains. Our gardens ſwarm with lizards; and there are ſome few ſcorpions; but as yet I have ſeen but one of this ſpecies. In ſummer, notwithſtanding all the care and precautions we can take, we are peſtered with incredible ſwarms of flies, fleas, and bugs; but the gnats, or *couzins*, are more intolerable than all the reſt. In the day-time, it is impoſſible to keep the flies out of your mouth, noſtrils, eyes, and ears. They croud into your milk, tea, chocolate, ſoup, wine, and water: they ſoil your ſugar, contaminate your victuals, and devour your fruit; they cover and defile your furniture, floors, cielings, and indeed your whole body. As ſoon as candles are lighted, the *couzins* begin to buz about your ears in myriads, and torment you with their ſtings, ſo that you have no reſt nor reſpite till you get into bed, where you are ſecured by your muſquito-net. This incloſure is very diſagreeable in hot weather; and very inconvenient to thoſe, who, like me, are ſubject to a cough and ſpitting. It is moreover ineffectual; for ſome of thoſe curſed inſects inſinuate themſelves within it, almoſt every night; and half

a dozen

a dozen of them are ſufficient to diſturb you 'till morning. This is a plague that continues all the year; but in ſummer it is intolerable. During this ſeaſon, likewiſe, the moths are ſo miſchievous, that it requires the utmoſt care to preſerve woollen cloths from being deſtroyed. From the month of May, 'till the beginning of October, the heat is ſo violent, that you cannot ſtir abroad after ſix in the morning 'till eight at night, ſo that you are entirely deprived of the benefit of exerciſe. There is no ſhaded walk in, or near the town; and there is neither coach nor chaiſe to hire, unleſs you travel poſt. Indeed, there is no road fit for any wheel carriage, but the common highway to the Var, in which you are ſcorched by the reflexion of the ſun from the ſand and ſtones, and at the ſame time half ſtifled with duſt. If you ride out in the cool of the evening, you will have the diſadvantage of returning in the dark.

Among the demerits of Nice, I muſt alſo mention the water which is uſed in the city. It is drawn from wells; and for the moſt part ſo hard, that it curdles with ſoap. There are many fountains and ſtreams in the neigh-

bourhood, that afford excellent water, which, at no great charge, might be conveyed into the town, so as to form conduits in all the public streets: but the inhabitants are either deficient of public spirit, or cannot afford the expence. I have a draw-well in my porch, and another in my garden, which supply tolerable water for culinary uses, but what we drink, is fetched from a well belonging to a convent of Dominicans in the neighbourhood. Our linnen is washed in the river Paglion; and when that is dry, in the brook called Limpia, which runs into the harbour.

In mentioning the water of this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit the baths of Rocabilliare, a small town among the mountains, about five and twenty miles from Nice. There are three sources, each warmer than the other; the warmest being nearly equal to the heat of the king's bath at Bath in Somersetshire, as far as I can judge from information. I have perused a Latin manuscript, which treats of these baths at Rocabiliare, written by the duke of Savoy's first physician about sixty years ago. He talks much of the sulphur and the nitre which they

contain;

contain, but I apprehend their efficacy is owing to the same volatile vitriolic principle, which characterises the waters at Bath. They are attenuating and deobstruent, consequently of service in disorders arising from a languid circulation, a viscidity of the juices, a lax fibre, and obstructed viscera. The road from hence to Rocabiliare is in some parts very dangerous, lying along the brink of precipices, impassable to any other carriage but a mule. The town itself affords bad lodging and accommodation, and little or no society. The waters are at the distance of a mile and a half from the town: there are no baths nor shelter, nor any sort of convenience for those that drink them; and the best part of their efficacy is lost, unless they are drank at the fountain-head. If these objections were in some measure removed, I would advise valetudinarians, who come hither for the benefit of this climate, to pass the heats of summer at Rocabiliare, which being situated among mountains, enjoys a cool temperate air all the summer. This would be a salutary respite from the salt air of Nice, to those who labour under scorbutical complaints;

and

and they would return with freſh vigour and ſpirits, to paſs the winter in this place, where no ſeverity of weather is known. Laſt June, when I found myſelf ſo ill at my *caſſine*, I had determined to go to Rocabiliare, and even to erect a hut at the ſpring, for my own convenience. A gentleman of Nice undertook to procure me a tolerable lodging in the houſe of the curé, who was his relation. He aſſured me, there was no want of freſh butter, good poultry, excellent veal, and delicate trout; and that the articles of living might be had at Rocabiliare for half the price we paid at Nice: but finding myſelf grow better immediately on my return from the *caſſine* to my own houſe, I would not put myſelf to the trouble and expence of a further removal.

I think I have now communicated all the particulars relating to Nice, that are worth knowing; and perhaps many more than you deſired to know: but, in ſuch caſes, I would rather be thought prolix and unentertaining, than deficient in that regard and attention with which I am very ſincerely,

Your friend and ſervant.

END OF VOLUME I.

JACOB REESE, President.

AS GREENLEAF, Secretary.

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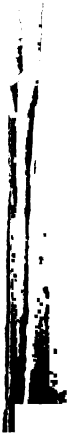
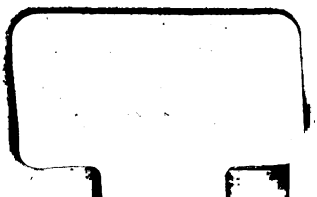
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